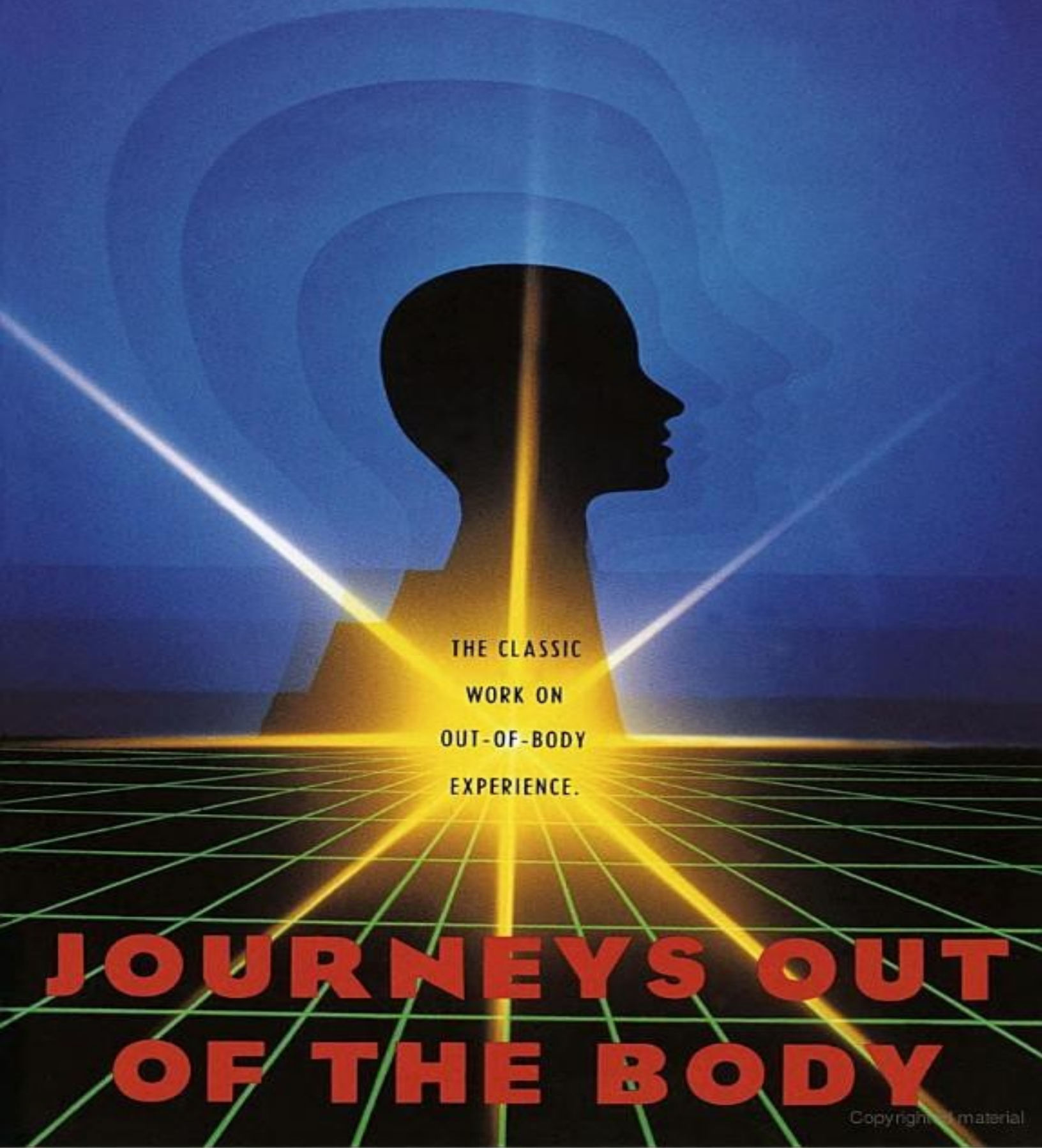
ROBERT A. MONROE

AUTHOR OF
FAR JOURNEYS



THE CLASSIC
WORK ON
OUT-OF-BODY
EXPERIENCE.

JOURNEYS OUT OF THE BODY

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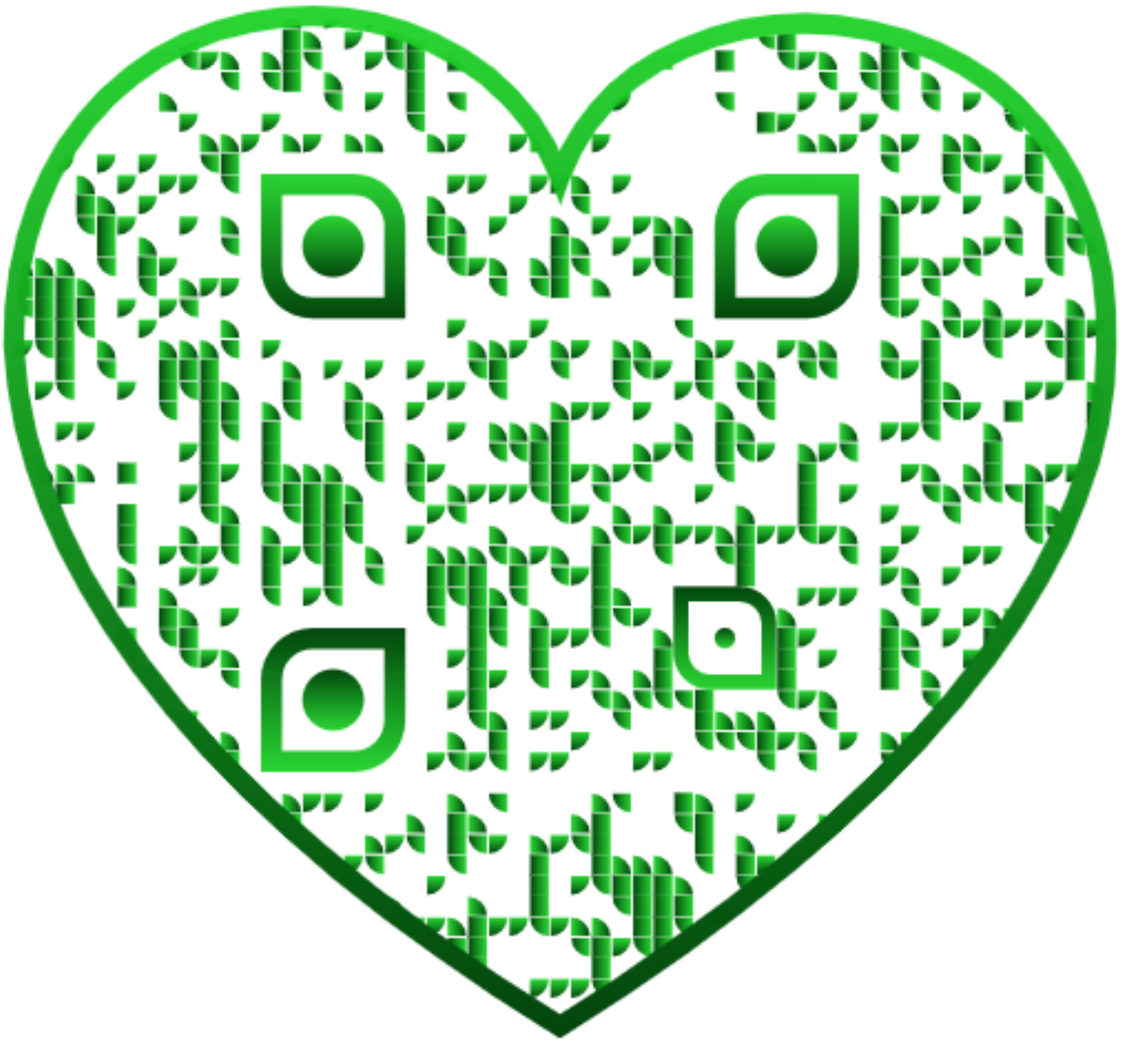

Robert A. Monroe has been a pioneer in exploring out-of-the-body experiences, and Journeys Out of the Body, his first book, has become the undisputed classic in the field. He had a long and distinguished career in the broadcasting industry, as a writer, director of programs, and creator and producer of some four hundred radio and TV network programs, and eventually as owner and operator of a radio network and cable TV system in Virginia. He is the founder and executive director of the Monroe Institute, internationally known for its work on the effects of sound wave forms on human behavior.

Robert Monroe's second book, *Far Journeys*, tells the story of his research and development of the OOB experience and further explorations beyond time and space. It was published by Doubleday in 1985.

Mr. Monroe plays an active part in the work of the Monroe Institute and lives with his family in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia.

Also by Robert A. Monroe

FAR JOURNEYS

Journeys Out of the Body

ROBERT A. MONROE

Updated

BROADWAY BOOKS
NEW YORK

A hardcover edition of this book was originally published in 1971 by Doubleday. It is here reprinted by arrangement with Doubleday.

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FOREWORD

Much has taken place both in the world and in my personal life since the final manuscript days prior to the publication of JOURNEYS OUT OF THE BODY.

It was an interesting experience, to say the least, when I publicly became a member of a highly suspect group labeled Psychic, Sensitive, Freak, and, more generously, Parapsychologist. The publication of the book quite thoroughly "blew my cover" as a reasonably orthodox business executive.

However, a good many of the results were totally unexpected, and some of the serious trepidations were unfounded. For example, the fact that I was (and still am) well grounded and active in the material world of business helped greatly in the serious consideration of the book material.

Another facet: I should have had more faith and confidence in the business mind as I know it. I had always maintained that business and industry respected "something of value" without particular regard to its origin. If it works, use it. Still, I was greatly concerned about the reaction to the book of the board of directors of the corporation of which I was president. (Who would want such an unstable person running their multi-million dollar operation!) At the first board meeting in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, after the book publication, no one mentioned it. Nor did I. However, as we cruised up the canal in the board chairman's yacht, on our way to dinner at the country club, the chairman's wife came up from below deck with a copy of JOURNEYS in her hand.

"Bob, will you autograph this for me?" she asked. I complied, more than a little self-conscious and surprised. I should not have been.

"Interesting stuff," the chairman called over his shoulder as he steered for the yacht club dock. "My wife is a real psychic. I never make a major

business deal without a reading from her. It works, too."

Needless to say, I was not asked to resign. Actually, I found little or no adverse effect on my business relationships as a result of the public disclosure of this "private" side of my life. Instead, many broad new avenues opened up to me, totally unexpected. Who could have guessed that I would speak on out-of-body experiences at such an august and conservative body as the Smithsonian Institution! It actually happened.

Another miscalculation, or so it would seem: it has been stated that JOURNEYS was a book ahead of its time, that serious interest in the type of material it contains is only now reaching significant levels. This may have been true, yet what was it that precipitated such changes in a mere four years? I like to think a chicken-or-the-egg question is appropriate, that this book was and is part of a trigger or catalytic process that is now in chain reaction. This process states simply: it's O.K. to have strange experiences, to consider seriously as natural those events and activities beyond the present ability of our physical sciences to replicate or measure. Existence beyond death is one of these.

Another decision made about the time of publication: that my conscious mind or self had insufficient experience and/or training to control in toto the scope of such non-physical exploration. This was brought about first by the boredom and impatience of here-to-there-and-back tests in our physical world. Who wants repeatedly to take an hour dressing in preparation (wire up to instruments, develop a careful separative state) just to go from bedroom to kitchen (Virginia to California or Kansas). Second, many explanations were taking place far beyond my conscious understanding and control—which inferred that the physical, conscious "I" actually had very limited ideas as to where to go and what to do.

Thus I made an important decision. For the most part, I would set up the conscious out-of-body state, then turn the action over to my *total self* (soul?). My present consciousness would go along for the ride, as a part of the whole. The results have been: ecstatic, illuminating, confusing, awe-inspiring, humbling, reassuring—experience and exploration far beyond my ability to conceive of, most of it an apparent educational program that I am absorbing bit by bit. The problem as I sense it is simple. Eventually, a quantum jump in consciousness will be required to reduce the material to a practical "something of value" level.

What does this mean? Does that great consciousness change take place while still alive physically? Or in another reality, later? Who are the instructors, the helpers?

Precisely bit by bit, we are beginning to approach the answers in our research at the Institute. Yes, a research facility was formed and became active in 1972.

Our work has attracted the interest and co-operation of physicists, psychologists, biochemists, engineers, educators, psychiatrists, corporate presidents, statisticians, many of whom serve on our board of advisers. Among the eleven thousand plus pieces of mail received to date, many sighs of relief were reported. The secret could be talked about without the need for sanity hearings. Thus the book is serving its primary purpose.

Over seven hundred persons have participated in our research and experimental training program. Our first Explorer Team has six members. Some fifty more are waiting for our facility to handle their final indoctrination, and their number is growing daily. We hope to be able to expand shortly in physical space, equipment, and personnel so that we can absorb the backlog and the increase. This year, training programs at the Institute may qualify for credit at the college and university level.

Meanwhile, our Explorer Team of six is bringing back data faster than we can process it, far more rapidly and diverse than I alone could accumulate. That which we have sorted is overwhelming in its import. The fact of consensus and agreement from six different explorers—each unaware of the other's experiences except in joint operations—has had a formidable impact upon those who have examined the material. The details will be reported in another book which is in preparation.

A lot of action to pack into four years. It only strengthens the concept of accelerated change at work—especially the change in human needs.

I have reviewed JOURNEYS again carefully for this new edition. I'm happy to say that nothing has to be altered in the light of later experience. The basics are still the same. From the point of my experimental level at that time, it is still accurate. One item we do know: the reality of your reading these words with your left brain hemisphere is the first stage of filtration.

Robert A. Monroe

Afton, Virginia
1977

For those interested in the activities of the Institute or who have had spontaneous out-of-the-body experiences, write:

Monroe Institute of Applied Sciences
P.O. Box 57
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INTRODUCTION

In our action-oriented society, when a man lies down to sleep, he is effectively out of the picture. He will lie still for six to eight hours, so he is not "behaving," "thinking productively," or doing anything "significant." We all know that people dream, but we raise our children to regard dreams and other experiences occurring during sleep as unimportant, as not *real* in the way that the events of the day are. Thus most people are in the habit of forgetting their dreams, and, on the occasions when they do remember them, they usually regard them as mere oddities.

It is true that psychologists and psychiatrists regard the dreams of patients as useful clues to the malfunctioning of their personalities; but even in this application dreams and other nocturnal experiences are generally not treated as *real* in any sense, but only as some sort of internal data processing of the human computer.

There are some important exceptions to this general put-down of dreams, but for the vast majority of people in our society today, dreams are not things that serious people concern themselves with.

What are we to make of a person who takes exception to this general belief, who claims to have had experiences during sleep or other forms of unconsciousness that were not only *impressive* to him, but which he feels were *real?*

Suppose this person claims that on the previous night he had an experience of flying through the air over a large city which he soon recognized as New York. Further, he tells us that not only was this "dream" intensely vivid, but that he knew *at the time* that it was not a dream, that he was really in the air over New York City. And this conviction that he was *really* there sticks with him for the rest of his life,

despite our reminding him that a sleeping man couldn't really be flying by himself in the air over New York City.

Probably we will ignore a person who makes such a report, or we will politely (or not so politely) inform him that he is becoming a little weak in the head or crazy, and suggest that he see a psychotherapist. If he is insistent about the reality of his experience, especially if he has other strange experiences too, we may with the best of intentions see about committing him to a mental hospital.

Our "traveler," on the other hand, if he is smart, will quickly learn not to talk about his experiences. The only problem with that, as I have found from talking to many such people, is that he may worry about whether he's going crazy.

For the sake of argument, let's make our "traveler" even more troubling. Suppose in his account he goes on to say that after flying over New York City for a while he flew down to your apartment. There he saw you and two other people, unknown to him, conversing. He describes the two people in detail, and mentions a few things about the topic of conversation occurring in the minute or so he was there.

Let's suppose he is correct. At the time he had his experience, you were holding a conversation on the topic he mentions with two people who fit our "traveler's" descriptions. What do we make of things now?

The usual reaction to a hypothetical situation of this type is that it is all very interesting, but as we know that it couldn't possibly happen, we needn't seriously think about what it might mean. Or we might comfort ourselves by invoking the word "coincidence." A marvelous word, "coincidence," for relieving mental upsets I

Unfortunately for our peace of mind, there are thousands of instances, reported by normal people, of exactly this sort of occurrence. We are not dealing with a purely hypothetical situation.

Such events have been termed traveling clairvoyance, astral projection, or, a more scientific term, out-of-the-body experiences (OOBEs). We can formally define an OOBE as an event in which the experiencer (1) seems to perceive some portion of some environment which could not possibly be perceived from where his physical body is known to be at the time; and (2) knows *at the time* that he is not dreaming or fantasizing. The experiencer seems to possess his normal consciousness at the time, and even though he may reason that this

cannot be happening, he will feel all his normal critical faculties to be present, and so knows he is not dreaming. Further, he will not decide after awakening that this was a dream. How, then, do we understand this strange phenomenon?

If we look to scientific sources for information about OOBEs we shall find practically none at all. Scientists have, by and large, simply not paid any attention to these phenomena. The situation is rather similar to that of the scientific literature on extrasensory perception (ESP). Phenomena such as telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and psycho-kinesis are "impossible" in terms of the current physical world view. Since they can't happen, most scientists do not bother to read the evidence indicating that they do happen; hence, not having read the evidence, their belief in the impossibility of such phenomena is reinforced. This kind of circular reasoning in support of one's comfortable belief system is not unique to scientists by any means, but it has resulted in very little scientific research on ESP or OOBEs.

In spite of the lack of "hard" scientific data, there are still a number of definite conclusions one can make from reading what material there is.

First, OOBEs are a universal human experience, not in the sense that they happen to large numbers of people, but in that they have happened all through recorded history, and there are marked similarities in the experience among people who are otherwise extremely different in terms of cultural background. One can find reports of OOBEs by housewives in Kansas which closely resemble accounts of OOBEs from ancient Egyptian or oriental sources.

Second, the OOBE is generally a once-in-a-lifetime experience, seemingly experienced by "accident." Illnesses sometimes bring it about, especially illnesses which are almost fatal. Great emotional stress sometimes brings it about. In many cases, it simply happens during sleep without our having any idea of what might have caused it. In very rare instances it seems to have been brought about by a deliberate attempt.

Third, the experience of an OOBE is usually one of the most profound experiences of a person's life, and radically alters his beliefs. This is usually expressed as, "I no longer *believe* in survival of death or an immortal soul, I *know* that I will survive death." The person feels that he has directly experienced being alive and conscious without his physical body, and therefore knows that he possesses some kind of soul that will

survive bodily death. This does not logically follow, for even if the OOBE is more than just an interesting dream or hallucination, it was still occurring while the physical body was alive and functioning and therefore may depend on the physical body. This argument, however, makes no impression on those who have actually had an OOBE. Thus regardless of what position one wants to take on the "reality" of the OOBE, it is clearly an experience deserving considerable psychological study. I am certain that our ideas concerning the existence of souls have resulted from early experiences of people having OOBEs. Considering the importance of the idea of the soul to most of our religions, and the importance of religion in people's lives, it seems incredible that science could have swept this problem under the rug so easily.

Fourth, the OOBE is generally extremely joyful to those who have it. I would make a rough estimate that between 90 and 95 per cent of the people who have this experience are very glad it occurred and find it joyful, while 5 per cent are very frightened by it, for the only way they can interpret it, while it is happening, is that they are dying. Later reactions of the person as he attempts to interpret his OOBE can be rather negative, however. Almost every time I give a speech on this subject, someone comes up to me afterward and thanks me for talking about it. They had had the experience some time before, but had no way of explaining it, and worried that they were going "crazy."

Fifth, in some instances of OOBEs the description of what was happening at a distant place is correct and more accurate than we would expect by coincidence. Not the majority, by any means, but some. To explain these we must postulate either that the "hallucinatory" experience of the OOBE was combined with the operation of ESP, or that in some sense the person really was "there." The OOBE then becomes very real indeed.

The fact that most of our knowledge about OOBEs comes from reports of once-in-a-lifetime experiences puts us at two serious disadvantages. The first of these is that most people cannot produce an OOBE at will, so this precludes the possibility of studying them under precise laboratory conditions. The second disadvantage is that when a person is suddenly thrust for a brief period of time into a very novel environment he may not be a very good observer. He is too excited and too busy trying to cope with the strangeness of it. Thus our reports from the once-in-a-

lifetime people are very rough. It would be of great advantage in studying OOBEs to have trained "travelers" available who could produce the experience at will and who generally had the characteristics of a good reporter.

The book you are about to read is very rare. It is a firsthand account of hundreds of OOBEs by a person who is, I believe, a good reporter. Nothing like it has been published in many years.

Robert A. Monroe is a successful businessman who began experiencing OOBEs quite unexpectedly over a decade ago. Coming from an academic family and having more than the average intellectual training, he realized the unusualness of these experiences and began taking systematic notes from the beginning. I shall not say more about his experiences *per se*; his accounts in the rest of this book are too fascinating and lucid to warrant further introduction here. Instead, I shall note the qualities he possesses that make him a good reporter, and which give me a good deal of confidence in his accounts.

When most people have a profound experience, especially one with religious import, careful questioning will usually reveal that their original account of it was not so much an account of what happened as of what they thought it meant. As an example, let us suppose that what really happens to a person is that he finds himself floating in the air above his body, in the middle of the night; while still surprised at this, he perceives a shadowy, dim figure at the end of the room, and then a blue circle of light floats past the figure from left to right. Then our experiencer loses consciousness and wakes up to find himself in his body. A good reporter will describe essentially that scene. Many people will say, in perfectly good faith, something like, "My immortal soul was raised from the tomb of my body by the grace of God last night, and an angel appeared. As a symbol of God's favor, the angel showed me a symbol of wholeness."

I have often seen distortions this great when I've been able to question an individual about exactly what happened, but most of the published accounts of OOBEs have not been subjected to this kind of questioning. The statements that God's will caused the OOBE, that the dim figure turned into an angel, that the blue circle was a symbol of wholeness are all things that are part of a person's *interpretation*, not his *experience*. Most people are not aware of the extent to which their mind

automatically interprets things. They think they are perceiving things as they are.

Robert Monroe is unique among the small number of people who have written about repeated OOBEs, in that he recognizes the extent to which his mind tries to interpret his experiences, to force them into familiar patterns. Thus his accounts are particularly valuable, for he works very hard to try to "tell it like it is."

The initial series of laboratory studies we were able to do occurred over a period of several months between September 1965 and August 1966, while I was able to use the facilities of the Electroencephalographic (brain wave) Laboratory of the University of Virginia Medical School.

On eight occasions Mr. Monroe was asked to try to produce an OOBE while hooked up to various instruments for measuring physiological functions. He was also asked to try to direct his movements during the OOBE into the adjoining room, both to observe the activity of the technician monitoring the recording equipment and to try to read a five-digit random target number, which was placed on a shelf six feet above the floor. Measurements were made of Mr. Monroe's brain waves (the electroencephalogram), eye movements, and heart rate (the electrocardiogram).

The laboratory was, unfortunately, not very comfortable for lying still for prolonged periods; we had to bring an army cot into the recording room, as there was no bed there. One of the connections for recording brain waves, the ear electrode, was of a clip type that caused some irritation to the ear, and this made relaxation somewhat difficult.

On the first seven nights during which he attempted to produce an OOBE, Mr. Monroe was not successful. On his eighth night he was able to produce two very brief OOBEs, and these are described in some detail in his own words on this page–this page. The first brief OOBE involved witnessing some unrecognized people talking at an unknown location, so there was no way of checking whether it was "fantasy" or a real perception of events happening at a distance. In the second brief OOBE, Mr. Monroe reported he couldn't control his movements very well, so he did not report on the target number in the adjacent room. He did correctly describe that the laboratory technician was out of the room, and that a man (later identified as her husband) was with her in a

corridor. As a parapsychologist, I cannot say that this “proves” that Mr. Monroe really knew what was happening at a distance: it is hard to assess the improbability of such an event occurring after the fact. Nevertheless, I found this result quite encouraging for one of the initial attempts to bring such an unusual phenomenon into the laboratory.

My next opportunity to work with Mr. Monroe in the laboratory came when he visited me in California during the summer of 1968. We were able to have a single laboratory session under much more comfortable circumstances: a normal bed was available, rather than a cot, and we used a different type of electrode for measuring brain waves which was not physically uncomfortable. Under these conditions, Mr. Monroe was able to produce two brief OOBEs.

He awoke almost immediately after the first OOBE had ended, and estimated that it had lasted eight to ten seconds. The brain-wave record just before he awoke again showed a Stage 1 pattern, with possibly a single rapid eye movement occurring during that time. His blood pressure showed a sudden drop, a steady low lasting eight seconds, and a sudden resurgence to normal.

In terms of Mr. Monoe’s experience (see his description of this technique on this page), he reported that he “rolled out” of his body, found himself in the hallway separating his room from the recording room for a few seconds, and then felt a need to get back into his body because of a difficulty in breathing. An assistant, Joan Crawford, and I had been watching him on a closed-circuit television set during this time and we saw him move his arm slightly away from his throat just before he awoke and reported.

Mr. Monroe tried again to produce another OOBE that would be evidential in terms of ESP, coming over and seeing the recording room and reading a target number on a shelf in that room. His brain-wave pattern showed much light sleep, so after three quarters of an hour, I called out to him over the intercom to remind him that we wanted him to try to produce an OOBE. A while later, he reported having produced an OOBE, but being unsure of his orientation, he followed a wire which he thought led to the recording room, and instead found himself outside in a strange area that he never recalled seeing before. He decided he was hopelessly disoriented and came back to his body. His description of that area matched an interior courtyard of the building that he would indeed

have found himself in during an OOBE if he had inadvertently gone in exactly the opposite direction he should have. It is not absolutely certain that he had never seen this courtyard while visiting my office earlier in the day, so this experience is not in itself good evidence for a paranormal component to the OOBE.

In terms of physiological changes, he again showed a Stage 1 dreaming pattern, with only two rapid eye movements in the whole period and no clear-cut blood pressure drop on this occasion.

Mr. Monroe's experiences, those of many prominent mystics throughout the ages, and all the data of ESP indicate that our current physical view of the world is a very limited one, that the dimensions of reality are much wider than our current concepts. My attempts and those of other investigators to make these experiences behave in an acceptable fashion may not work out as well as we would like. Let me give two examples of "experiments" with Mr. Monroe which were impressive to me personally, but which are very difficult to evaluate by our ordinary scientific criteria.

Shortly after completing the first series of laboratory experiments, I moved from the east coast to California. A few months after moving, my wife and I decided to set up an experiment. One evening we would concentrate intensely for half an hour, in an attempt to help Mr. Monroe have an OOBE and come to our home. If he were then able to describe our home, this would produce good data on the parapsychological aspects of his OOBEs. I telephoned Mr. Monroe that afternoon, and told him only that we would try to direct him across the country to our home at some unspecified time that night, without giving him any further details.

That evening I randomly selected a time which, I believed, would occur well after Mr. Monroe would be asleep. My random selection came out 11 P.M. California time, or 2 A.M. east coast time. At 11 P.M. my wife and I began our concentration. At 11:05 P.M. the telephone rang, interrupting it. We did not answer the telephone, but tried to continue our concentration until 11:30 P.M. The following morning I telephoned Mr. Monroe and told him only that the results had been encouraging, and that he should write down an independent account of what he had experienced for later comparison against our independent accounts.

On the evening of the experiment, Mr. Monroe had the following experience, which I quote from the notes he mailed me: “Evening passed uneventfully, and I finally got into bed about 1:40 A.M., still wide awake (north-south position). The cat was lying in bed with me. After a long period of calming my mind, a sense of warmth swept over my body, with no break in consciousness, no pre-sleep. Almost immediately, I felt something (or someone) rocking my body from side to side, then tugging at my feet! (I heard the cat let out a complaining yell.) I recognized immediately that this had something to do with Charlie’s experiment, and with full trust, did not feel my usual caution (about strangers). The tugging at the legs continued, and I finally managed to separate one Second Body arm, and held it up, feeling around in the dark. After a moment, the tugging stopped, and a hand took my wrist, first gently, then very, very firmly, and pulled me out of the physical easily. Still trusting, and a little excited, I expressed willingness to go to Charlie, if that was where he (it) wanted to lead me. The answer came back affirmatively (although there was no sense of personality, very businesslike). With the hand around my wrist very firmly, I could feel a part of the arm belonging to the hand (slightly hairy, muscular male). But I could not “see” who belonged to the arm. I also heard my name called once.

“Then we started to move, with the familiar feeling of something like air rushing around the body. After a short trip (seemed like five seconds in duration), we stopped and the hand released my wrist. There was complete silence and darkness. Then I drifted down into what seemed to be a room.… ”

I’ve stopped quoting from Mr. Monroe’s notes at this point, except to add that when he finished this brief trip and got out of bed to telephone me it was 2:05 A.M., his time. Thus the time match with my wife and I beginning to concentrate was extremely good: he felt the tug pulling him from his body within a minute or so of when we started to concentrate. On the other hand, his continuing description of what our home looked like and what my wife and I were doing was not good at all: he “perceived” too many people in the room, he “perceived” me doing things I didn’t do, and his description of the room itself was quite vague.

What do I make of this? This is one of those frustrating events that

parapsychologists encounter when working with poorly controlled phenomena. It is not evidential enough to say that it was unquestionably a paranormal effect, yet it is difficult simply to say that nothing happened. It is comfortable to stick with our common-sense assumptions that the physical world is what it seems to be, and that a man (or his sense organs) is either located at a certain place and able to observe it or he is not. Some OOBEs reported in the literature seem to fit this view, while others have a disturbing mixture of correct perceptions of the physical situation with "perceptions" of things that weren't there or didn't happen (to us ordinary observers). Mr. Monroe reports a number of such mixed experiences in this book, especially his seeming to "communicate" with people while he is having an OOBE, but their never remembering it.

The second puzzling "experiment" occurred in the fall of 1970 when I briefly visited Mr. Monroe in Virginia, en route to a conference in Washington. Staying overnight, I requested that if he had an OOBE that night, he should come to my bedroom and try to pull me out of my body so I could have the experience too. I realized at the time that I made this request with a certain amount of ambivalence: I wanted him to succeed, yet another part of me did not. More on that later.

Sometime after dawn that morning (I had slept somewhat fitfully and the light was occasionally waking me), I was dreaming when I began vaguely remembering that Mr. Monroe was supposed to try to get me out of my body. I became partially conscious, and felt a sense of "vibration" all around me in the dream world, a "vibration" that had a certain amount of indefinable menace connected with it. In spite of the fear this aroused, I thought that I should try to have an OOBE, but at that point I lost my thread of consciousness, and only remember waking up a while later, feeling that the experiment was a failure. A week later I received a letter from a colleague in New York, the well-known parapsychologist Dr. Stanley Krippner, and I began to wonder if it really was a "failure." He was writing to me about an experience his stepdaughter, Carie, who I am quite fond of, had the same morning I was having my "dream." Carie had spontaneously reported to her father that she had seen me in a restaurant in New York City on her way to school that morning. This would have been roughly about the time I was having the dream. Neither she nor her father knew that I was on the east coast.

What do I make of this? This was the first time in years that I had consciously attempted to have an OOBE (I have never, to my knowledge, succeeded), and while I had no conscious memory of having one, a friend reports seeing me in a restaurant in New York City. Even more puzzling, I would have no desire in the world to go to a restaurant in New York City, a place I dislike intensely, if I were having an OOBE, although visiting Carie and her family is always very pleasant. Coincidence? Again, something I would never present as scientific evidence of anything, but something I can't dismiss as meaningless.

This last incident illustrates an attitude toward OOBEs that I nave observed in myself, although I do not like to admit it, which is that I am somewhat afraid of them. Part of me is very interested in the phenomenon scientifically, another part of me is excited at the prospect of personally experiencing it. A third part of me knows that an OOBE is something like dying, or opening up part of my mind to an unknown realm, and this third part is not at all anxious to get on with it. *If* OOBEs are "real," *if* the things Mr. Monroe describes cannot be dismissed as an interesting kind of fantasy or dream, our world view is going to change radically. And uncomfortably.

One thing that psychologists are reasonably sure of about human nature is that it resists change. We like the world to be the way we think it is, even if we think it's unpleasant. At least we can anticipate what may happen. Change and uncertainty have possibilities of unsettling things happening, especially when that change doesn't take account of our desires, our wills, our egos.

I have tried to talk mainly about straightforward scientific studies of OOBEs in introducing this book, but now we get to what may be the most important aspect of the subject. Mr. Monroe's experiences are frightening. He is talking about dying, and dying is not a polite topic in our society. We leave it in the hands of priests and ministers to say comforting words, we occasionally joke about it, and we have a lot of aggressive fantasies about other people dying, but we don't really think about it. This book is going to make you think about death. You are not going to like some of the things it says and some of the thoughts it inspires.

It will be very tempting to dismiss Robert Monroe as a madman. I would suggest that you not do that. Neither would I suggest that you

take everything he says as absolute truth. He is a good reporter, a man I have immense respect for, but he is one man, brought up in a particular culture at a particular time, and therefore his powers of observation are limited. If you bear this in mind, but pay serious attention to the experiences he describes, you may be disturbed, but you may learn some very important things. In spite of being afraid.

If you have had an OOBE yourself, this book may help you to be less afraid, or to develop your potentials for this experience into a valuable talent.

Read the book carefully and examine your reactions. If you really want to experience it yourself, good luck!

Charles T. Tart

Davis, California
January 10, 1971

1.

NOT WITH A WAND, NOR LIGHTLY

The following ordinarily would appear in a foreword or preface. It is placed here on the assumption that most readers skip such preliminaries to get to the meat of the matter. In this case, the following *is* the crux of it all.

The primary purposes for the release and publication of the material contained here are (1) that through dissemination as widely as possible, some other human being—perhaps just one—may be saved from the agony and terror of trial and error in an area where there have been no concrete answers; that he may have comfort in the knowledge that others have had the same experiences; that he will recognize in himself the phenomenon and thus avoid the trauma of psychotherapy, or at the worst, mental breakdown and commitment to a mental institution; and (2) that tomorrow or in the years to come, the formal, accepted sciences of our culture will expand their horizons, concepts, postulates, and research to open wide the avenues and doorways intimated herein to the great enrichment of man's knowledge and understanding of himself and his complete environment.

If one or both of these aims are served, whenever and wherever it may be, this is sufficient reward indeed.

The presentation of such material is not designed for any particular scientific group. Rather, the principal attempt is to be as specific as possible in language understandable to scientists and laymen alike, with avoidance of ambiguous generalities. The physicist, chemist, life scientist, psychiatrist, and philosopher may each use more technical or specialized terminology to state the same premise. Such interpretation is expected. It will indicate that the plan of communication is workable, that the "plain" talk does convey the proper meaning to a wide base rather than to a narrow pinnacle of specialists.

It is expected, too, that many interpretations will be contradictory. The most difficult mental process of all is to consider objectively any

concept which, if accepted as fact, will toss into discard a lifetime of training and experience. Yet much has already been accepted as fact on far less direct evidence than that presented here, and is now "accepted." It is the hope that the same will apply to the data included here.

It *is* indeed the most difficult mental process of all, this objective-consideration business. Once in a lifetime is enough.

Let's look for a beginning to this candid report of a highly personal experience.

In the spring of 1958 I was living a reasonably normal life with a reasonably normal family. Because we appreciated nature and quiet, ours was a country environment. The only unorthodox activity was my experimentation with techniques of data learning during sleep—with myself as the chief subject.

The first sign of deviation from the norm took place on a Sunday afternoon. While the rest of the family had gone to church, I conducted an experiment by listening to a particular tape recording in a highly isolated environment. It was a simple attempt to force concentration on a single intelligentsignal source (aural) with lowered signal input from the other senses. Degree of retention and recall would indicate the success of the technique.

Isolated from other sights and sounds, I listened to the tape. It contained no unusual or stray suggestion. Most significant in retrospect was the strong suggestion to remember and recall all that took place during the relaxation exercise. The tape ran its course with no unusual result. My recall was thorough and complete because it had been a product of my own efforts and thus familiar to me. Perhaps too much so, as no retention and recall of original or new material was possible in my case. The technique would have to be utilized with some other subject.

When my family returned, we all had brunch, which consisted of scrambled eggs, bacon, and coffee. Some unimportant controversy occurred at the table, which was not germane to the problem.

A little over an hour later, I was seized with a severe, iron-hard cramp which extended across my diaphragm or solar plexus area just under my rib cage. It was a solid band of unyielding ache.

At first, I thought it was some form of food poisoning from brunch. In desperation, I forced myself to regurgitate, but my stomach was empty. Other members of my family who had eaten the same food showed no

signs of illness or discomfort. I tried exercising and walking, on the assumption that it was a cramped abdominal muscle. It was not appendicitis, as my appendix had been removed. I could breathe properly in spite of the pain, and my heart appeared normal in pulse rate. There was no perspiration or other symptoms whatsoever—just the hard, tense, locked-in-place rigidity of a band of muscles in the upper abdomen.

It occurred to me that perhaps some factor in the recording had caused it. In going over the tape and the written copy from which it had been made, I found nothing unusual. What suggestion there was, I complied with, seeking to relieve any unconscious suggestion that might have been applied. Still, no relief.

Perhaps I should have phoned immediately for a doctor. However, it didn't seem that serious, nor did it become any worse. But it didn't get any better, either. Finally, we did phone for medical help. All of the local doctors were away or playing golf.

From one-thirty in the afternoon until around midnight, the cramp and pain continued. No typical home medication seemed to alleviate it. Sometime after twelve I fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

I woke up in the early morning, and the cramp and pain were gone. There was muscle soreness throughout the afflicted area, much as one gets from overcoughing, but no more. What caused the cramp in this area is still unknown. It is mentioned only because it was the first out-of-the-ordinary event, physical or otherwise, that took place.

In retrospect, perhaps it was the touch of a magic wand, or a sledge hammer, although I didn't know it at the time.

Some three weeks later, the second major event entered the picture. There had been no further recorded tape experimentation, because the suspicion was strong that the cramp was somehow related. Thus there was nothing that apparently triggered the event.

Again, it was a Sunday afternoon and the family had gone to church. I lay down on the couch in the living room for a short nap while the house was quiet. I had just become prone (head to the north, if that had any meaning), when a beam or ray seemed to come out of the sky to the north at about a 30° angle from the horizon. It was like being struck by a warm light. Only this was daylight and no beam was visible, if there truly was one.

I thought it *was* sunlight at first, although this was impossible on the north side of the house. The effect when the beam struck my entire body was to cause it to shake violently or "vibrate." I was utterly powerless to move. It was as if I were being held in a vise.

Shocked and frightened, I forced myself to move. It was like pushing against invisible bonds. As I slowly sat upright on the couch, the shaking and vibration slowly faded away and I was able to move freely.

I stood up and walked around. There had been no loss of consciousness that I was aware of, and the clock showed that only a few seconds had elapsed since I had stretched out on the couch. I had not closed my eyes, and had seen the room and heard outdoor noises during the entire episode. I looked out the window, especially to the north, although why and what I expected to see, I don't know. Everything looked normal and serene. I went outside for a walk to puzzle over this strange thing that had happened.

Within the following six weeks, the same peculiar condition manifested itself nine times. It occurred at different periods and locales, and the only common factor was that it began just after I had lain down for rest or sleep. Whenever it took place, I fought myself to a sitting position, and the "shaking" faded away. Although my body "felt" the shaking, I could see no visible evidence that it was doing so.

My limited knowledge of medicine envisioned many possibilities as the cause. I thought of epilepsy, but I understood that epileptics had no memory or sensation in such seizures. Furthermore, I understood that epilepsy is hereditary and shows signs at an early age, and neither was evident in my case.

Second was the possibility of a brain disorder such as a tumor or growth. Again, the symptoms were not typical, but this could be it. With trepidation, I went to our longtime family physician, Dr. Richard Gordon, and explained the symptoms. As an internist and diagnostician, he should have had what answers there may have been. He also knew my medical history, such as it was.

After a thorough physical, Dr. Gordon suggested that I had been working too hard, that I get more sleep and take off a little weight. In short, he could find nothing wrong with me physically. He laughed at the possibility of a brain tumor or epilepsy. I took his word for it and returned home relieved.

If there was no physical basis for the phenomenon, I thought, it must be hallucinatory, a form of dreaming. Therefore, if the condition came again, I would observe it as objectively as possible. It obliged by "coming on" that very evening.

It began some two minutes after I lay down to sleep. This time, I was determined to stay with it and see what happened rather than fight my way out of it As I lay there, the "feeling" surged into my head and swept over my entire body. It was not a shaking, but more of a "vibration," steady and unvarying in frequency. It felt much like an electric shock running through the entire body without the pain involved. Also, the frequency seemed somewhat below the sixty-cycle pulsation, perhaps half that rate.

Frightened, I stayed with it, trying to remain calm. I could still see the room around me, but could hear little above the roaring sound caused by the vibrations. I wondered what would happen next.

Nothing happened. After some five minutes, the sensation slowly faded away and I got up feeling perfectly normal. My pulse rate was up, evidently due to the excitement, but no more. With this result, I lost much of my fear of the condition.

In the next four or five occurrences of the vibration, I discovered little more. On one occasion, at least, it seemed to develop into a ring of sparks about two feet in diameter, with the axis of my body in the center of the ring. I could actually see this ring if I closed my eyes. The ring would start at the head and slowly sweep down to my toes and back to the head, keeping this up in a regular oscillation. The time of the cycle seemed to be some five seconds. As the ring passed over each section of my body, I could feel the vibrations like a band cutting through that section. When the ring passed over my head, a great roaring surged with it, and I felt the vibrations in my brain. I attempted to study this flaming electrical-seeming ring, but could discover no reason for it, or what it was.

All of this remained unknown to my wife and children. I could see no reason to worry or concern them until something definite was known of it. I did take a friend into my confidence, a well-known psychologist, Dr. Foster Bradshaw. If it had not been for him, I cannot predict where I would be at this time. Perhaps in an institution.

I discussed the matter with him, and he was most interested. He

suggested it might be some form of hallucination. Like Dr. Gordon, he knew me well. Consequently, he laughed at the concept that I was in the beginning stages of schizophrenia or the like. I asked him what he thought I should do. I shall always remember his answer.

"Why, there's nothing else you can do but look into it and see what it is," Dr. Bradshaw replied. "Anyhow, it doesn't seem you have much choice. If it happened to me, I'd go off in the woods somewhere and keep trying until I found the answer."

The difference was that it was happening to me and not to Dr. Bradshaw, and I couldn't afford to go off in the woods, either literally or figuratively. I had a family to support, among other things.

Several months passed, and the vibration condition continued to occur. It almost became boring, until late one night when I was lying in bed just before sleep. The vibrations came and I wearily and patiently waited for them to pass away so I could go to sleep. As I lay there, my arm was draped over the right side of the bed, fingers just brushing the rug.

Idly, I tried to move my fingers and found I could scratch the rug. Without thinking or realizing that I *could* move my fingers during the vibration, I pushed with the tips of my fingers against the rug. After a moment's resistance, my fingers seemed to penetrate the rug and touch the floor underneath. With mild curiosity, I pushed my hand down farther. My fingers went through the floor and there was the rough upper surface of the ceiling of the room below. I felt around, and there was a small triangular chip of wood, a bent nail, and some sawdust. Only mildly interested in this daydream sensation, I pushed my hand still deeper. It went through the first-floor ceiling and I felt as if my whole arm was through the floor. My hand touched water. Without excitement, I splashed the water with my fingers.

Suddenly, I became fully aware of the situation. I was wide awake. I could see the moonlit landscape through the window. I could feel myself lying on the bed, the covers over my body, the pillow under my head, my chest rising and falling as I breathed. The vibrations were still present, but to a lesser degree.

Yet, impossibly, my hand was playing in a pool of water, and my arm felt as if it was stuck down through the floor. I was surely wide awake and the sensation was still there. How could I be awake in all other

respects and still “dream” that my arm was stuck down through the floor?

The vibrations started to fade, and for some reason I thought there was a connection between my arm stuck through the floor and their presence. If they faded away before I got my arm “out,” the floor might close in and I would lose an arm. Perhaps the vibrations had made a hole in the floor temporarily. I didn’t stop to consider the “how” of it.

I yanked my arm out of the floor, pulled it up on the bed, and the vibrations ended soon after. I got up, turned on the light, and looked at the spot beside the bed. There was no hole in the floor or rug. They were just as they always had been. I looked at my hand and arm, and even looked for the water on my hand. There was none, and my arm seemed perfectly normal. I looked about the room. My wife was sleeping quietly in the bed, nothing seemed amiss.

I thought about the hallucination for a long time before I was able to calm down enough to sleep. The next day I considered actually cutting a hole in the floor to see if what I had felt was there on the subfloor—the triangular chip of wood, the bent nail, and the sawdust. At the time, I couldn’t see disfiguring the floor because of a wild hallucination.

I told Dr. Bradshaw of this episode, and he agreed that it was a rather convincing daydream. He was in favor of cutting the hole in the floor to find out what was there. He introduced me to Dr. Lewis Wolberg, a psychiatrist of note. At a dinner party, I casually mentioned the vibration phenomenon to Dr. Wolberg. He was only politely interested, and evidently in no mood for “business,” for which I couldn’t blame him. I didn’t have the courage to ask him about the arm in the floor.

It was becoming fairly confusing. My environment and personal experience had led me to expect some kind of answers or at least promising opinions from modern technology. I had an above-normal scientific, engineering, and medical background as a layman. Now, I was faced with something where answers or even extrapolation was not quickly available. In retrospect, I still cannot envisage having dropped the matter entirely at any time. It may be that I could not have done so if I tried.

If I thought I faced incongruities at this point, it was because I did not know what was yet to come. Some four weeks later, when the “vibrations” came again, I was duly cautious about attempting to move

an arm or leg. It was late at night, and I was lying in bed before sleep. My wife had fallen asleep beside me. There was a surge that seemed to be in my head, and quickly the condition spread through my body. It all seemed the same. As I lay there trying to decide how to analyze the thing in another way, I just happened to think how nice it would be to take a glider up and fly the next afternoon (my hobby at that time). Without considering any consequences—not knowing there would be any—I thought of the pleasure it would bring.

After a moment, I became aware of something pressing against my shoulder. Half-curious, I reached back and up to feel what it was. My hand encountered a smooth wall. I moved my hand along the wall the length of my arm and it continued smooth and unbroken.

My senses fully alert, I tried to see in the dim light. It *was* a wall, and I was lying against it with my shoulder. I immediately reasoned that I had gone to sleep and fallen out of bed. (I had never done so before, but all sorts of strange things were happening, and falling out of bed was quite possible.)

Then I looked again. Something was wrong. This wall had no windows, no furniture against it, no doors. It was not a wall in my bedroom. Yet somehow it was familiar. Identification came instantly. It wasn't a wall, it was the ceiling. I was floating against the ceiling, bouncing gently with any movement I made. I rolled in the air, startled, and looked down. There, in the dim light below me, was the bed. There were two figures lying in the bed. To the right was my wife. Beside her was someone else. Both seemed asleep.

This was a strange dream, I thought. I was curious. Whom would I dream to be in bed with my wife? I looked more closely, and the shock was intense. *I* was the someone on the bed!

My reaction was almost instantaneous. Here I was, there was my body. I was dying, this was death, and I wasn't ready to die. Somehow, the vibrations were killing me. Desperately, like a diver, I swooped down to my body and dove in. I then felt the bed and the covers, and when I opened my eyes, I was looking at the room from the perspective of my bed.

What had happened? Had I truly almost died? My heart was beating rapidly, but not unusually so. I moved my arms and legs. Everything seemed normal. The vibrations had faded away. I got up and walked

around the room, looked out the window, smoked a cigarette.

It was a long time before I had the courage to return to bed, lie down, and try to sleep.

The following week I returned to Dr. Gordon for another physical examination. I didn't tell him the reason for the visit, but he could see I was worried. He carefully examined me, ran blood tests, fluoroscopes, electrocardiograms, palpated all cavities, ran urinalysis, and about everything else he could think of. He checked very carefully for indications of brain lesions, and asked me many questions relating to motor action of various parts of the body. He arranged for an EEG (brain-wave analysis), which evidently showed no unusual problem. At least he never reported any to me, and I am sure he would have.

Dr. Gordon gave me some tranquilizers, and sent me home with orders to take off weight, smoke less, get more rest—and said that if I had a problem, it was not a physical one.

I met with Dr. Bradshaw, my psychologist friend. He was even less helpful and far from sympathetic when I told him the story. He thought I should try to repeat the experience if I could. I told him I wasn't ready to die.

"Oh, I don't think you'll do that," Dr. Bradshaw stated calmly. "Some of the fellows who practice yoga and those Eastern religions claim they can do it whenever they want to."

I asked him "do" what.

"Why, get out of the physical body for a while," he replied. "They claim they can go all over the place. You ought to try it."

I told him that was ridiculous. Nobody can travel around without their physical body.

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure," Dr. Bradshaw replied calmly. "You ought to read something about the Hindus. Did you study any philosophy in college?"

I said I had, but there was nothing I could recall about this traveling-without-the-body business.

"Maybe you didn't have the right philosophy professor, that's what it seems to me." Dr. Bradshaw lit a cigar, then looked at me. "Well, don't be so closed-minded. Try it and find out. As *my* old philosophy professor said, 'If you're blind in one eye, turn your head, and if you're blind in both eyes, then open your ears and listen.' "

I asked what to do if you were deaf, too, but I didn't get a reply.

Of course, Dr. Bradshaw had every reason to be casual about it. It was happening to me, not him. I don't know what I would have done without his pragmatic approach and his wonderful sense of humor. It is a debt I shall never be able to repay.

The vibrations came and went six more times before I got up the courage to try to repeat the experience. When I did, it was an anticlimax. With the vibrations in full force, I thought of floating upward—and I did.

I smoothly floated up over the bed, and when I willed myself to stop, I did, floating in mid-air. It was not a bad feeling at all, but I was nervous about falling suddenly. After a few seconds I thought myself downward, and a moment later I felt myself in bed again with all normal physical senses fully operating. There had been no discontinuity in consciousness from the moment I lay down in bed until I got up after the vibrations faded. If it wasn't real—just a hallucination or dream—I was in trouble. I couldn't tell where wakefulness stopped and dreaming began.

There are thousands of people in mental institutions who have just that problem.

The second time I attempted to disassociate deliberately, I was successful. Again I went up to ceiling height. However, this time I experienced an overwhelmingly strong sexual drive and could think of nothing else. Embarrassed and irritated at myself because of my inability to control this tide of emotion, I returned back into my physical body.

It wasn't until some five episodes later that I discovered the secret of such control. The evident importance of sexuality in the whole subject is so great that it is covered in detail later. At the time, it was an exasperating mental block which held me within the confines of the room where my physical body lay.

With no other applicable terminology, I began to call the condition the Second State, and the other, non-physical body we seem to possess the Second Body. So far this terminology fits as well as anything else.

It wasn't until the first evidential experience which could be checked that I seriously considered these to be anything but daydreams, hallucinations, a neurotic aberration, the beginnings of schizophrenia, fantasies caused by self-hypnosis, or worse.

That first evidential experience was indeed a sledgehammer blow. If I accepted the data as fact, it struck hard at nearly all of my life

experience to that date, my training, my concepts, and my sense of values. Most of all, it shattered my faith in the totality and certainty of our culture's scientific knowledge. I was sure our scientists had all the answers. Or most of them.

Conversely, if I rejected what was evident to me, if to no one else, then I would also be rejecting what I respected so greatly: that mankind's emancipation and upward struggle depends chiefly upon his translation of the unknown into the known, through the use of his intellect and the scientific principle.

That was the dilemma. It may have been truly the touch of a magic wand and a gift bestowed. I still don't know.

2.

SEARCH AND RESEARCH

What does one do when faced with an unknown? Turn away and forget about it? In this case, two factors negated that possibility. One was nothing more than curiosity. The second: how can one forget or ignore an elephant in the living room? Or more to the point, a ghost in the bedroom?

On the other side of the scale were the conflicts and anxieties, very real, very disturbing. There was no question that I was deeply afraid of what might happen to me if the "condition" continued. I was much more concerned about the possibility of a growing mental illness than a physical deterioration. I had studied enough psychology and had enough psychologist and psychiatrist friends to compound such fears. Moreover, I was afraid to discuss the matter with these friends. I was afraid that I would then be classified as their "patients," and lose the closeness that equality (normalcy) brings. Non-professional friends in business and community would be worse. I would be labeled a freak or psychotic, which could seriously affect my life and the lives of those close to me.

Finally, it seemed to be something to keep from my family. It seemed unnecessary that they worry along with me. It was only the definite need to explain odd actions that forced the disclosure to my wife. She accepted it reluctantly because there was no other real choice, and thus she became a worried witness to incidents and events much in contradiction to her religious training. The children were then much too young to understand. (Later, the matter became commonplace to them. Away at college, my older daughter reported that after she and her roommate had looked around the empty dorm room one night, she said, "Daddy, if you're here, I think you better go now. We want to get undressed for bed." Actually, I was two hundred miles away at the time, both physically and otherwise.)

Gradually I became more accustomed to this strange addition in my life. More and more, I was slowly able to control its movements. In a few

ways it had actually become helpful. I had become reluctant to part with it. The mystery of its very presence had aroused my curiosity.

Even after I had determined that there was no physiological cause, and that I was no more insane than most of my fellow men, the fears persisted. It was a defect, illness, or deformity that had to be hidden from "normal" people. There was no one to talk to about the problem, other than an occasional meeting with Dr. Bradshaw. The only other solution seemed to be some form of psychotherapy. But a year (or five or ten) of daily interviews costing thousands of dollars with no promised results didn't seem very efficient.

It was very lonely in those early days.

Finally, I began to experiment with this strange aberration, keeping notes of each event. I also began to read in areas of study long neglected in my life pattern. Religion had not greatly influenced my thinking, yet it seemed that this was the only remaining body of the writings and knowledge of man in which I could look for answers. Beyond childhood churchgoing and rare attendance with a friend, God and church and religion had meant little to me. In fact, I hadn't given the matter much thought one way or another, as it simply didn't evoke my interest.

In my superficial reading of past and present Western philosophies and religions, I found vague references and generalities. Some seemed to fit as somebody's attempt to describe or explain similar incidents. Biblical and Christian writings offered many of these, all without specific causes or cures. The best advice seemed to be to pray, meditate, fast, go to church, absolve my sins, accept the Trinity, believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, resist Evil, or resist not Evil, and give myself to God.

All of this did nothing but add to the conflict. If this new thing in my life was "good," i.e., a "gift," then it evidently belonged to saints, or at least saintly types, according to religious history. I felt that qualification for sainthood was certainly above and beyond me. If this new thing was "evil," then it was the Work of the Devil, or, at the least, of a demon trying to possess or dispossess me, and should be exorcised.

The orthodox ministers of organized religion whom I met politely accepted the latter view to varying degrees. I got the feeling I was dangerous and heretical in their eyes. They were wary.

In the Eastern religions I found more acceptance of the idea, as Dr.

Bradshaw had indicated. There was much talk of the existence of a non-physical body. Again, such a condition of being was the product of great spiritual development Only Masters, Gurus, and other long-trained Holy Men had the ability to leave their physical bodies temporarily to achieve indescribable mystical insights. There were no details, and no pragmatic explanation of what was meant by spiritual development. Implied was that in the practices of secret cults, sects, lamaseries, etc., such details were common knowledge.

If this were true, what or who was I? Certainly too old to start life anew in a Tibetan monastery. The loneliness became acute. Evidently, there were no answers. Not in our culture.

It was at this point that I discovered the existence of an underground in the United States. The only factor missing is that no laws exist against its function nor is there official persecution and prosecution involved. This underground only occasionally intermingles in part with the worlds of business, science, politics, academia, and the so-called arts. Furthermore, it definitely is not limited to the United States, but infiltrates all of Western civilization.

Many people may have heard of it vaguely or casually have come in contact with it, and passed it off as just people with queer ideas. For one thing is usually certain: members of this underground who are respected in their communities don't talk about the interest or beliefs that qualify them for membership unless they know you too are in the club. They have learned from experience that to be outspoken brings censure—from their ministers, customers, employers, or even friends.

I suspect the membership may run into millions—if all would admit to their qualification. They are found in all walks of life: scientists, psychiatrists, physicians, housewives, college students, businessmen, teen-agers, and at least a few ministers in formal religions.

This group meets all the qualifications of an underground movement. They gather in small groups, quietly and often semi-secretly. (The events are often publicly announced, but you have to be "with it" before you can understand the notice.) The participants usually discuss affairs of the underground only with other members. Other than family or close friends (who are probably also members), the community doesn't know of this secret interest and life of the underground member. If you asked him, he would deny such membership because often he doesn't realize

he really is so associated. All are to some degree emotionally and intellectually dedicated to a cause. Finally, the underground has its own literature, language, technology, and to some extent demigods.

At the moment, this underground is highly disorganized. In fact, there is no organization whatsoever in the usual sense of the word. Rarely, even, have the local groups gone so far as to adopt a title or name for themselves. So far, they are simply small but regular gatherings held in someone's living room, or a bank's conference room, or quite possibly a church rectory. This group of individuals is groping in the dark and seems to take many diverse pathways—yet the goal is the same for all. However, like other kinds of underground movements, if you have become a member and you visit another city, you inevitably meet other members. It isn't planned. It just "happens."

Who comprises this underground? First, the professionals. At one end are the parapsychologists, very few in number. These are men who have legitimate doctorates from recognized universities, who have publicly conducted research into ESP. The most well-known of these is Dr. J. B. Rhine, formerly of Duke University, who conducted and compounded simple statistical probability card tests for some thirty years. To his satisfaction, he proved statistically that ESP is fact. His results are looked upon dubiously and for the most part unacceptably by the majority of psychologists and psychiatrists in the United States. There are others in the same category. Andrija Puharich, J. G. Pratt, Robert Crookall, Hornell Hart, Gardner Murphy all come under this classification. If you are a member, these are familiar names.

The professional spectrum runs the gamut from the parapsychologist to the roadside palmist who claims to be a gypsy or New Delhi Indian, and who charges five dollars for a quick five-minute stock "reading." Areas of interest are quite diverse, but all have interconnecting bonds of common beliefs in one way or another.

The mass underground looks to the professionals for information and guidance, and gives them something akin to hero worship. Anyone who Writes a Book, Organizes a Foundation, Conducts Research, has a Major Experience, Studied with a Great Professional, Gives Psychic Readings, Conducts Classes in Mind and/or Soul Development, Heals by Faith, is an Accredited Astrologer, Minister of Divine Science or Spiritualism, Trance Medium, Outer-Space Saucer Devotee, Hypnotist—these are the

professionals.

Most derive all or part of their income from this activity. Many have deep professional jealousy for each other, and often are inclined to be suspicious of techniques and theories propounded outside their particular activity. They may even subtly deride or look with tolerant, superior amusement at results unrelated to their specialty. This could well explain why, as of now, there is no organization in the underground. Yet, in spite of themselves, the professionals are drawn to one another. Their common interest forces this. There are no others with whom they can share their thoughts and experiences as equals and with understanding.

This is not in any way intended to cast aspersions or discredit upon the professionals. They are a completely fascinating and wonderful group of people. Each in his own way, whatever it may be, is seeking after Truth. What a dull world it would be without them once you have become a member of the underground.

For the underground consumer, there are magazines, newspapers, lectures, book clubs (at least fifty new underground books are published each year, many by top houses), and even TV and radio programs. The latter, evidently put together by overeager members, have not been successful because the underground is still very much a minority group. The basic public reaction is: “You don’t really believe in that stuff, do you?”

Who, then, makes up the mass of this underground? Contrary to what one might expect, they are not merely a conglomerate of silly, uneducated, superstitious, unreasoning misfits. True, some of the like are included, but at no greater percentage than is found in the general population. As a matter of fact, if it could be surveyed, it is quite probable that their average IQ would be far above that of a general cross section of Western humanity.

The common bond or cause that draws them together is simple. All have a belief that (1) man’s Inner Self is neither understood nor fully expressed in our contemporary society; and (2) this Inner Self has capabilities to act and perform mentally and materially to a degree unknown and unrecognized by modern science. These are people whose prime avocation is to read, talk, think, discuss, and participate in anything “psychic” or “spiritual.” This is all that is needed for

membership. Perhaps you are in the club and didn't realize it.

How do these people "get" that way? The most common answer is to experience or be a part of some phenomenon that cannot be explained by modern scientific, philosophic, or religious teachings. One type of person shrugs it off, sweeps it under the rug, and forgets about it. The other, who eventually becomes a member, tries to find some answers.

I qualified for membership because I couldn't find any other source of information. Unfortunately, the information I was looking for was very sparse indeed, even in this strange new-old world. But at least there were those who seriously considered the possibility that the Second State could and did happen.

It soon became apparent that the underground started more than a hundred years ago, or earlier, when present-day science began to organize man's concepts and rid them of unreasoning, unsupported "knowledge." In such efforts to purify, anything that did not or had not yet met the test of empiricism was ruthlessly discarded by intellectual leadership. Those who continued to hold any of the discarded beliefs fell into disrepute. If they stubbornly persisted and still wished to be active and accepted in society, they had no choice but to go underground with their secret ideas while maintaining another image publicly. Many who refused to practice this deceit became Martyrs.

To date, in this enlightened society, the same attitude still exists to a very great extent. Of the professionals who are known by their fellows as proponents of parapsychology or anything similar, there *may* be five who still command admiration and respect publicly from their profession, be it medicine, psychology, psychiatry, or the physical sciences. At this stage, I believe I have met all five. Sadly, I am little wiser, through no fault of theirs. They just don't know much about the Second State or Second Body.

Most of all, I enjoy the people I have met in the underground. I've found them in small towns, big cities, in business, in church groups, in universities, and even in the American Psychiatric Association! As a rule, they are truly gentle people. They are jolly, with a warm sense of humor. They are a happy group who can laugh when necessary at their own serious interest. Whether intentionally or not, they are the most altruistic and empathetic cross section of humanity I have known. It must be no accident that they are the most religious in the true sense of the word.

If this appears to be a curt dismissal of all other sources and material uncovered in the "psychic" writings available, it is not so intended. Each has its own version of Truth, and perhaps there are indeed many Truths. I have sat in séances with trance mediums and asked definite questions, received vague answers which were to me pure evasions when a straightforward reply would have meant so much. Yet, later, to my astonishment, in one such case I participated in a Second Body experiment that verified (to me and others) the authenticity of this medium's ability. Truth here is truly a mystery!

The work of Edgar Cayce, virtually a latter-day saint in the psychic world, was without doubt most evidential and well investigated, but unbelievable in terms of present-day science and medicine. Most definitely, here was truth unfolding, and history may not record it axcept in some dim archives. Today, some twenty years after his death, no more is known as to how his ability worked and what it was than on the day he died.

Cayce's readings were helpful, but are exceedingly difficult to bring into concrete focus as they relate to Second State existence. He confirmed it, but did not explain. Much of his material in this area is clouded by the haze of a strong religious conditioning. This leaves it open to interpretation, so Cayce translators (ministers?) have sprung up to provide such intercession.

There are others even now who evidently can perform similarly to Cayce. One gave quite accurate physical reports of me, and provided some general data on my Second State activities which were neither enlightening nor provable. They did convince me of the validity of her ability, by all means. Again, another Truth (to me and others who participated), but no direct answers that could be used in a court of law.

Several "psychics" performed "life readings" for me. They included wide generalizations, but were unable to give direct, straightforward answers to simple questions. If genuine (and who am I to say they are not?) these psychics must be definitely limited in their specific perception. Either that, or they suffer problems in translation from symbols to articulation. I can well appreciate how this latter might occur.

It was in my readings and contacts with this branch of human thought I fondly call the underground that I finally found strong glimmerings of

what was happening to me. If I hadn't been involved personally, I would not have believed what I found. At the same time, it was comforting to discover that I was not unique.

What was it all about? Simply, I was performing "astral projection." Dr. Bradshaw had given me the clue, although he himself had heard about such things only remotely. Astral projection, to the uninitiated, is a term given to the technique of leaving one's physical body temporarily and moving about in a non-material or "astral" body. Many connotations have been given the word "astral," and many interpretations, scientific and otherwise. The word "scientific" is used cautiously, because the modern scientific world, in the West, at least, neither recognizes nor is seriously aware of even the possibility of such things.

In the obscure history of mankind, it is an entirely different matter. The word "astral" has dim origins in early mystical and occult events which involve witchcraft, sorcery, incantations, and other seeming foolishness which modern man looks upon as silly and superstitious nonsense. As no attempt was made to delve deeply into this area, I still don't know what the word "astral" means. Thus I prefer to stick to the terms "Second Body" and "Second State."

This type of literature, which still flourishes, depicts an astral world composed of many levels or planes, which is where people go when they "die." The person who travels around in his astral body can make short visits to these places, talk with "dead" people, participate in activities "there," and come back to the physical body apparently none the worse for wear. There have been times when I have fervently hoped (prayed!) for the latter to be true.

In order to perform this miraculous feat, one had to be arduously trained, or, better still, "spiritually developed," according to the occultists. These teachings have supposedly been handed down secretly through history to enlighten those who had become advanced enough to receive them. Evidently, from time to time, there were those who revealed the secret or accidently learned the technique. In the past, they have been canonized, castigated, cremated, laughed at, and locked up for such public revelation. This doesn't make the future seem very promising, in my case.

Paradoxically, much of the data contained in my notes tends to confirm this occult approach to the subject—which came as quite a

shock. Using liberal interpretation and translation into the modern idiom, much of it fell neatly into place. Also, much was left unsaid, although I do not know why.

According to the literature of the psychic underground, the religious-mystical history of man constantly makes reference to this Second Body. Long before Christianity and the Bible appeared, cultures in Egypt, India, and China, to name a few, held the Second Body idea as standard operating procedure. Historians have found these references again and again, but evidently consigned them to the mythology of the times.

If one reads the Bible from this point of view, the belief is confirmed many times in both the Old and New Testaments. In the Catholic Church are found consistent reports of saints and other religious figures having such experiences, some of them willfully. Even in Protestantism, devout followers have reported the out-of-body experience during some form of religious ecstasy.

In the Orient, the concept of a Second Body has long held a natural and accepted position of reality. Again, this is an entire study in itself, and there are numerous underground books and authorities on oriental cultures that affirm the concept of a Second Body. There are supposed to be in existence today those adepts, lamas, monks, gurus, and the like who exercise mental and physical powers—including Second Body activity—that are completely at odds with present scientific knowledge. Largely, these have been ignored in our materialistic society because they can't be duplicated in the laboratory.

In the files of various psychic research organizations here and abroad, there are hundreds of case-history reports of out-of-body experiences. Such reports go back at least a hundred years, and many more are found in various writings of the past. They are there for anyone who wishes to investigate the phenomenon.

Virtually all of such reported experiences are spontaneous one-time-only events. Usually, they have come at a time when the individual was either physically ill or debilitated, or during an intense emotional crisis. All seem to be highly subjective, yet the great mass of these reports is evidential in itself. During this century, several impressive collections of these experiences have been published and should be required reading if one pursues the subject. The weakness in all of them is apparent: most are basically reportorial, supplemented by conjecture. No specifics based

upon direct examination or experimentation are included. Reason? Evidently, there has been no such solid research performed.

In very rare instances there are published records of individuals who could deliberately and willfully induce the Second State and move about in their Second Body. There may be more, but only two stand out in recent history. If others have and are performing this act, they have kept the results to themselves.

The first of these is Oliver Fox, an Englishman who was active in psychic research and practices. He published fairly detailed reports of out-of-body experiences and techniques for achieving this state. Except in the underground of 1920, his work received little attention. Yet he very definitely attempted to bring the experience into the framework of understanding of his era.

The second and most well-known was Sylvan Muldoon, who published several works on the subject in collaboration with Hereward Carrington, over the period 1938–51. Muldoon was the "projectionist" and Carrington was a consistent researcher in psychic phenomena. To date, their books have been the classics in the field, and offer interesting reading. In my after-the-fact investigation, I again wondered at much that obviously had been omitted. Also, little or no empirical experimental tests were made to provide data for a serious yet objective investigator. The most recent has been a book by the author Yram. (A woman? Mary backward?) It too offered several clues, but no solid continuity relating to my case.

Significant attempts at scientific study and evaluation have been made recently by several noteworthy men, such as Hornell Hart, Nandor Fodor, Robert Crookall, and others with good academic backgrounds. Most of these are relatively free of the distorting factors present in so much of the underground literature, and their titles will be found along with other recent publications in the Bibliography. All serve to verify the fact of the existence of the Second Body, but bring forth little or no concrete data at the experimental, non-philosophic level. Again, how can one discuss experiments that have not taken place?

The most consistent problem encountered in associating with the underground has been to avoid submergence of the analytical approach in the vast morass of theological thought and belief. Once, not too long ago, man thought electricity was God; before that, the sun, lightning,

and fire. Our sciences told us these ideas were ridiculous, and tried to show us through experimentation. Perhaps the Second Body operating in the Second State can provide the quantum jump to *prove* God empirically. Then there will be no more underground.

The psychic underground provided me with many new friends, but few specific answers to such questions as, What do I do now? To my surprise, they looked to *me* for answers.

There appeared to be only one remaining path to take. Hundreds of experiments spread over twelve years, and still continuing, have brought forth conclusions that seem inescapable yet alien to my environmental conditioning. In the material to come, the test will be yours.

3.

ON THE EVIDENCE

In the fall of 1964 an interesting meeting was held one evening in Los Angeles. It was composed of some twenty assorted psychiatrists, psychologists, scientists, et al—and myself. It was a most rewarding evening. The purpose of the meeting was to examine with sincerity and seriousness the experiences and experiments which have been condensed herein. After several hours of interrogation by the group, it was my turn. I asked two simple questions of each of them:

"If you were going through what I have been experiencing, what would you do?"

It was the definite opinion of the majority—more than two thirds—that every effort should be made to continue such experimentation in the hope of enlightening and expanding man's knowledge of himself. Several half seriously stated that I should run, not walk, to the nearest psychiatrist. (None present offered his services.)

The second question: "Would you, personally, take part in experiments that would lead to the creation of such unusual activity in yourself?"

Here, the pattern changed somewhat. About half stated their willingness to participate. Oddly, in this group were some of those who were most skeptical of the reality of such experiences. Of course, this gave me the opportunity to nudge gently those who were in favor of continued experiments. When it came to the dive into the cold, strange waters, let someone else do it. And in many ways, I don't blame them. If presented to me twelve years ago, I doubt that I would have volunteered.

Why did the group bother to assemble? Curiosity, perhaps. Or again, it may have been some of the evidential material that had been accumulated. I hope the latter. Here are some of the key reports from the notes, which aroused their interest.

9/10/58 Afternoon

Again, I floated upward, with the intent of visiting Dr. Bradshaw and his wife. Realizing that Dr. Bradshaw was ill in bed with a cold, I thought I would visit him in the bedroom, which was a room I had not seen in his house and if I could describe it later, could thus document my visit. Again came the turning in air, the dive into the tunnel, and this time the sensation of going uphill (*Dr. and Mrs. Bradshaw live in a house some five miles from my office, up a hill*). *I was over trees and there was a light sky above. Momentarily, I saw* (*in the sky?*) *a figure of a rounded human form, seemingly dressed in robes and a headpiece on his head* (*an oriental concept remains*), *sitting, arms in lap, perhaps cross-legged à la Buddha; then it faded. I don't know the meaning of this. After a while, the uphill travel became difficult, and I had the feeling that the energy was leaving, and I felt I wouldn't make it.*

With this thought, an amazing thing happened. It felt precisely as if someone had placed a hand under each arm and lifted me. I felt a surge of lifting power, and I rushed quickly up the hill. Then I came upon Dr. and Mrs. Bradshaw. They were outside the house, and for a moment I was confused, as I had reached them before I got to the house. I didn't understand this because Dr. Bradshaw was supposed to be in bed. Dr. Bradshaw was dressed in light overcoat and hat, his wife in a dark coat and all dark clothes. They were coming toward me, so I stopped. They seemed in good spirits, and walked past me unseeing, in the direction of a smaller building, like a garage, Brad trailing behind as they walked.

I floated around in front of them, waving, trying to get their attention without result. Then without turning his head, I thought I heard Dr. Bradshaw say to me, "Well, I see you don't need help any more." Thinking I had made contact, I dove back into the ground(?), *and returned to the office, rotated into the body and opened my eyes. Everything was just as I had left it. The vibration was still present, but I felt I had enough for one day.*

Important aftermath: We phoned Dr. and Mrs. Bradshaw that evening. I made no statement other than to ask where they were between four and five that afternoon. (*My wife, upon hearing of the visit, said flatly it was not possible, could not be so because Dr. Bradshaw was home in bed sick.*) *With Mrs. Bradshaw on the phone, I asked the simple question. She stated that roughly at four twenty-five they were walking out of the house toward the garage. She was going to the post office, and Dr. Bradshaw had decided that perhaps some fresh air might help him, and had dressed and gone along. She knew the time by back-checking from the time they arrived at the post office,*

which was twenty minutes to five. It takes roughly fifteen minutes to drive to the post office from their house. I had come back from my trip to them at approximately four twenty-seven. I asked what they were wearing. Mrs. Bradshaw stated she was wearing black slacks, and a red sweater which was covered with a black car coat. Dr. Bradshaw was wearing a light hat and a light-colored topcoat. However, neither "saw" me in any way or were aware of my presence. Dr. Bradshaw had no memory of saying anything to me. The great point is that I had expected to find him in bed, and didn't.

The coincidences involved were too much. It was not important to prove this to anyone else. Only to me. It proves to me—truly for the first time—that there might well be more to this than normal science and psychology and psychiatry allow—more than an aberration, trauma, or hallucination—and I needed some form of proof more than anyone else, I am sure. It is a simple incident, but unforgettable.

In this visit to Dr. Bradshaw and his *wife*, the time of visit coincides with the physical event. The autosuggestion hallucination factor is negative. I expected to find Dr. Bradshaw in bed in the house, but did not do so and was puzzled by the inconsistency. Identical reports with conditions of actual events:

(1) Location of Dr. Bradshaw and his wife.

(2) Position of the two relative to each other.

(3) The actions of the two.

(4) Wearing apparel of the two.

Possibility of unconscious preknowledge through earlier observation of the above:

(1) Negative, had no information of their change in plans or time habits of post office visits.

(2) Indeterminate, consciously at least unaware of who walks first.

(3) Negative, would have no preknowledge of their walking across to the garage in such fashion.

(4) Indeterminate, may have observed both in similar dress, but expected to find only one (Dr. Bradshaw), in bedclothes.

3/5/59 Morning

In a motel in Winston-Salem: I woke up early and went out to have breakfast at seven-thirty, then returned to my room about eight-thirty and lay down. As I relaxed, the vibrations came and then an impression of movement. Shortly thereafter, I stopped, and the first thing I saw was a boy walking along and tossing a baseball in the air and catching it. A quick shift, and I saw a man trying to put something into the back seat of a car, a large sedan. The thing was an awkward-looking device that I interpreted to be a small car with wheels and electric motor. The man twisted and turned the device and finally got it into the back seat of the car and slammed the door. Another quick shift, and I was standing beside a table. There were people sitting around the table, and dishes covered it. One person was dealing what looked like large white playing cards around to the others at the table. I thought it strange to play cards at a table so covered with dishes, and wondered about the overlarge size and whiteness of the cards. Another quick shift, and I was over city streets, about five hundred feet high, looking for "home." Then I spotted the radio tower, and remembered that the motel was close to the tower, and almost instantly I was back in my body. I sat up and looked around. Everything seemed normal.

Important aftermath: The same evening, I visited some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Agnew Bahnson, at their home. They were partially aware of my "activities," and on a sudden hunch, I knew the morning event had to do with them. I asked about their son, and they called him into the room and asked him what he was doing between eight-thirty and nine that morning. He said he was going to school. When asked more specifically what he was doing as he went, he said he was tossing his baseball in the air and catching it. (*Although I knew him well, I had no knowledge that the boy was interested in baseball, although this could be assumed.*) *Next, I decided to speak about the loading of the car. Mr. Bahnson was astounded. Exactly at that time, he told me, he was loading a Van DeGraff generator into the back seat of his car. The generator was a large, awkward device with wheels, an electric motor, and a platform. He showed me the device.* (*It was eerie to see physically something you had observed only from the Second Body.*) *Next, I told about the table and the large white cards. His wife was excited at this one. It seems that for the first time in two years, because they had all arisen late, she had brought the morning mail to the breakfast table and had passed out the letters to them as she sorted the mail. Large white playing cards! They were very*

excited over the event, and I am sure they were not humoring me.

In this morning visit to Mr. Bahnson and his family, the time of visit coincides with actual events. Autosuggestion hallucination, negative; no conscious intent of visit, although unconscious motivation possible. Identical reports with conditions of actual events:

(1) Son walking down the street tossing ball in air.

(2) Mr. Bahnson at car.

(3) Mr. Bahnson's actions at car.

(4) Device he had at car.

(5) Action of Mrs. Bahnson at table, the dealing of "cards."

(6) Card size and white color.

(7) Dishes on table.

Possibility of unconscious preknowledge through earlier observation of the above:

(1) Negative, unaware of son's interest in baseball, and not conscious of his basic activities.

(2) Negative, had no knowledge of Mr. Bahnson's actions in morning around car, and reported action was not part of his daily routine.

(3) Negative, as indicated such actions were not routine, i.e., loading of car, thus could not be part of preobserved habit patterns of Mr. Bahnson.

(4) Indeterminate, possible that device had been observed previously but not in location indicated.

(5) Negative, no part of preobservation memory, as Mrs. Bahnson did not make habit of such action; sorting mail at table was unusual event.

(6) Negative, for reasons just given, coupled with no such habits in own life pattern of sorting mail at table, plus misinterpretation of action itself.

(7) Indeterminate, preobservation could have been applied here in

relation to the Bahnson family, as writer had taken breakfast there several times.

10/12/60 *Night*

The results are so contradictory to what I believed that it must be reported in detail. In our attempts to find some answers, anywhere, we had come in contact with Mrs. M., who purportedly had mediumistic powers. I have and still have the highest regard for her as a person of great kindness and integrity. However, in two "sittings" in which we participated, I came away with the definite impression that Mrs. M., although deeply sincere, was acting out some form of split personality when she went into a trance. The "guides" who took over her body(?) *and spoke through her vocal cords were to me nothing more or less than manifestations of this. This implied not that I thought Mrs. M. deliberately created this illusion, but that it happened as a result of a self-induced hypnotic state, and she truly had no knowledge of what took place. I was sure that in no way was Mrs. M. attempting to "fake." She wasn't and isn't that type of person.*

What left me unconvinced was that when I had asked her guides—her dead husband and an American Indian—certain questions as they spoke through her, I received evasive replies. The best I could get was, "You will discover this through your own sources." This at the time seemed to me to be a simple way to avoid an answer that could be verified in other ways. It is important that I point out my complete skepticism of Mrs. M. and her guides.

Yet what happened last night and the report today utterly confuses me. R.G., a friend of Mrs. M., had suggested that I attempt to "visit" a séance to be held by Mrs. M. in a New York apartment Friday night (*last night*). *I half agreed, stating that I certainly wasn't sure that it was possible. Frankly, when Friday night came, the meeting had slipped my mind* (*consciously at least*).

Here is what took place. After a normal evening at home, my wife and I went up to bed around eleven-thirty. My wife fell asleep almost immediately, as I could tell from her steady, deep breathing. As I lay there, evidently deeply relaxed and possibly half-asleep, I suddenly felt that "walking over your grave" coldness and the hairs on the back of my neck started to rise. I looked across the half-darkened room, fearful yet utterly fascinated. I don't know what I expected, but standing in the doorway leading from the hall was a white ghostlike figure. It actually looked like the traditional figure of a ghost —some six feet tall as it stood there, with a flowing sheetlike material draping

it from its head to the floor. One hand was reaching out and holding onto the door jamb.

I was completely frightened, and I had no chance to connect the figure with anything I had done. The moment it began to move toward me, I cringed in half-terror and at the same time felt I had to see what it was. Almost immediately, I felt hands placed over my eyes so I couldn't see. I kept pulling the hands away in spite of my fear until finally the ghostlike form was beside the bed, not a foot away from me. Then someone took hold of my upper arms, gently, and I moved up out of the bed. With this, I calmed down, evidently because I felt that whatever it was, it was friendly. I didn't struggle or resist.

Immediately, there was a quick sense of movement and we (*I then felt there were two of them, one on each side*) *were suddenly over a small room, as if we were looking down on it from the ceiling. In the room below were four women. I looked at the two beings on each side of me. One was a blond male, the other dark-haired, almost oriental. Both seemed to be quite young, in their early twenties. They were smiling at me.*

I spoke to them and said they would have to excuse my attitudes as I was uncertain of what I was doing. Then I floated down to the only empty chair and sat down in it. A tall, large woman in a dark suit sat opposite me. A woman in what looked like an ankle-length white robe sat next to me. The other two were indistinct. A woman's voice asked if I would remember that I had been there, and I assured her that I certainly would. Another woman said something about cancer, but that is all I could get.

Then one of the women (*the one in the dark suit*) *came over and swung over the side of my chair, and draped herself right on top of me! I didn't feel her weight, but for some reason, she got up suddenly. There was laughter, but my mind was on other things. Evidently, the contact with the woman who sat on top of me had altered things. Just at that moment, I heard a male voice said, "I think he's been away long enough; we'd better take him back."*

I was torn between going and staying, but didn't argue. Almost instantly, I was back lying in my bed and that was it—except that my wife had been awake during the entire time. She stated that I alternately gasped, made moaning and whimpering noises, and then seemed to do little or no breathing at all. Other than that, she hadn't seen or heard anything, except that our cat asleep in the room had awakened and had been extremely nervous. My wife was quite upset and worried. I'm sure I would have been too, if I had gone

through the same with her.

The "meeting" certainly deserved checking, so I phoned R.G. and discovered several things. First, there were four women at the séance. At my request, they were gathered together at the same apartment (*very small living room*) *wearing the same clothes. The woman in the dark suit was of identical build as I saw, and she inadvertently "sat" in the chair "reserved" for me. This had taken place later in the evening, after eleven-thirty, when the séance had been long over, and the four were sitting around talking. The tall woman had jumped up out of "my" chair when the rest called out, "Don't sit on Bob!" They laughed at the joke. One of the other women had worn a long white housecoat. The words about my remembering were not spoken orally* (*that supermind communication again?*), *but one of the women had stated she was working at Cancer Memorial Hospital the following day. I had met the other two women previously, Mrs. M. and R.G., but the two herein described were then strangers to me. Four women, the clothes of two, the build of one, the sitting in the chair, the sitting on top of me and jumping up, the laughter, the small room, the "cancer" reference—that's too much coincidence even for me, and beyond my ability to hallucinate that properly. I'm convinced.*

But the two men. Does Mrs. M. truly communicate with her dead husband and an Indian? I didn't know until afterward that he had been a blond! I must be less of a skeptic and more open-minded with Mrs. M.

In the visit to the apartment, time coincides with the physical event. Autosuggestion hallucination, indeterminate, as idea of trip may have been retained unconsciously, although no conscious attempt was made. Identical reports with conditions of actual events:

(1) Size of room.

(2) Number of women present, four.

(3) Empty chair.

(4) Apparel of two women.

(5) "Cancer" mention.

(6) Action of woman sitting in chair.

(7) Laughter attitude of group.

Possibility of unconscious preknowledge through earlier observation of the above:

(1) Negative, no previous visits or descriptions of apartment.
(2) Indeterminate, R.G. may have revealed number of people to be present.
(3) Negative, idea of empty chair came to group only during that same evening.
(4) Negative, had never met women before nor observed their dress.
(5) Negative, for same reasons just given. Would have no knowledge of unknown woman's work at Cancer Memorial Hospital.
(6) Negative, as action was unplanned.
(7) Negative, as reaction of others was spontaneous.

8/15/63 Afternoon

A productive experiment after a long layoff! R.W., a businesswoman whom I know quite well through long work association, and a close friend aware of my "activities" (*but somewhat skeptical still, in spite of rather unwilling participation*)*, has been away this week on her vacation up on the New Jersey coast. I do not know exactly where she is vacationing other than that. Nor did I inform her of any planned experiment, simply because I hadn't thought of it until today* (*Saturday*)*. This afternoon, I lay down to renew experimentation, and decided I would make a strong effort to "visit" R.W. wherever she was.* (*Rule one in my case always has been that I am most successful going to someone I know well—and the opportunity does not come up too often.*) *I lay down in the bedroom about three in the afternoon, went into a relaxation pattern, felt the warmth* (*high order vibrations*)*, then thought heavily of the desire to "go" to R.W.*

There was the familiar sensation of movement through a light blue blurred area, then I was in what seemed to be a kitchen. R.W. was seated in a chair to the right. She had a glass in her hand. She was looking to my left, where two girls (*about seventeen or eighteen, one blond and one brunette*) *also were sitting, each with glasses in their hands, drinking something. The three of them were in conversation, but I could not hear what they were saying.*

I first approached the two girls, directly in front of them, but I could not attract their attention. I then turned to R.W., and I asked if she knew I was

there.

"Oh yes, I know you are here," she replied (*mentally, or with that superconscious communication, as she was still in oral conversation with the two girls*).

I asked if she was sure that she would remember that I had been there.

"Oh, I will definitely remember," the reply came.

I said that this time I was going to make sure that she remembered.

"I will remember, I'm sure I will," R.W. said, still in oral conversation simultaneously.

I stated that I had to be sure she would remember, so I was going to pinch her.

"Oh, you don't need to do that, I'll remember," R.W. said hastily.

I said I had to be sure, so I reached over and tried to pinch her, gently, I thought. I pinched her in the side, just above the hips and below the rib cage. She let out a good loud "Ow," and I backed up, because I was somewhat surprised. I really hadn't expected to be able actually to pinch her. Satisfied that I had made some impression, at the least, I turned and left, thought of the physical, and was back almost immediately. I got up (*physically!*), *and went over to the typewriter where I am now. R.W. will not be back until Monday, and then I can determine if I made the contact, or if it was another unidentifiable miss. Time of return, three thirty-five.*

Important aftermath: It is Tuesday after the Saturday of the experiment. R.W. returned to work yesterday, and I asked her what she had been doing Saturday afternoon between three and four. Knowing my reason for asking, she said she would have to think about it and let me know on Tuesday (*today*). *Here is what she reported today: On Saturday between three and four was the only time there was not a crowd of people in the beach cottage where she was staying. For the first time, she was alone with her niece* (*dark-haired, about eighteen*) *and the niece's friend* (*about the same age, blond*). *They were in the kitchen-dining area of the cottage from about three-fifteen to four, and she was having a drink, and the girls were having Cokes. They were doing nothing but sitting and talking.*

I asked R.W. if she remembered anything else, and she said no. I questioned her more closely, but she could not remember anything more. Finally, in impatience, I asked her if she remembered the pinch. A look of complete astonishment crossed her face.

"Was that you?" She stared at me for a moment, then went into the privacy

of my office, turned, and lifted (*just slightly!*) *the edge of her sweater where it joined her skirt on her left side. There were two brown and blue marks at exactly the spot where I had pinched her.*

"I was sitting there, talking to the girls," R.W. said, "when all of a sudden I felt this terrible pinch. I must have jumped a foot. I thought my brother-in-law had come back and sneaked up behind me. I turned around, but there was no one there. I never had any idea it was you! It hurt!"

I apologized for pinching so hard, and she obtained from me a promise that if I tried any such thing again, I would try something other than a pinch that hard.

In this episode, the time coincides with the actual events. Autosuggestion hallucination, indeterminate, as willful desire was suggested, and preknowledge was present of general location of R.W. at that time. Identical reports with conditions of actual events:

(1) Location (inside rather than outside).

(2) Number of people present.

(3) Description of girls.

(4) Actions of people present.

(5) The acknowledgment of pinching.

(6) Physical marks from pinching.

Possibility of unconscious preknowledge through earlier observation of the above:

(1) Negative, preknowledge implied activity outdoors on beach rather than indoors.

(2) Negative, preknowledge implied adults in group, as R.W. was visiting sister and brother-in-law.

(3) Negative-indeterminate, possibility of preknowledge of niece and hair color through R.W. sometime previously, negative as to friend of niece, her hair color and age.

(4) Negative, no preknowledge of non-existent habit pattern for that particular moment of day.

(5) Negative, R.W. had no preknowledge of experimental attempt as no such attempt had been made previously, nor was experimenter in habit of pinching R.W. Had not done so previously.

(6) Negative, no possible way that R.W. could have known where pinch marks should have occurred to conform with area reported.

There are additional evidential reports, some of which have been included in other portions of this writing where they may help illustrate certain areas of “theory and practice.” One or two have been attempted under laboratory conditions.

The incidents may have been simple and unimportant in themselves, but as minute pieces in a mosaic, they were vital. The emerging pattern through the glimpses of the whole was made believable and acceptable to me only through the inclusion of hundreds of such scraps of evidence. Perhaps it may be to you, too.

4.

THE HERE-NOW

One of the most common questions that arises during any discussion of the Second Body and the Second State is: Where do you go? In evaluation of all experiments, there evolved what seemed to be three Second State environments. The first of these was identified as Locale I, for lack of a better nomenclature. More appropriately, it could be called the "Here-Now."

Locale I is the most believable. It consists of people and places that actually do exist in the material, well-known world at the very moment of the experiment. It is the world represented to us by our physical senses which most of us are fairly sure does exist. Visits to Locale I while in the Second Body should not contain strange beings, events, or places. Unfamiliar, perhaps, but not strange and unknown. If the latter is the case, then perception is distorted.

Thus it is that the only evidential results provable by standard methods of confirmation have taken place while moving about via the Second Body in Locale I. All of the experiments in Chapter 3 were made in Locale I. Even so, these and others in the same category are pitifully few in proportion to all the recorded experiments. On the surface, it seems quite simple. Get out of the physical and into the Second, then go visit George and make contact, come back into the physical and report. Nothing to it

If only it were that easy! Yet the factors present that make it difficult are recognizable. Recognition of a problem presumes an eventual solution one way or another, and perhaps it will be so in this field.

Let us take first the factors of direction and identification. Suppose, for example, fully conscious and in your physical body, you were able to soar through the air rather than walk on the ground or ride in a car. You discovered this ability, and decided to fly over to George's house to demonstrate how it works. Your house or your laboratory is on the outskirts of a large city. George lives in a subdivision on the other side of

town.

On a sunny afternoon, you start off. Naturally, you rise high in the air so as to avoid obstacles of trees, buildings, *etc.* Uncertain, you don't go too high. You want to be able to recognize landmarks which might be difficult to see from five thousand feet. Therefore, you stay low, about a hundred feet off the ground. Now, which way to go. You look for points of familiarity. It is at that moment you realize you have a problem. You don't have a compass course to George's house, and it wouldn't do you any good if you did. You don't have a compass. Undaunted, you decide to cut across the city, using the familiar building and streets as guideposts. You have driven the route many times, so you should find your way easily.

You start off over houses and streets, and almost immediately you become confused. The familiar has suddenly become unfamiliar. You look back, and you have difficulty finding your own house even at close range. It takes a moment to realize why this is so. You have been earthbound, and your entire point of view has been from a level of less than six feet. Most of the time, we habitually look straight ahead or downward. Only occasionally do we look *up*, when something attracts our attention. Even such an upward-looking angle of vision has little relationship to looking down from one hundred feet. How long would it take for you to recognize your own home if you were shown a photograph taken from directly overhead? The same applies to all "familiar" surroundings, streets, buildings, cities, and people.

You may get to George's house, but it will take you a long time. You may not identify it from a distance of fifty feet because you know only the appearance of the front of his house, and you approach it from the back. It is not a failing peculiar to you. Pilots of aircraft, their attention diverted for a moment, have become "lost" within two miles of the airport when flying at low level in bright daylight. For a moment, everything below is completely unfamiliar. Only navigational instruments can bring the quick orientation needed.

It is easy to see how this problem can be compounded when your friend George lives in another city some distance away, where you have never visited, and when you have not seen pictures of the house. Of course, if he painted a fluorescent yellow "X" on the roof, with a ten-million-candle-power beacon of light, with similar markers on streets

and highways along the route, you just might make it.

Now let's take the same trip in the Second Body and examine it comparatively. Again, you are overhead one hundred feet, floating in the air, this time with no physical body. It is a bright sunny day, but your "seeing" is somewhat impaired. You still are not fully accustomed to the technique of "how" you are seeing. As a result, your vision is distorted in one way or another. You can work your way slowly from over your home to George's house much as you would if in the physical body. It would be the same slow process under less favorable visual conditions.

There is a better, faster way. Happily, there seem to be built-in directional senses if their use can be mastered. The "if" is the catch. As noted elsewhere, you "think" of the person at the end of your destination —never a place, but a person—and use the method prescribed. In a few moments, you are there. You can watch the landscape move under you if you wish, but it's a little disconcerting when you rush headlong toward a building or tree and go right through it. In order to avoid such traumas, forget about seeing during the traveling process. You never quite get over the physical-body conditioning that such things are solid. At least I have not. I still have the tendency to move in the direction of the door to leave, only to realize again the situation when my Second Body hand goes through the doorknob. Irritated with myself, I then dive through the wall rather than the door to reinforce my awareness of the Second State characteristics.

In conjunction with this convenient homing instinct that is unaffected by distance, you are faced with a further problem, which is that the automatic navigational system is too accurate. It works by what and of whom you think. Let one small stray thought emerge dominantly for just one microsecond, and your course is deviated. Add to this the fact that your conscious mind may be in conflict with the superconscious as to what should be that destination, and you can begin to appreciate why so many experiments to produce Locale I evidential data have ended in failure. It sometimes causes one to ponder how there have been any such results when the difficulties are considered.

As an experiment, try to concentrate for just one minute upon a single action or event or thing which you "dislike" emotionally and intellectually (the superconscious expressing its will) without the intrusion of any unrelated thought. It takes something more than

practice, as you will discover.

Here are some examples of misdirection, caused by an interrupting thought, taken from the notes:

4/12/63 Late Afternoon

Temp. 40s, humidity low, barometer high. Utilized countdown technique, warm sensation surged in on thirty-one count. Disassociated easily, under plan to visit a friend. Used stretch-out method, seemed to travel unusually long for three-mile trip.… Then I stopped. I looked to see where I was, and found I was sitting on the edge of the roof of a two-story house, with what seemed to be the back yard below me. There was a woman working in the yard, with a broom in her hand. As I watched, she turned to walk into the house. Just as she was about to enter, something made her look up directly at me. With a frightened start, she scuttled into the house, slamming the door. I felt that I should leave, embarrassed at having frightened the woman. I used the physical movement return signal, and came back easily, entering the physical without difficulty. Time away, seven minutes, ten seconds. Comment: Wonder what she saw sitting on the eave. Also, why this destination? Evidently concentration failure again.

6/29/60 Late Evening

Temp. 70s, humidity medium, barometer average, physically tired. Blood-flow surge came at hold-off point before sleep, under plan to visit Dr. Andrija Puharich somewhere in California. Moved blindly for a short period, then stopped. Four people were seated around a table, three men and a boy of about eleven. Obviously not Dr. Puharich, unless unusual situation. I asked where they were, what was the location, town or state. There was no answer to my query, and I sensed wariness and caution on their parts. I asked again, and the boy turned and evidently was about to reply when one of the men said, "Don't tell him!" Evidently, they were afraid of me for some reason. I apologized for my nervousness and explained I was still new to the non-physical business, turned, and left, not wishing to make them uncomfortable. Return to physical uneventful. Time away, eighteen minutes. Comment: No connection with Dr. Puharich's activities at the time, as he reports. Wrong destination again, no validation possible. Why does my presence create such fear?

This inability to control destination has been and still remains the chief barrier to the production of consistency and repeatability. The results of such attempts have brought many intrusions similar to the above, and many follow a similar pattern. Here is one that brought evidential data, although the persons involved were and are unaware of their participation:

11/27/62 Morning

Temp. 40s, humidity medium, barometer below average, physically rested. Went into relaxation countdown, used sex center mental pattern with oral breathing to create condition. Used peel-off to get out of body, just as if outer layer of physical were being removed, then free and floating in room. Plan was to go to Agnew Bahnson. Started trip slowly to observe surroundings as much as possible. Went slowly through west wall, feeling texture of each layer of material in wall, then into another room, furnished as a living room, then into a third room, another living room, all unoccupied, and speed became faster. Nothing was visible but gray-black blur. Still concentrating on Mr. Bahnson, finally stopped. Was in normal-sized room, bedroom, with three people in it. There was a large bed to the right, and two adults lay on it. A little girl, about five or six, was sitting on the floor beside the bed, to the left of it. The little girl looked directly at me and said excitedly, "I know what you are!"

I turned to her, as gently and warmly as I could so as not to frighten her, and said, "You do? Good! What am I?" She was not at all afraid when she said, "You're an astral projection!" (*She may have used another term such as "ghost," but it was definite understanding on her part, one way or another.*) *I asked her where she lived and what year it was, but she couldn't give me an answer so I turned to the two on the bed. I tried to be careful to avoid making them afraid or nervous, but it was obvious that they were. I asked them what year it was, but they didn't seem to understand* (*no time concept in the superconscious?*). *I concentrated on the man, and asked his name and where he lived. He replied nervously. I moved away as he became more disturbed, and looked out the window for area identification. Outside the window was a small roof, such as over a porch. Beyond was a street, with many trees and a grassy island strip in the middle. There was a car parked at the curb, a dark-colored sedan.*

I sensed a need to return to the physical, and turned back to the three people. I asked if they would like to see me "take off," and the little girl was eager, and the two adults appeared relieved. I used stretch technique, shot up through the ceiling, and returned to the physical without problems. Reason for recall: Throat dry from oral breathing. Time away, forty-two minutes. Comment: Through a check by phone, I have located this family at the address which the man gave me. Would it be appropriate to visit them physically on some pretext?

From this, it can be seen that a much more extensive and organized effort would be required for massive validation of Second Body activities in Locale I. One subject and several assorted scientists and psychiatrists are not enough. Also, it can be noted that unexpected visits to unprepared persons can't be helped at this stage of control. Perhaps much could be gained if such people could be interviewed as to what they saw and felt at the time of the intrusion. The difficulty lies in locating these people. It is the exception that enough data is obtained to identify the place visited, as in the above.

Also, it is interesting when possible to determine the inconsistencies of observation of Locale I activities while in the Second State. Except in unusual instances, most "visual" input registers in shadings of black and white. This seems true under any lighting conditions. However, strong light and shadow create wrong perceptions. For example, a strong light reflecting from the dark hair of a man brings the impression that he is blond rather than dark. For example, from the notes:

5/5/61

Temp. 60s, humidity high, barometer medium, physically neutral. After dinner, early evening, in planned attempt to visit Dr. Puharich used breathing jaw technique for relaxation, obtained vibration state after some difficulty via 90° reach-out technique. Applied simple mental lift-out, and concentrated mental desire to visit Dr. Puharich. After short trip, stopped in room. There was a long narrow table, with several chairs, and bookshelves. There was a man sitting at the table, writing on paper. He resembled Dr. Puharich, but he was more light or blond-haired. I greeted him, and he looked up and smiled, then stated that he would spend more time on our project, apologizing for

being so neglectful. I said I understood, then felt uneasiness to return to the physical, and explained I had to leave. He stated that he realized my need for caution, and I turned and quickly headed back to the physical. Re-entered without difficulty, with right arm circulation down from lying on it awkwardly, which was evident reason for recall. Comment: In checking with Dr. Puharich, the locale was right, and actions were correct, but he has no memory of visit. Strong overhead light may have caused the reflection of "blond."

The preceding also illustrates the problem of communication. Dr. Puharich, awake and aware that specific attempts to "visit" him were being made, had no conscious recollection of any such meeting. All other factors checked accurately, except for the reported "conversation." This has happened so frequently in such instances that it became the source of much discussion. At first, it was suggested that I was fantasizing these communications. It seemed probable that in so doing, I was merely calling upon my knowledge of the visitee —at the unconscious level—to create an "authentic" conversation. This theory received a setback when a number of such communications brought out data known only to the second party.

Still another difficulty of Locale I travel lies in the time factor. Inconveniently, the best periods for deep relaxation so necessary to create the Second State occur late at night. Therefore, it is quite natural to take advantage of such instances when possible. Less effort is required, and the separation is much more rapid. However, the physiological and psychological conditions that help induce the state are unpredictable and not known fully. This inconsistency brought numerous occasions when experimentation for purely evidential data ended in failure. The person to be visited was performing no reportable act other than lying in bed sound asleep. These were discounted completely as evidence. Most people perform this "act" every night.

Similarly, attempts at validation during daylight hours brought their share of complications. With no promise of "contact" at a specific minute or hour, most people involved went about their normal affairs. Thus when such "visits" were made, they were not necessarily discovered in a unique or unusual act or condition. As a result, the small, normally

inconsequential acts observed during these visits often were but vague memories to the contactee when confirmation was needed. We have a great tendency to forget details of routine actions in life. You can prove this to yourself. Simply attempt to recall precisely in detail what you were doing at, say, three twenty-three yesterday afternoon. If it was a routine task, chances are you will remember only the doing, if that much. Exact details will escape you.

Yet the experimentation in visiting Locale I is extremely important, perhaps at the moment more so than anything else to be attempted. For only through evidential visits in Locale I can sufficient evidential data on the Second Body and the Second State be obtained. Sufficient, that is, to bring about serious study by authoritative scientific groups of our time. Only through such concentrated and extensive study can a breakthrough of a revolutionary nature be obtained as regards the Second Body, and applied to the basic knowledge of man. Anything less, and it will remain an unsolved enigma at best, and at worst a ridiculed and unacceptable fantasy to both philosopher and scientist. For this reason, the recurring theme in the reports of experiments is: *Get evidential data.*

Here, then, is a later experiment in Locale I performed in the EEG laboratory of a hospital on a major university campus.

EXPERIMENT #EEG–5

July 19th, 1966.

Arrived at the hospital EEG lab at 9:00 P.M., after driving seventy miles from Richmond. No particular sense of fatigue. Sleepiness earlier in the day, around 1 P.M., but no rest was taken. Active day from around six-thirty in the morning.

By nine-thirty in the evening, all electrodes had been attached by the technician, who was the only person present when I arrived. I reclined on a temporary cot, in a semi-darkened room, using a pillow and sheet, no shirt, but retaining trousers. Experienced usual difficulty in getting head comfortable, especially the ear pressed against the pillow. As a "side sleeper," it made no difference which side; each was equally uncomfortable due to the electrodes attached to my ears. After a semblance of ease, I attempted to relax naturally, but was unsuccessful. I went finally into the fractional relaxation pattern (*count up from number one, associating each number with*

a body part starting with feet, fixing closed eyes in direction of body part as number and mental command to relax were thought). Experienced usual mind "drift" at various points, and forced attention back to relaxation technique. Went through entire sequence without complete relaxation, so I started again at the beginning. After about forty five minutes of this without attaining full relaxation, I decided to take a break, sat up (halfway), and called to the technician.

I sat up partially, smoked a cigarette, and talked with the technician for about five or eight minutes, then decided to try again. After some time spent in attempting to ease ear-electrode discomfort, concentrated on ear to "numb" it, with partial success. Then went into fractional relaxation technique again. Halfway through the second time around in the pattern, the sense of warmth appeared with full consciousness (or so it seemed) remaining. I decided to try the "roll-out" method (i.e., start to turn over gently, just as if you were turning over in bed using the physical body). I started to feel as if I were turning, and at first thought I truly was moving the physical body. I felt myself roll off the edge of the cot, and braced for the fall to the floor. When I didn't hit immediately, I knew that I had separated. I moved away from the physical, and through a darkened area, then came upon two men and a woman. The "seeing" wasn't too good, but got better as I came closer. The woman, tall, dark-haired, in her forties (?), was sitting on a love seat or couch. Seated to the right of her was one man. In front of her, and slightly to her left, was the second man. They all were strangers to me, and were in conversation which I could not hear. I tried to get their attention, but could not. Finally, I reached over, and pinched the woman (very gently!) on her left side just below the rib cage. It seemed to get a reaction, but still no communication. I decided to return to the physical for orientation and start again.

Back into the physical was achieved simply, by thought of return. Opened physical eyes, all was fine, swallowed to wet my dry throat, closed my eyes, let the warmth surge up, then used the same roll-out technique. This time, I let myself float to the floor beside the cot. I fell slowly, and could feel myself passing through the various EEG wires on the way down. I touched the floor lightly, then could "see" the light coming through the open doorway to the outer EEG rooms. Careful to keep "local," I went under the cot, keeping in slight touch with the floor, and floating in a horizontal position, finger tips touching the floor to keep in position, I went slowly through the doorway. I

was looking for the technician, but could not find her. She was not in the room to the right (*control console room*), *and I went out into the brightly lighted outer room. I looked in all directions, and suddenly, there she was. However, she was not alone. A man was with her, standing to her left as she faced me.*

I tried to attract her attention, and was almost immediately rewarded with a burst of warm joy and happiness that I had finally achieved the thing we had been working for. She was truly excited, and happily and excitedly embraced me. I responded, and only slight sexual overtones were present which I was nearly able to disregard. After a moment, I pulled back, and gently put my hands on her face, one on each cheek, and thanked her for her help. However, there was no direct intelligent objective communication with her other than the above. None was tried, as I was too excited at finally achieving the separation and staying "local."

I then turned to the man, who was about her height, with curly hair, some of which dropped over the side of his forehead. I tried to attract his attention, but was unable to do so. Again, reluctantly, I decided to pinch her gently, which I did. It did not evoke any response that I noticed. Feeling something calling for a return to the physical, I swung around and went through the door, and slipped easy back into the physical. Reason for discomfort: dry throat and throbbing ear.

After checking to see that the integration was complete, that I "felt" normal in all parts of the body, I opened my eyes, sat up, and called to the technician. She came in, and I told her that I had made it finally, and that I had seen her, however, with a man. She replied that it was her husband. I asked if he was outside, and she replied that he was, that he came to stay with her during these late hours. I asked why I hadn't seen him before, and she replied that it was "policy" for no outsiders to see subjects or patients. I expressed the desire to meet him, to which she acceded.

The technician removed the electrodes, and I went outside with her and met her husband. He was about her height, curly-haired, and after several conversational amenities, I left. I did not query the technician or her husband as to anything they saw, noticed, or felt. However, my impression was that he definitely was the man I had observed with her during the non-physical activity. My second impression was that she was not in the console room when I visited them, but in another room, standing up, with him. This may be hard to determine, if there is a firm rule that the technician is supposed

always to stay at the console. If she can be convinced that the truth is more important in this case, perhaps this second aspect can be validated. The only supporting evidence other than what might have appeared on the EEG lies in the presence of the husband, of which I was unaware prior to the experiment. This latter fact can be verified by the technician.

Important aftermath: In a report to Dr. Tart, the technician confirmed that she was in the outer hall with her husband at the time of the indicated "separation." She also confirmed that I did not know he was present, and that I had not met him previously. Dr. Tart states that the EEG shows definite unusual and unique tracings during time of activity.

5.

INFINITY, ETERNITY

The best introduction to Locale II is to suggest a room with a sign over the door saying, “Please Check All Physical Concepts Here.” If getting accustomed to the idea of a Second Body was an uneasy experience, Locale II may be hard to take. It is certain to produce emotional effects as it steps solidly upon what we have accepted as reality. Furthermore, many of our religious doctrines and the interpretations thereof become open to question.

It is enough to say that only a small part of the visits into Locale II via the Second Body has provided evidential data, for these visits do not easily lend themselves to proof. Therefore, much of the Locale II material is cautious extrapolation. However, several hundred experiments in this particular area have provided definite consistencies. If A plus B equals C sixty-three times, there is a high order of probability that A plus B will equal C the sixty-fourth time.

Postulate: Locale II is a non-material environment with laws of motion and matter only remotely related to the physical world. It is an immensity whose bounds are unknown (to this experimenter), and has depth and dimension incomprehensible to the finite, conscious mind. In this vastness lie all of the aspects we attribute to heaven and hell (See Chapter VIII), which are but part of Locale II. It is inhabited, if that is the word, by entities with various degrees of intelligence with whom communication is possible.

As noted in the percentile analysis in a later chapter, the fundamentals are altered in Locale II. Time, by the standards of the physical world, is non-existent. There is a sequence of events, a past and a future, but no cyclical separation. Both continue to exist coterminously with “now.” Measurements, from microseconds to millennia, are useless. Other measurements may represent these factors in abstract calculation, but this is uncertain. Laws of conservation of energy, force field theories,

wave mechanics, gravity, matter structure—all remain to be proved by those more versed in such fields.

Superseding all appears to be one prime law. Locale II is a state of being where that which we label thought is the wellspring of existence. It is the vital creative force that produces energy, assembles "matter" into form, and provides channels of perception and communication. I suspect that the very self or soul in Locale II is no more than an organized vortex or warp in this fundamental. As you think, so you are.

In this environment, no mechanical supplements are found. No cars, boats, airplanes, or rockets are needed for transportation. You *think* movement, and it is fact. No telephones, radio, television, and other communication aids have value. Communication is instantaneous. No farms, gardens, cattle ranches, processing plants, or retail outlets are in evidence. In all experimental visits, no food energy needs were indicated. How energy is replaced—if it is truly spent—is not known.

"Mere" thought is the force that supplies any need or desire, and what you think is the matrix of your action, situation, and position in this greater reality. This is essentially the message that religion and philosophy have been attempting to convey throughout the ages, although perhaps less bluntly and often distorted. A facet learned in this medium of thought explains much. It is: Like attracts Like. I didn't realize there was such a rule that acted so specifically. It had been to me nothing more or less than an abstraction. Project this outward, and you begin to appreciate the infinite variations found in Locale II. Your destination seems to be grounded completely within the framework of your innermost *constant* motivations, emotions, and desires. You may not consciously want to "go" there, but you have no choice. Your Supermind (soul?) is stronger and usually makes the decision for you. Like attracts like.

The interesting aspect of this thought world (or worlds) of Locale II is that one does perceive what seems to be solid matter as well as artifacts common to the physical world. These are brought into "existence," evidently, by three sources. First, they are the product of thought of those who once lived in the physical world, the patterns of which still remain. This is accomplished quite automatically, without deliberate intent. The second source is those who liked certain material things in the physical world, which they have re-created apparently to enhance

their surroundings in Locale II. The third source I assume to be a higher order of intelligent beings more aware of the Locale II environment than most inhabitants. Their purpose seems to be that of simulation of the physical environment—temporarily, at least—for the benefit of those just emerging from the physical world, after "death." This is done to reduce trauma and shock for the "newcomers" by introducing familiar shapes and settings in the early conversion stages.

By this time, one can begin to understand the relationship of the Second Body to Locale II. Locale II is the *natural* environment of the Second Body. The principles involved in its action, composition, perception, and control all correspond to those in Locale II. This, then, is why the majority of the experimental travel attempts took me involuntarily somewhere into Locale II. The Second Body is basically not of this physical world. To apply it to visits to George's house or other physical destinations is like asking a diver to swim down to the ocean bed without scuba gear or pressure suit. He can do it, but not for long, and not too many times. On the other hand, he can walk a mile to the store daily without ill effects. Thus travel to points in the physical world is a "forced" process in the Second Body state. Given the opportunity of the slightest mental relaxation, the Supermind will guide you in your Second Body into Locale II. It is the "natural" thing to do.

Our traditional concept of place suffers badly when applied to Locale II. It seems to interpenetrate our physical world, yet spans limitless reaches beyond comprehension. Many theories have been offered in literature throughout the ages as to the "where" of it, but few appeal to the modern scientific mind.

All of the experimental visits to this area have helped little to formulate a more acceptable theory. The most acceptable is the wave-vibration concept, which presumes the existence of an infinity of worlds all operating at different frequencies, one of which is this physical world. Just as various wave frequencies in the electromagnetic spectrum can simultaneously occupy space, with a minimum of interaction, so might the world or worlds of Locale II be interspersed in our physical-matter world. Except for rare or unusual conditions, our "natural" senses and our instruments which are extensions thereof are completely unable to perceive and report this potential. If we consider this premise, the "where" is answered neatly. "Where" is "here."

The history of man's sciences supports this premise. We had no idea that sounds existed beyond the range of human hearing until we developed instruments to detect, measure, and create them. Until comparatively recently, those who claimed they could hear what others could not were considered insane or persecuted as witches and sorcerers. We were able to perceive the electromagnetic spectrum only in terms of heat and light until the last century. We are still unaware of the capacity of the human brain, an electrochemical organism, in terms of transmission and reception of electromagnetic radiation. With this gap unbridged, it is easy to understand why modern science has not begun to consider the ability of the human mind to penetrate an area where no serious theory has been promulgated.

There is so much to report on Locale II that it would be impractical to quote directly from the hundreds of referential pages of notes. Visits near and far in Locale II comprise most of the reporting throughout succeeding chapters. It is the summation of consistent experiences that may bring the pattern into focus and pose questions that plead for answers. For every known, there may be one million unknowns, but at least here is a starting point.

In Locale II, reality is composed of deepest desires and most frantic fears. Thought is action, and no hiding layers of conditioning or inhibition shield the inner you from others, where honesty is the best policy because there can be nothing less.

Under the basic standards described above, existence is indeed different. It is this difference that creates the great problems of adjustment even when attempting to visit there while in the Second Body. The raw emotion so carefully repressed in our physical civilization is unleashed in full force. To say that it is overwhelming at first is a massive understatement In conscious physical life, this condition would be considered psychotic.

My first visits to Locale II brought out all the repressed emotional patterns I even remotely considered I had—plus many I didn't know existed. They so dominated my actions that I returned completely abashed and embarrassed at their enormity and my inability to control them. Fear was the dominant theme—fear of the unknown, of strange beings (non-physical), of "death," of God, of rule-breaking, of discovery, and of pain, to name only a few. Such fears were stronger than the

sexual drive for union, which, as rioted elsewhere, was in itself a tremendous obstacle.

One by one, painfully and laboriously, the exploding uncontrollable emotional patterns had to be harnessed. Until this was accomplished, no rational thought was possible. Without rigorous consistency, they begin to return. It is much like a slow learning from unsanity to calm objective reasoning. An infant learns to be "civilized" in its growth through childhood to adult status. I suspect the same thing occurs all over again in the adaptation to Locale II. If it doesn't happen during physical life, it becomes the first order of business upon death.

This implies that the areas of Locale II "nearest" the physical world (in vibratory frequency?) are peopled for the most part with insane or near-insane, emotionally driven beings. For the most part, this seems to be true. They include those alive but asleep or drugged and out in their Second Bodies, and quite probably those who are "dead" but still emotionally driven. There is evidence to support the former, and the latter seems probable.

This near area, quite understandably, is not a pleasant place to be. It is a level or plane where you "belong" until you learn better. I don't know what happens to those who don't learn. Perhaps they stay there forever. The moment you disassociate from the physical via the Second Body, you are on the fringes of this close-by section of Locale II. It is here that one meets all sorts of disjointed personalities and animate beings. If there is some protective mechanism for the neophyte, it was not apparent to me. Only by cautious and sometimes terrifying experimentation was I able to learn the art or trick of passing through the area. I still am not precisely sure of all items in this learning process, and so have presented only the obvious. Whatever the process, I happily have not encountered trouble in these passages for several years.

Aside from the tormentors and the several outright conflicts noted in the following reports, the principal motivation of these near inhabitants is sexual release in all forms. If considered as the product of recent civilizations—including those both "alive but sleeping" and "dead"—it is quite simple to understand the need for release from repression of this basic need. The key is that all those in this near section attempt sexuality in terms of the physical body. There is no recognition or knowledge of the sex drive as it is manifested in more distant parts of Locale II. With

the lingering conditioning of our own society, it was difficult to avoid participation at times, as response was automatic. Hopefully, one learns to control this factor.

Like attracts like.

To date, I have not observed the death process in any experiments. However, the conclusion that some form of existence in Locale II follows life activity in the known physical world goes beyond conjecture. Experiences similar to the following, consistent in content over the past twelve years, may be explained by some other concept. At this time, nothing else fits quite so neatly.

On one occasion, I had just left the physical when I felt an urgent need to go "somewhere." Yielding to the insistence, I moved what seemed to be a short distance and stopped suddenly in a bedroom. A boy was lying in the bed, alone. He seemed about ten or eleven in age, and that now-familiar inner identity perception was at work rather than just "seeing." The boy was lonely and afraid, and seemed ill. I stayed with him for some time, trying to comfort him, and finally left when he had calmed down, promising I would return. The trip back to the physical was uneventful, and I had no idea where I had been.

Several weeks later, I left the physical and was about to concentrate on a given destination when the same boy moved into view. He saw me and moved close to me. He was bewildered, but not afraid.

He looked up at me and asked, "What do I do now?"

I couldn't immediately think of how to reply, so I put my arm over his shoulder and gave him a comforting squeeze. I thought, who am I to instruct or give directions at what seemed a vital moment? The boy was reassured by my presence, and relaxed.

"Where do I go?" He asked it matter-of-factly.

I said the only thing that seemed logical at the time. I told him to wait right where he was, that some friends of his would be along shortly, that they would take him where he was supposed to go.

This seemed to satisfy him, and I kept my arm around him for a while. Then I became nervous with a signal from the physical body, and patted him on the shoulder and left. Returning to the physical, I found my neck stiffened from being in an awkward position. After straightening out, I succeeded in going into the Second Body again to look for the boy. He was gone—or at least I couldn't find him.

An interesting sidelight. The next day the newspaper carried the story of the death of a ten-year-old boy after a lingering illness. He had died in the afternoon, shortly before I had begun the experiment. I tried to think of some acceptable excuse to approach his parents and get more confirmation, and perhaps relieve their grief, but could find none.

Only when you have passed the "raw emotion" stage do you move into the innumerable various but evidently organized activity clusters of Locale II. It is impossible to convey to another the "reality" of this non-physical eternity. As stated by many in centuries past, it must be experienced.

Most importantly, in many of the places visited, the inhabitants are "still" human. Different, in a changed environment, but still with human (understandable) attributes.

On one visit, I ended up in a parklike surrounding, with carefully tended flowers, trees, and grass, much like a large mall with paths crisscrossing the area. There were benches along the paths, and there were hundreds of men and women strolling by, or sitting on the benches. Some were quite calm, others a little apprehensive, and many had a dazed or shocked look of disorientation. They appeared uncertain, unknowing of what to do or what was to take place next.

Somehow I knew that this was a meeting place, where newly arrived waited for friends or relatives. From this Place of Meeting, these friends would take each newcomer to the proper place where he or she "belonged." I could not think of any reason to stay longer—there was no one nearby I recognized—so I returned to the physical without incident.

Another time I deliberately set out to explore in the hope of finding one answer to bring back. Upon disassociating into the Second Body, I started to move rapidly as I concentrated upon the thought, I wish to go where there are higher intelligences. I kept concentrating as I sped swiftly through a void that seemed endless. Finally, I stopped. I was in a narrow valley which seemed normal in all respects. There were men and women in ankle-length robes, dark in color. This time, I decided for some reason to take another tack. I approached several of the women, and asked them if they knew who I was. All were quite polite, and treated me with great respect, but gave negative answers. I turned away, and asked the same question of a man in a monk's robe who seemed hauntingly familiar.

“Yes, I know you,” the man replied. There was a strong sense of understanding and friendship in his attitude.

I asked him if I truly knew who I was myself. He looked at me as if he had met an old and dear friend who now had amnesia.

“You will.” He smiled gently as he said it.

I asked him if he knew who I had been *last*. I was trying to get him to say my name.

“You were last a monk in Coshocton, Pennsylvania,” he replied.

I started to get uneasy, and apologetically left, returning to the physical.

Recently, a Catholic priest friend took the trouble to investigate this possibility of past-life monasticism. To my surprise and his delight, there is an obscure monastery near Coshocton. He has offered to take me there for a visit, but time (courage?) has not been available. Perhaps later …

I could report many more of these experiences without fully describing the scope and dimension of Locale II. There have been visits to a group that appeared to be in uniform, which operated highly technical equipment and identified themselves as the “Target Army” (the mind’s interpretation of what was said). There were hundreds, each waiting for “assignments.” Their purpose was not disclosed.

Another visit took me to a well-organized city, where my presence was immediately construed as hostile. Only by taking evasive action—running, hiding, and finally lifting straight up—was I able to avoid “capture.” I do not know what threat I implied to them.

In a more direct fashion, the appearance of very aggressive actions tended to confirm again that Locale II is not solely a place of serenity and non-conflict. On another trip, I was accosted by a conventionally dressed man. Warily, I waited to see what he would do.

“Do you know or remember Arrosio LeFranco?” He asked the question bluntly.

I replied that I did not, still cautious.

“I am sure you will remember if you think back,” the man said firmly.

There was a subtle demanding in his attitude which made me uneasy. I replied that I was sure I didn’t remember anyone by that name.

“Do you know anyone at all down there?” he asked.

I had just said that I did not, when I suddenly went limp, and the man grabbed me. He took one of my arms, and I felt someone else take

another, and they started to drag me in the direction of what seemed to be three bright spots of lights. I struggled, and finally broke loose when I remembered to use the "go-to-physical" signal. I moved away rapidly, and after a short time was back in the office and into the physical. Evidently—hopefully—I had been mistaken for someone else.

Still another trip had "human" attributes. I had arrived in no particular place, just a grayness, and was trying to decide what to do when a woman approached me.

"I am from the —— Church, and I am here to help you," she said calmly.

She came close, and I immediately sensed the female sexuality but held back as I didn't think the —— Church intended this kind of help. I was wrong.

After a bit, I thanked her and turned to see a man standing nearby, watching.

He "spoke" in a strong voice, heavy with sarcasm. "Well, now are you ready to learn the secrets of the universe?"

I masked my embarrassment by asking who he was.

"Albert Mather!" He almost shouted it. I also got the impression that he was calling *me* by this name.

"I hope you're ready," he went on, his voice rising in anger, "because nobody took the trouble to tell *me* when *I* was back there."

I didn't hear the rest. It was as if a roar of static interfered. I moved away, not sure how his anger would vent itself, and returned to the physical uneventfully. In checking, I found no significant historical record of an Albert Mather (long a), who seems to have no relation to the minister Cotton Mather of the eighteenth century.

Other experiences in Locale II were more friendly, as indicated elsewhere. In most, there is no discernible pattern as to what attracted me to some of the strange situations. Perhaps this will come eventually.

Two unusual recurring conditions must be added to the coverage of this area. A number of times, the motion of travel, which is usually rapid and smooth, has been interrupted by what feels like a violent, hurricanelike gust in the spatiality through which one moves. It is as if you are being blown away by this uncontrolled force, tossed haphazardly around, end over end, like a leaf in a gale. It is impossible to move against this torrent or do anything but let it carry you. Finally,

you are tossed near the edge of the current, and you drop out, unharmed. There is nothing to identify it, but it feels natural rather than artificially created.

The second condition is the sign in the sky. I observed this on five or six occasions when escorted by the “Helpers.” It is an incredible series of crude symbols strung in an arc directly across one section of Locale II. When moving through the area, everyone has to go around this barrier, as it is solid, immovable, immutable.

The symbols, as best my “seeing” could determine, were crude, sticklike illustrations of a man, an older woman, a house, and what looked to be algebraic equations. It was from one of the “Helpers” that I learned the story of the sign. He told it with some humor, almost apologetically.

It seems that an almost measureless time ago, a very wealthy (by what standards is not known) and powerful woman wanted to ensure that her son would get into heaven. A church offered to guarantee this to her, provided she paid the church a tremendous sum of money (sic). The woman paid the church but her son did not get into heaven. In anger and revenge, she used her entire remaining wealth and power to have the sign put up in the skies of heaven so that throughout all eternity, all who saw it would know of the dishonesty and rascality of that particular church.

It was a job well done. The names of the woman, her son, and the church are lost in antiquity. But the sign remains, impervious to the efforts of scientists through the ages to bring it down or destroy it. The source of the apology and slight embarrassment is not the perfidy of some obscure sect, but the inability of anyone to take down the sign! As a result, all studies of science in this part of Locale II must necessarily include it. It would be much the same if someone artificially created an element between cobalt and copper. If you studied chemistry, by necessity you would have to include this “odd” element. Or, if a huge artificial moon were created and it was beyond our science to bring it down, students of astronomy would include it in their lessons as a common fact.

That’s the story as it was told to me.

The greatest difficulty is the inability of the conscious mind, trained and conditioned in a physical world, to accept the existence of this

infinite Locale II. Our young Western mental sciences tend to deny its existence. Our religions affirm it in a broad, distorted abstraction. Accepted sciences contradict such a possibility, and can find no supporting evidence through their instruments of research and measurement.

Most of all, there is the Barrier. Why it exists is not truly known by anyone, at least in the Western world. This is the same screen that lowers when you awaken from sleep, blotting out your last dream—or the memory of your visit to Locale II. This is not to imply that every dream is the product of a Locale II visit. But some of them may well be the translation of Locale II experiences.

Translation—the symbolization of Locale II experience—is not necessarily part of the Barrier. Rather, it would seem to be the effort of the conscious to interpret superconscious Locale II events which are beyond its ability to comprehend or pictorialize. Observation via Second Body in Locale I (Here-Now) proved that the most ordinary functions or actions were subject to misinterpretation, especially when observed out of context. Locale II, an environment totally unfamiliar to the conscious, offers that much greater margin for interpretative error.

As can be inferred, I suspect that many, most, or all human beings visit Locale II at some time during the sleep state. Why such visits are necessary, I don't know. Perhaps one day, some year, our life sciences will unravel this knowledge and a new era will be born for mankind. With this will come an entire new science based upon Locale II data and our relationship to this wondrous world.

Some day. If mankind can wait that long.

6.

REVERSE IMAGE

Paradoxically, the scientist today can conceive far more easily of the possibility of the area here labeled Locale III than that of Locale II. Why? Because it fits his latest discoveries in physics, small bits of evidence he has uncovered in his experiments with matter bombardment, accelerators, cyclotrons, *etc.*

The best way to get acquainted with Locale III is to take the significant experiments leading up to it directly from the notes.

11/5/58 *Afternoon*

The vibrations came quickly and easily, and were not at all uncomfortable. When they were strong, I tried to lift out of the physical with no result. Whatever thought or combination I tried, I remained confined right where I was. I then remembered the rotating trick, which operates just as if you are turning over in bed. I started to turn, and recognized that my physical was not "turning" with me. I moved slowly, and after a moment I was "face down," or in direct opposition to the placement of my physical body. The moment I reached this 180° position (*out of phase, opposite polarity?*)*, there was a hole. That's the only way to describe it. To my senses, it seemed to be a hole in a wall which was about two feet thick and stretched endlessly in all directions* (*in the vertical plane*).

The periphery of the hole was just precisely the shape of my physical body. I touched the wall, and it felt smooth and hard. The edges of the hole were relatively rough. (*All this touching done with the non-physical hands.*) *Beyond —through the hole—was nothing but blackness. It was not the blackness of a dark room, but a feeling of infinite distance and space, as if I were looking through a window into distant space. I felt that if my vision were good enough I could probably see nearby stars and planets. My impression, therefore, was of deep, outer space, beyond the solar system, far in an incredible distance.*

I moved cautiously through the hole, holding onto its sides, and poked my head through carefully. Nothing. Nothing but blackness. No people, nothing

material. I ducked back in hurriedly because of the utter strangeness. I rotated back 180°, felt myself merge with the physical, and sat up. It was broad daylight, just as when I had left what seemed a few minutes before. Lapsed time: one hour, five minutes!

11/18/58 *Night*

The vibrations came in strong, but nothing more. Again, I thought to try the rotation. When I did, it worked, and I rotated slowly into the 180° position. There was the wall and the hole and the blackness beyond. This time I was more cautious. Carefully, I reached a hand through into the blackness. I was astounded when a hand took mine and shook it! It felt like a human hand, normally warm to the touch. After the handshake, I withdrew my hand quickly. Slowly, I reached into the hole again. The hand shook mine again, and placed a card in it. I withdrew my hand and "looked" at the card. It gave a specific address. I returned the card through the hole, shook hands again, withdrew my hand, rotated back to normal, merged with the physical, and sat up. Most unusual. I will have to investigate this address on Broadway, if it is in New York.

12/5/58 *Morning*

I rotated again, and again found the hole. Still with a note of caution, I approached the hole, and this time reached through with both hands. Instantly, both were grasped by two other hands. Then for the first time in all my experimentation, my name was called. A voice—feminine, soft, low-pitched, and urgent (*just as if someone were trying to wake me up from sleep without startling me too much*)*—called, "Bob! Bob!" I was startled at first, then recovered and asked, "What is your name?"* (*always looking for evidential material!*) *When I "said" these words, there seemed to be intense motion or activity, as if my words had created the effect of dropping a stone into a still lake or pond—like rippling, scurrying, crackling, etc. The voice repeated my name, and I repeated my question, still with the two hands holding mine.*

To be sure I was completely conscious, that I was actually somehow saying the words correctly, I withdrew my hands, rotated in the 180°, blended with the physical, sat up physically, and vocally spoke the question. Satisfied, I lay back, rotated, and called the question through the hole again. No answer. I

kept trying, until I began to feel the vibrations weakening, and knew I couldn't hold the condition any longer. I then rotated back into the physical and normalcy.

12/27/58 *Night*

Upon setting up the vibrations, I again found the hole as expected. I gathered up courage, and slowly poked my head through the hole. The moment I did, I heard a voice say in utter excitement and surprise, "Come here quick! Look!" I could see no one (*this could be due to my closed-eyes conditioning in order to hold the vibration effect, i.e., physical seeing distracts*). *There was still blackness. The other party didn't seem to be coming, so the voice called again, urgently and excitedly. The vibrations seemed to be weakening, so I pulled back out of the hole and rotated back into the physical without incident.*

1/15/59 *Afternoon*

The vibrations came finally, and I rotated to examine the hole again. There it was, at 180°. I was a little nervous when I reached through with one hand. Then I mentally smiled and relaxed, saying to myself, well, be it hand, claw, or paw, I'm friendly. With that a hand took mine and squeezed it, and I returned the grasp. I definitely sensed a feeling of friendliness from the other side. I returned to the physical by rotation after a little difficulty. In my excitement, I forgot both rotation and return to normal signal!

1/21/59 *Night*

As a preliminary, I tried the hole again. Rotation went smoothly after the vibrations started, and I then reached one arm deep into the hole. When I reached in with the other arm, something sharp seemed to dig into the palm of my hand, like a hook, and dug in more deeply when I tried to withdraw it. I finally did so, somewhat shaken. It felt as if the "hook" had gone right through my hand. It was not necessarily painful, but the effect was disturbing. I rotated to the physical and looked at my right hand, physically. There were no marks or feeling (*although the sensation of the penetration aftereffect was present*).

1/25/59 *Night*

Another hole experiment, with the same pattern of vibrations and 180°. Again I carefully reached into the hole. A hand again took mine and held it firmly (no hook!). Then the hand passed mine over to a second hand. I slowly released the second hand and felt upward. There was definitely an arm attached to the hand, and a shoulder I was about to explore more, when the vibrations seemed to soften, and I pulled my arm back and rotated to the physical. There was no indication of the need to return to the physical, no cramped arms or legs, no noises. Probably a momentary sound caused the return.

2/5/59 *Afternoon*

Perhaps my concern with the hole is justified. I followed the same approach pattern, vibrations and 180° rotation, reached into the hole, and at first felt nothing. I reached deeper, and suddenly it felt as if I had thrust my hand into electrically charged hot water (most accurate description). I withdrew it very quickly, rotated, and sat up physically. The physical hand felt numb and tingling. From the position of my body, there was no evidence of poor circulation. The numbness and tingling slowly disappeared in about twenty minutes.

2/15/59 *Afternoon*

I experimented with going in and out vertically, then rotated to the hole. Gathering courage, I pulled myself through in a sweeping rush, just as a swimmer might pull himself through a hole under water. I felt the other side of the hole, and the wall was similar to "my" side. I tried to "see," but there was still nothing but the deep blackness. I decided to settle the matter once and for all. I shoved away from the hole and performed the stretch-out in a direction exactly on a line away from the hole.

I started to move, slowly, and soon accelerated rapidly. I kept moving more rapidly, yet with only a slight sense of friction over my body. Moving at what seemed a very high speed, I went on, waiting and expecting to "get" somewhere. After what seemed a very long time, I began to be concerned. I still "saw" nothing, felt nothing. Finally, I began to get nervous. Fears about becoming lost began to creep in. I slowed, stopped, turned around, and stretched out back in the direction of the hole. It took just as long to get back

as it did to go. I was quite worried when I finally saw the light through the hole up ahead. I dove for it, went through, rotated, and sat up physically. Time away was three hours, fifteen minutes!

2/23/59 *Night*

The hole is populated! This evening (*seven-thirty*)*, I went through vibration and 180° rotation, and this time without much hesitation, I pulled myself through and stood up. I immediately felt myself in the presence of someone standing there. I sensed his presence rather than saw him* (*impression, male*)*. For some unaccountable reason that I do not yet understand, even recollected now in tranquility, I dropped thankfully in front of him and sobbed. After a moment, I calmed down, carefully backed away, went through the hole, rotated back into the physical, and sat up. Who was it? And why did I act so emotionally?*

2/27/59 *Night*

Determined to find some more (*or even one!*) *answers about the hole, I went through the vibration and 180° rotation pattern, and deliberately went through. It was still black and dark, but not unpleasant, no hands, no presence. I could feel something solid under me, so I tried very hard to open my eyes and "see." I did, and everything came into view. I was standing near a building* (*more like a barn than a house*) *on what was a wide, meadowlike area. I thought I would try to soar up into the sky* (*deep clear blue, no clouds*)*, but I couldn't seem to get off the ground. Maybe I had weight here. There was what looked like a ladder a hundred feet or so away, and I went to it and realized it was a tower of some kind, about ten feet tall. Like a bird needing take-off room, I climbed the tower to the top, leaped away in take-off —and fell promptly to the ground with a solid thud! I guess I was surprised as a bird with clipped wings must feel.*

I got to my feet, and realized how foolishly I was acting. I was not following the proper procedures. Even "here," they had to be followed. I held up my hands and arms in the stretch-out position, and went up easily. I moved slowly over the meadow, enjoying the view and exploration, when suddenly something flew past me. I turned just in time to see it heading for the wall and the hole. I was afraid for some reason that this was something that would go through and try to enter my body, so I wheeled in flight and dove

for the hole. Too late, I realized that what I thought was the hole was a window in the side of the building—and then I was through the window and in blackness. I felt around in the dark, and there was the outline of the hole. I went through, rotated, and sat up in the physical.

Everything looked normal, and I was in the right place, the time passage was O.K., so back I went! Vibrations were still strong, so I rotated 180°, went through the hole and out into brightness. More observant this trip, I noticed two people, a man and a woman, sitting in chairs near the outside of the building. I couldn't make contact with the man, but the woman (no physical identification other than this) seemed to know I was there. I asked her if she knew who I was, but I could get nothing other than a sense of awareness on her part. The vibrations started to fade, so I backed away, dove into hole, rotated, and sat up. Total time of the entire episode was forty minutes.

What can be made of these experiments? Taken at face value, they add up at the least to an unusual hallucination. At most, the observations show a developmental pattern.

First, there seems to be nothing in written history of such experiences as these to offer a comparison. These were not spontaneous incidents, but deliberately planned and systematically repeated. As such, they would appear to be unique.

Second, the experiment was repeatable by formula: (1) the setting up of the "vibration" condition; followed by (2) a 180° rotation; and (3) the appearance of the "hole." The experiment was performed not once but at least eleven times.

The 180° rotation offers interesting speculation. The reference to "out of phase" and the apparent identical displacement in exact opposition deserves the attention of the physicist. Wave-form studies of phase relationships applied in this case might provide a fruitful theory.

The blackness of the hole was evidently a matter of my own limitation in "seeing." Through the early experimentation, the restriction of vision was self-imposed, as I felt this was a requisite for maintaining the vibration condition. The evidence seems to point to this in the success in seeing when I decided or tried to see, and did. It would have been interesting indeed if I had utilized my vision during the long exploratory "flight." Much might have been learned.

The experience of the “hands” defies explanation. There is no evidence to indicate that I was conditioned or suggested into the first discovery of the hand. Second and later such experiences, however, could well have been of this source. But this in no way invalidates the first of these impressions. The card with the address might fall into the classification of past memories, associated with the handshake of a first meeting. Unexplained still is the “digging” of the “hook” into my hand.

The calling of one’s name is not uncommon under other circumstances. There are numerous records of such sourceless voices, both in the waking and sleep states. Various psychological theories have been formulated to explain the event, with partial success.

Most interesting is the report concerning the evident discovery by some other party of my penetration through the hole. In accord with published reports of other experimenters, penetration of the “hole” was visible to a person or intelligence at some location other than the immediate vicinity. If this followed the pattern of other such reports, the time element would be identical. There is no means to verify this one way or another.

My emotional reaction to the meeting with the “Someone” had many of the aspects of a mystical experience. It is significant that I felt a sense of humble ecstasy which triggered an emotional release.

That was the beginning. A series of experiments followed that were remarkable in their consistency of data, and defied any historical explanation. The curious intellect cannot dismiss the collective experience as hallucination.

Locale III, in summary, proved to be a physical-matter world almost identical to our own. The natural environment is the same. There are trees, houses, cities, people, artifacts, and all the appurtenances of a reasonably civilized society. There are homes, families, businesses, and people work for a living. There are roads on which vehicles travel. There are railroads and trains.

Now for the “almost.” At first, the thought was that Locale III was no more than some part of our world unknown to me and those others concerned. It had all the appearances of being so. However, more careful study showed that it can be neither the present nor the past of our physical-matter world.

The scientific development is inconsistent. There are no electrical

devices whatsoever. Electricity, electromagnetics, and anything so related are non-existent. No electric lights, telephones, radios, television, or electric power.

No internal combustion, gasoline, or oil were found as power sources. Yet mechanical power is used. Careful examination of one of the locomotives that pulled a string of old-fashioned-looking passenger cars showed it to be driven by a steam engine. The cars appeared to be made of wood, the locomotive of metal, but of a different shape than our now obsolete types. The track gauge was much smaller than our standard track spacing, smaller than our narrow-gauge mountain railways.

I observed the servicing of one of the locomotives in detail. Neither wood nor coal was used as a thermal source to produce steam. Instead, large vatlike containers were carefully slid from under the boiler, detached, and rolled by small cart into a building with massive thick walls. The containers had pipelike protuberances extending from the top. Men working behind shields performed the removal, casually cautious, and did not relax their automatic vigilance until the containers were safely in the building and the door closed. The contents were “hot,” either through heat or radiation. The actions of the technicians all seemed to indicate the latter.

The streets and roads are different, again principally in size. The “lane” on which vehicles travel is nearly twice as wide as ours. Their version of our automobile is much larger. Even the smallest has a single bench seat that will hold five to six people abreast The standard unit has only one fixed seat, that of the driver. Others are much like living-room chairs, placed around a compartment that measures some fifteen by twenty feet. Wheels are used, but without inflated tires. Steering is done by a single horizontal bar. Motive power is contained somewhere in the rear. Their movement is not very fast, at something like fifteen to twenty miles per hour. Traffic is not heavy.

Self-powered vehicles exist in the form of a four-wheeled platform which is steered by the feet acting upon the front wheels. A mechanism pumped by the arms transfers the energy to the rear wheels, much like the children’s “rowing wagons” of some years back. These are used for short distances.

Habits and customs are not like ours. What little has been gleaned implies a historical background with different events, names, places, and

dates. Yet, while the stage of man's evolution (the conscious mind translates the inhabitants as men) seems to be identical, technical and social evolution are not completely the same.

The major discovery came soon after I gathered the courage for extended expeditions into Locale III. In spite of early indications, the people there were not aware of my presence until I met and "merged" temporarily and involuntarily with one who can only be described as the "I" who lives "there." The only explanation I can think of is that I, fully conscious of living and being "here," was attracted to and began momentarily to inhabit the body of a person "there," much like myself.

When this took place—and it began to be an automatic process when I went to Locale III—I simply took over "his" body. There was no awareness of his mental presence when I temporarily displaced him. My knowledge of him and his activities and his past came from his family, and what was evidently his brain memory-bank. Though I knew that I was not he, I could feel objectively the emotional patterns of his past. I have wondered what embarrassment I have caused him as a result of the periods of amnesia created by my intrusions. Some must have brought him much distress.

Here is his life: "I" There—at the first intrusion, was a rather lonely man. He was not particularly successful in his field (architect-contractor), and not too gregarious. He came of what might be classified as a low-income group, and succeeded in going to the equivalent of a minor college. He spent much of his early career in a large city in an ordinary job. He lived on the second floor of a rooming house, and took a bus to work. It was a strange city to him, and he made few friends. (The bus, incidentally, was very wide, seating eight abreast, and seats rose behind the driver in successively higher tiers, so that all could see the road ahead.) My first intrusion caught him just as he was getting off the bus. The driver looked at him suspiciously when I tried to pay a fare. It seems that none is charged.

The next intrusion came at an emotional crisis. "I" There met Lea, a wealthy young woman with two children, a boy and a girl, both under four years of age. Lea was a sad, wistful, and somewhat preoccupied person, who seemed to have experienced some major tragedy in her life. This had some relationship to her former husband, but was not clear. "I" There met her quite accidentally, and was deeply attracted to her. The

two children found in him a great companion. Lea appeared only mildly interested at this first meeting. Her greatest response lay in his attention to and warmth for the children.

A short time later an intrusion occurred just as Lea and “I” There had announced to friends—her friends—that they were going to be “married” (this has a slightly different connotation). There was much consternation among the friends, chiefly due to the fact that it had been only thirty days (?) since some major event had occurred in Lea’s life (divorce, her husband’s death, or some physical debilitation). “I” There was still greatly attracted, and Lea was still sad and introspective.

A later intrusion came when Lea and “I” There were living in a house in a semipastoral surrounding. The house sat on a low hill, had long rectangular windows, and very wide eaves much like those of a pagoda. The railroad curved around the hill some three hundred yards in the distance, the tracks coming in from the right in a straight line, then across the front of the hill, then around to the back and to the left. There was deep green grass from the steps of the house, down over the roll of the hill. Behind the house, “I” There had an office, a one-room building where he worked.

On this occasion, Lea entered the office and came over to the desk just as I had replaced “I” There.

“The workmen want to borrow some of your tools,” she said.

I looked at her blankly. I was not sure what to say, so I asked her what workmen.

“The men working on the road, of course.” She had not yet sensed anything wrong.

Before I realized what effect it would have, I said there were no men working on the road. With this, she looked at me intently, with a growing suspicion. I was thoroughly unsure of what to do next, so I left his body and returned through the hole.

Another eventful intrusion came when “I” There had set up his laboratory. He was not fully qualified to perform research, but he had decided he could make some kind of new discoveries. He had (perhaps with the assistance of Lea’s wealth) taken a huge storage building, divided it internally into small rooms, and was conducting some kind of experiments. In the middle of one, I displaced him in his body, but was unable to calculate what was next in his routine. Just then, Lea came in,

with visitors, principally to show the kind of work he had achieved in the renovated building. I (in "I" There's body) stood there unable to speak when Lea asked me to tell them of the work I had been doing.

Somewhat embarrassed, Lea led the couple out into another room. I hesitated when perhaps "I" There would have followed. I tried to "feel" any pattern of activity that he might have been doing. The best I could get was that he had been trying to develop new forms of theatrical entertainment, designing theater stages, lighting, and sets, all in an attempt to make watching a play a strongly subjective experience. With only this partial success in his recall, I left his body when I heard them returning so as to avoid further complicating his life.

A vacation in the mountains was under way at another intrusion point. "I" There, Lea, and the two children were riding along a winding mountain road, each on the self-propelled vehicle described elsewhere. I "took over" inadvertently just as they were reaching the bottom of one hill and had started up another. New to the device, I tried to make it go up the next hill, and soon rolled off the road and into a small pile of dirt. The rest waited while I tried to get back on the road, and I muttered that there were better ways to get around than this. This triggered something in Lea, and she suddenly became quiet. Why, I didn't know. (I'm sure "I" There did.) I tried to tell her that I was not who she thought, then realized that this was only making it worse. I "left," returning to the hole and the physical body.

In later intrusions, "I" There and Lea no longer lived together. He had met with some success, but some action of his alienated her. Alone, he has thought of her constantly, and deeply regretted the weakness that made him displease her. He met her casually once, in a large city, and pleaded with her to let him visit her. She told him she would let him do so, and see how things worked out. She lived in the equivalent of an apartment, on the third floor of a residential building. He promised to come.

Unfortunately, "I" There lost or forgot the address she gave him, and at the last intrusion, was a lonely and frustrated man. He was sure that Lea would interpret his loss of the address as indifference on his part and another example of his instability. He was working, but was spending his idle time trying to find Lea and the children.

What can be made of all this? In view of the less than idyllic

circumstances, it scarcely qualifies as an escape from reality via the unconscious. Nor is it the type of life one might select to enjoy vicariously. One can only speculate, and such speculation of itself must consider concepts unacceptable to present-day science. However, the "dual but different" life activity may lend a clue to the "where" of Locale III.

The most important assumption is that Locale III and Locale I (Here-Now) are not the same. This is based upon the differences in scientific development. Locale III is not more advanced, perhaps even less so. There is no time in our known history where science was at the Locale III stage. If Locale III is neither the known past nor the present, and not the probable future of Locale I, what is it? It is not a part of Locale II, where only thought is needed or used.

It might be a memory, racial or otherwise, of a physical earth civilization that predates known history. It might be another earth-type world located in another part of the universe which is somehow accessible through mental manipulation. It might be an antimatter duplicate of this physical earth-world where we are the same but different, bonded together unit for unit by a force beyond our present comprehension.

Dr. Leon M. Lederman, Professor of Physics at Columbia University, has stated: "Basic physics is completely consistent with the cosmological conception of a literal antiworld of stars and planets composed of atoms of antimatter, which is to say negative nuclei surrounded by positive electrons. We can now entertain the intriguing idea that these antiworlds are populated by antipeople, whose antiscientists are perhaps even now excited by the discovery of matter."

7.

POST MORTEM

Any acknowledgment of the existence of the Second Body immediately demands the question mankind has pondered since the day he learned to think: Do we live on? *Is* there life beyond the grave? Our religions say believe, have faith. This is not quite enough for the syllogistic thinker who seeks valid premises that are clear-cut, leading to an inescapable conclusion.

All I can do is be as reportorial and objective as one can be in a basically subjective experience. Perhaps my premises will be valid to you as you read them.

I first met Dr. Richard Gordon in 1942, in New York. He was an M.D., a specialist in internal medicine. We became friends, and he became our family doctor. He had a very successful practice, built up over the years, and possessed a rare cynical-sarcastic sense of humor. He was a down-to-earth realist with the wisdom of experience. He was in his fifties when we first met, so I never knew him as a young man. He was short and thin, with straight white hair, tending to baldness.

Dr. Gordon had two conspicuous mannerisms. He had decided to live a long time, evidently, and so paced himself very carefully. He walked deliberately in a slow, careful stride. He hurried only when absolutely necessary. More correctly, he strolled when he walked, with studied casualness.

Second, when someone visited him in his office, he would glance out from the inner doorway and stare intently. He didn't say "hello" or nod or wave. He simply stared as if he were saying, "Now what in hell's the matter with him!"

Without ever having spoken of it, Dr. Gordon and I had a very warm and close rapport. It was one of those things that happen without explanation, with no logical reason. We had not too much in common, other than the fact of going going through a life experience at nearly the same moment in history.

In the spring of 1961 I visited Dr. Gordon at his office and had lunch with him there, cooked over a Bunsen burner by his long-time nurse. He looked tired and preoccupied and I commented about it.

"I haven't been feeling too well," he replied, and then flared up into his usual self. "What's the matter, can't a doctor get sick once in a while!"

I laughed, and suggested he do something about it, such as seeing his family physician.

"I will," he said absently, then back up to his normal self, "but first, I'm going to Europe."

I said that sounded fine.

"Already have the tickets," he went on. "We've gone a number of times before, but this time I want to see a lot of the places we've missed. You ever been to Greece, or Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Egypt?"

I said no.

"Well, you ought to," he said, pushing his food away. "Go when you have the chance. You wouldn't want to miss seeing places like that. I'm not going to miss my chance."

I said I would do my best, but that I didn't have a fat practice that would wait around for me to return. But he was serious again.

"Bob?"

I waited for him to continue.

"I don't like the way I feel," he said carefully. "I don't like … why don't you and your wife come to Europe with us?"

I wish we had.

Dr. Gordon and his wife sailed to Spain a week or so later. There was no word, so I assumed they were sunning themselves somewhere in the Mediterranean.

Six weeks later, Mrs. Gordon phoned. The doctor had taken sick in Europe and they had to cut short their trip. He had refused treatment overseas, and had insisted that they return home instead. He had been in great pain, and had gone immediately into the hospital for an exploratory operation.

I was unable to see him in the hospital, but I was kept informed of his condition by his wife. The exploratory operation was a success. They found what they were looking for, an abdominal cancer, beyond treatment. Nothing more could be done but to make him as comfortable

as possible. He would never leave the hospital. Alive, that is. Or more aptly, physically alive.

With this news, I felt I must find some way to see Dr. Gordon. It was all quite clear now, as most things are in retrospect. I am sure he knew of his condition that day in his office. After all, he was an internist He certainly could have read the signs and symptoms in his own very personal laboratory. That was the reason for the sudden trip to Europe. He definitely wasn't going to miss his last chancel And he didn't.

The need to talk with Dr. Gordon seemed urgent. In all of our conversations, I had never mentioned my "wild talent" or what I had been going through. I think I was afraid he would have thrown back his head and laughed, then sent me to his psychiatrist son.

Now it was different. He was facing something where perhaps I could help him for a change. I didn't know *how* what I had gone through could help, but I had a deep conviction that it would.

I tried again and again to see Dr. Gordon, but only his wife was permitted in his room. I finally asked Mrs. Gordon to help me get in to see him. She explained that the doctor was in such pain that he was kept under deep sedation most of the time. Thus he was very rarely lucid and conscious. Usually he recognized her early in the morning, but even this didn't happen every day. I told her that I had something important to tell him. I didn't elaborate. Even in her sorrow, she seemed to recognize that I intended to bring a message beyond that of a comforting friend. The intuitive woman found a solution.

"Why don't you write him a letter," she suggested. "I'll take it to him."

I said I was afraid he wouldn't be able to read it.

"If you write it," she said, "I'll read it to him, when he's conscious enough to understand it."

And so that was what we did. She read it again and again to Dr. Gordon whenever he was conscious. She told me later that these repeated readings were at his request, not at her suggestion. Was there something in the letter he wanted to place firmly in his mind?

When I heard this, I felt a great sense of regret. Perhaps he would not have leaned back and laughed, after all. We might have shared much more if I had only gathered the courage to discuss my "activities" with him. Here are pertinent excerpts of the letter to Dr. Gordon:

"… and you remember all the tests and examinations you gave me

because you knew I was worried about something. Well, that was when it started. Now as long as you are in the hospital for a while, you might just try it and find out for yourself. That way, you don't have to take my word for it. It will give you something to do while you recuperate.

"First, you have to accept the possibility, remote as it may be to your experience, that you *can* act, think, and exist without the restriction of a physical body. And don't tell your wife to send me to that psychiatrist son of yours. It takes more than Freud to solve this one. Besides, he's making enough money as it is.

"In all of our conversations, it didn't seem appropriate to bring up this subject. But as long as you're going to be tied down, give it some serious consideration. It might be useful later on, and I hope you can discover a few things about it that I have passed over. It all depends upon whether you can also develop the ability to 'leave' your physical body while loafing in that hospital bed. If so, you might find many ways that it can be helpful. It may be one way to ease physical pain. I don't know. Give it a try.

"… With all the sincerity I can muster, I urge you, Dick, to think about it. You will have passed a major milestone when you do no more than accept the idea that this second, non-physical body of yours actually might exist. Once this has been achieved, your only other barrier is fear. And it need not be. Because this is like being afraid of your shadow, of yourself. It is natural rather than strange. Get used to this idea—that your lack of conscious experience with it does not necessarily mean it is something to be afraid of. Unknowns are feared only as long as they remain so. If you can hang onto this, you need not have fear. Then, and only then, try the formula I have written here. I don't know the effect of any medication you may be taking. It may help or hinder the technique. But do give it a try. It may or may not work the first time.

"… Most important, let me know how you get along with it. When you get better, perhaps I can drop over and discuss the whole thing in detail. I would have come now in person, but you know how cranky the hospital is about rules. If you tell your wife about any attempts, I'm sure she will relay them to me. But I would much rather hear them from you later on. Just let me know…. "

Mrs. Gordon did not let me know if he actually did try. I felt it entirely

inappropriate to query her too specifically at the time. She was much too sadly overwrought with the knowledge that Dr. Gordon's condition was terminal. I still am not sure that she realized my letter could be construed as suggested training for death.

Dr. Gordon dropped into a coma several weeks later. He died peacefully without regaining consciousness.

For several months I thought about an attempt to "go" to Dr. Gordon, wherever he was. He was the first person close to me who had died since the development of my "wild talent." I was both curious and objective. It was the first such opportunity. I was sure that Dr. Gordon wouldn't mind —if he did continue to exist.

Not knowing about such things, I decided he would probably need some rest before I interfered with whatever he was doing. Also, I needed to summon up some additional courage on my own. This was an experiment I hadn't tried before. It might be truly dangerous.

Then, on a Saturday afternoon, I made the attempt. It took about an hour to get into the vibrational state, and I finally swung up out of the body mentally yelling, I want to see Dr. Gordon!

After a moment, I started to move rapidly upward, and soon all I could see was a blur of motion and feel what seemed like a rush of very thin air. Also, I felt a hand under my left elbow. Somebody was helping me get there.

After what seemed an endless journey, I suddenly stopped (or was halted). I was standing, somewhat dazed, in a large room. My impression was that it was an institution of some kind. The hand under my elbow moved me to an open doorway, and stopped me just inside the door, where I could look into the adjoining room. A male voice spoke almost directly into my left ear.

"If you stand right here, the doctor will see you in a minute."

I nodded agreement, and stood there waiting. A group of men were in the room. Three or four were listening to a young man about twenty-two who was excitedly relating something to them, complete with gestures.

I didn't see Dr. Gordon, and kept expecting him to appear at any moment. The more I waited, the warmer I seemed to feel. Finally, I became so hot that I was extremely uncomfortable. I didn't know what was causing me to feel so hot, and I wasn't sure I could stand it much longer. It actually felt as if streams of perspiration were running down

my face. I knew that I couldn't stay much longer; I couldn't take the heat. If Dr. Gordon didn't appear soon, I would have to go back without seeing him.

I turned and looked again at the group of men, thinking that perhaps I should ask them about Dr. Gordon. At just that moment, the short, thin young man with the big shock of hair stopped in the middle of his conversation, and looked at me intently for a moment. After the simple short glance, he turned back to the other men and continued his animated discussion.

The heat became unbearable, and I decided I had to leave. I couldn't wait for Dr. Gordon. Using a motion I had learned, I moved quickly upward and away from the room. It was a long journey back. After reintegrating, I checked my physical body. I felt cold, a little stiff. Certainly there were no streams of perspiration running down my cheeks.

Disappointed, I sat up and made notes of the trip. I had failed for some reason. I had not been able to find Dr. Gordon. Time away from the physical was two hours.

There is a stubborn streak in my heredity. The following Saturday I tried again. Just at the moment I left the physical body and started to yell for Dr. Gordon, a voice spoke right beside me, almost irritated.

"Why do you want to see him again? You saw him last Saturday!"

I was so surprised that I dropped back into the physical almost instantly. I sat up and looked around the office. There was no one in the room. Everything was normal. I thought of trying again, but decided it was too late for another attempt that day.

Last Saturday. There was nothing important about last Saturday. It hadn't worked. I went back through my notes for "last Saturday." And there it was.

"The doctor will see you in a minute." And what could have been a minute later, a short, thin young man with a shock of hair had turned and looked at me intently. He had looked at me without saying a word, as if he were thinking. What I had noted was a perfect description of what Dr. Gordon would have been at twenty-two instead of seventy.

This seemed to lend more credence to the experience than anything else. I had expected to see a man of seventy. I didn't recognize him because he was not what I expected. If I had suggested this as a

hallucination, I conceivably would have met a seventy-year-old Dr. Gordon.

Later, at a visit to the home of Dr. Gordon's widow, I managed to see an old photo of Dr. Gordon when he *was* twenty-two. Of course, I didn't tell Mrs. Gordon why I wanted to see the picture. It matched perfectly the man I saw, and who saw me "there." She also mentioned that at that age, he was very active and eager, always in a hurry, and had a big shock of blond hair.

Someday I will try again to visit Dr. Gordon.

Another time, in anticipation of a move out of state, we sold our home when a buyer suddenly came along. As a temporary measure, we rented a house for the year prior to our move.

It was an interesting place built on a pinnacle of rock directly over a small river. We rented it through an agent, and never met or came in contact with the owner. My wife and I took the master bedroom, which was on the main floor.

About a week after we moved in, we went to bed and my wife fell asleep almost immediately. I lay there in semidarkness and looked through the floor-to-ceiling windows at the night sky. Without willing it, I felt the familiar vibrations begin, and wondered if it would be all right to let it happen in the new location.

Our bed was positioned off the north wall. To the right of the bed, if you were lying down, was the door to the hall. To the left of the bed was the doorway into the master bathroom.

I was just in the act of lifting out of the physical when I noticed something at the doorway. It was a white form the general size and shape of a person.

Having become extremely cautious about "strangers," I waited to see what would happen. The white form moved into the room, around the bed, and passed within a foot of my side of the bed as it went into the bathroom. I could see that it was a woman of medium height, with dark straight hair and rather deep-set eyes, not young, not old.

She was in the bathroom only a few moments, then emerged and started around the bed again. I sat up—non-physically, I'm sure—and reached out to touch her, to see if I really could.

Seeing the *motion*, she stopped and looked at me. When she spoke, I could hear her quite clearly. I could see the windows and drapes behind

her and *through* her.

"What are you going to do about the painting?" It was a woman's voice, and I could see her lips move.

Not knowing what to say, I tried to give a satisfactory answer. I said I would take care of it, don't worry.

With this, she smiled slightly. Then she reached out with both her hands and took my hand in hers, clasping my hand between both of hers. The hands felt real, normally warm and alive. She gave my hand a little squeeze, gently dropped it, and moved around the bed and out the door.

I waited, but she didn't return. I lay down, activated the physical, then slid out of bed. I went to the hall door and looked into the other rooms. There was no one there. I went through all of the downstairs rooms and found nothing. Then I made out my notes, went back to bed, and slept.

A few days later I met the psychiatrist who lived in the house next to us, Dr. Samuel Kahn. (I kept meeting psychiatrists this casually!) I asked him if he had known the people who owned our house.

"Yes, yes, I knew them quite well," Dr. Kahn said. "Mrs. W. died about a year ago. After that, Mr. W. refused to go into the house, just moved out and didn't come back."

I said it was too bad, that it was a fine house.

"Well, it was her house, you understand," Dr. Kahn replied. "Matter of fact, she died right there in the house, in the room you're sleeping in."

I said that was interesting. She must have liked the house very much.

"Oh, she did," he replied. "Very fond of paintings. Had them hung all over the place. But the house was pretty much her whole life."

I asked him if he happened to have a photo of Mrs. W.

"Let me see." He thought for a moment. "Why, yes. I think she was in on a group picture taken at the club. I'll see if I can find it."

Dr. Kahn came back a few minutes later. In his hand was a photograph showing some fifty or sixty men and women, most of them simply heads as they stood in rows.

Dr. Kahn studied the picture. "She's in here somewhere, yes, I'm sure."

I looked over his shoulder at the picture. In the second row was a familiar face. I touched it with my finger and asked Dr. Kahn if this was Mrs. W.

"Oh yes, yes, that's Mrs. W." He looked at me curiously, then with

realization. “Oh, you must have found a picture of her in the house somewhere.”

I said yes, that was it. Very casually, I asked him if Mrs. W. had had any unusual mannerisms or the like.

“No, not that I can remember,” he answered. “But I’ll think about it. There must have been something.” I thanked him, and started to leave. I turned when he called.

“Wait a minute, there was one item,” Dr. Kahn said.

I asked what it was.

“Why, whenever she was happy or grateful, she took your hand in both of hers, palm to palm, and gave a little squeeze. Does that help?”

That helped.

With experience, I became a little more convinced that I could take such chances in areas that were certainly unusual. A very close friend, Agnew Bahnson, was about my age and we had much in common. I had known him for about eight years. He was a pilot, among other things, and flew frequently in his company airplane. One of his research interests was antigravity, which we discussed many times. He had a laboratory where he conducted experiments in this field. Among matters we discussed relative to his gravity studies was the question of how one or even two people could demonstrate any effective results in antigravity in this age of massive research teams and extremely expensive instrumentation.

On a business trip to New York in 1964, I found myself in my hotel room with an hour to spare in the afternoon. I decided to take a nap. I lay down on the bed, and had just started to drop off to sleep when I heard Mr. Bahnson’s voice.

“There *is* a way to prove antigravity. All you have to do is to demonstrate it yourself, and you have been trained to do it.”

I sat up, fully awake. I knew what the voice was referring to, but I hadn’t had the courage to try it. But why did Mr. Bahnson’s voice sound so real in this dream? I looked at the clock by the bed, and it was just about three-fifteen. I was too wide awake now to sleep, so I got up and went out.

When I returned home two days later, my wife was very quiet. I asked her what was wrong.

“We didn’t want to upset you with all you had to do in New York,” she

said, “but Agnew Bahnson is dead. He was killed trying to land his airplane in a small field out in Ohio.”

I remembered Mr. Bahnson’s voice in New York. I asked her if he had been killed two days ago, at about three-fifteen in the afternoon.

My wife looked at me a long time before she said, “Yes. That was when it happened.”

She didn’t ask how I knew. She was past that long ago.

I didn’t make any attempt to “go” to Mr. Bahnson for several months. I presumed without any known reason that he needed rest. It had something to do with a violent death, and I’m still not sure I was right

Finally, I grew impatient On Sunday afternoon I lay down with the deliberate intent of going to visit Mr. Bahnson.

After about an hour of preparation, I finally made it out of the physical, and began to travel rapidly through what seemed to be nothing but darkness. I was mentally shouting, Agnew Bahnson!, again and again as I traveled.

Suddenly, I stopped, or *was* stopped. I was in a rather dark room. Someone was holding me very still in a standing position. After a moment of waiting, a cloud of white gas seemed to blow up through a small hole in the floor. The cloud took form and some sense told me it was Mr. Bahnson, although I could not see him too well or identify his features. He spoke immediately in an excited and happy way.

“Bob, you’ll never believe all of the things that have happened since I’ve been here!”

There was no more. At a signal from someone, the cloud of white gas lost its human form and seemed to recede back into the hole in the floor. The hands on my elbows steered me away, and I took off back to the physical.

That is the way Mr. Bahnson would have been—too interested in new things and new experiences to waste time in the “then” or the past Just like Dr. Gordon.

If it was a self-induced hallucination, at least it was original. I have never read anything like it. Does that explain the time coincidence in the New York hotel room?

There is one more. In 1964 my father died at the age of eighty-two. Although I had been rebellious in early years against paternal authority, I felt quite close to my father in later years. And I’m sure he felt close to

me.

He had suffered a stroke several months before which had left him almost completely paralyzed and incapable of speech. The latter was evidently most vexing, as it would naturally be to a man who was a linguist, whose life had been devoted to the study and teaching of languages.

During this period, when I visited him, he made desperate, heart-rending attempts to speak to me, to tell me something. His eyes pleaded that I understand. Only slight moans came from his lips. I tried to comfort him, talked to him. He tried his best to answer. I couldn't tell if he even understood my words.

My father died quietly in his sleep one afternoon. He had lived a full life, a successful one, and his death brought mingled sadness and a sense of release.

Again and again, I have realized the importance of some of the down-to-earth beliefs and concepts that I learned from my father. I will always be grateful.

This time, with one very close to me just recently dead, I had much less trepidation than before. Or perhaps familiarity, at least the sense of it, bred a little less caution and more faith.

The only reason that I waited several months was one of convenience. Other pressing matters in my personal and business life seemed to prevent the necessary ability to relax. However, I woke up at about 3 A.M. on a week-night and felt that I could try to visit my father.

I went through my ritual, and the vibrations came easily and swiftly. In moments, I disengaged without effort, and was up and free in the darkness. This time, I didn't use the mental yell. I concentrated upon the personality of my father and "reached" to be where he was.

I began to move rapidly through the darkness. I could see nothing, but there was the tremendous sense of motion coupled with the pull of thick, liquidlike air rushing past my body. It is much like the feeling of plunging through water after a dive. Suddenly, I stopped. I do not recall anyone stopping me this time, nor could I feel the hand on my elbow. I was in a dim room of large proportions.

I seemed to know that this was like a hospital or convalescent home, but no treatment as we know it was practiced here. I started to look around for my father. I didn't know what to expect, but at least I looked

forward to a joyful reunion.

There were several small rooms off the main room where I stood. I looked into two of these, and in each there were several people who paid little attention to me. I began to wonder if I had come to the wrong place.

The third room was no larger than a monk's cell, with a small window about shoulder height in the wall opposite the door. There was a man leaning against the wall near the window, looking out. I saw only his back as I entered.

Then he turned and saw me. His face registered utter astonishment, and my "dead" father spoke to me.

"What are *you* doing here!" He said this in exactly the manner a person would use who had traveled halfway around the world and then met someone to whom he had just said goodbye back home.

I was too excited to speak, and just stood there, hoping for the joyful reunion I had expected. It came immediately. My father reached forward, grabbed me under the armpits, and happily swung me high over his head and down again, just as I remembered so well as a small child, just as most fathers have done with their small sons.

He put me down on my feet again, and I was confident enough to speak. I asked him how he was feeling.

"Much better now," he said. "The pain is gone."

It was almost as if I had reminded him of something he wanted to forget. The energy seemed to drain out of him, and he turned away, appearing tired. As I watched him, he seemed to forget I was there. He looked thinner, and about fifty, based upon pictures we have when he was that age.

I sensed that the meeting was over. There could be no more for now. Quietly, I moved back out of the room, turned and "reached" out, and returned to the physical body. It took much less time to return than to go.

Was it that way? Was the pain so intense in those last days when he couldn't make himself understood to get help to ease that pain? If that is true, what a terrible prison his body must have been. Death was indeed a blessing.

Will I try to "see" him again? I don't know. I don't know if I should.

There are many other experiences, less personal, but equally

impressive. They all led me to an inescapable empirical conclusion, which alone justified the many, many hours of anguish, uncertainty, fear, loneliness, and disillusion; which was a point of embarkation on what some call the Quantum Jump in thinking and the beginning of a new viewpoint and perspective; which permitted the pains and pleasures of Here-Now to drop into their proper category of importance (what is a minute, hour, or year in an infinity of existence?); which opened a doorway to a reality that may ultimately prove incomprehensible to the conscious human mind, yet will continue to tantalize the curious and incriminate the intellectual.

Is this *my* answer? Compound these experiences with the knowledge that the human personality can and does operate away from the physical body, and there can be but one.

If there is to be a Great Message herein, this may suffice.

8.
“ ’CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO”

If the human being has a Second Body, if that Second Body survives what we call death, if personality and character continue to exist in this new-old form—what then? Again, an age-old question that pleads for an answer.

To date, in twelve years of non-physical activities, I find no evidence to substantiate the biblical notions of God and afterlife in a place called heaven. Perhaps I have found this and simply haven’t recognized it. It is quite possible. It may be that I am not “qualified.” On the other hand, much of what I have encountered could be some basics which have been distorted through hundreds of years.

Let’s start with prayer, which is supposed to be a direct communication with God. As we are taught to pray today, it is as if a chemical formula is recited without any knowledge of the original intent or meaning of the ingredients. Or the way our children sing “London Bridge Is Falling Down,” with no knowledge of the original meaning of the song. Our entire civilization is filled with such irrational habits. Evidently, prayer is one of these.

Somewhere, someone knew how to pray. He tried to teach others. A few learned the methodology. Others absorbed only the words, and the words themselves became altered and changed over the years. Gradually, the technique was lost, until accidentally (?) rediscovered periodically through the ages. In the latter cases, only rarely has the rediscoverer been able to convince others that the Old, Established Way

is not quite right.

This is all I can report. The Old, Established Way is not enough. Or as I say, perhaps I am not qualified. Worse still, it may be that my prayer training was insufficient or improper. At any rate, it didn't work for me.

Here is an illustration. On one non-physical excursion, I was speeding through nothing back to the physical with everything apparently well under control. Without warning, I rammed into a solid wall of some impenetrable material. I wasn't hurt, but I was utterly shocked.

The material was hard and solid, and seemed to be made of huge plates of steel overlapping slightly and welded together. Each had a slight curvature as if part of a globe.

I tried to push through it, but could not. I went up, down, to the right, and to the left. I was absolutely sure my physical body lay beyond this barrier.

After what seemed an hour of scratching, clawing, and pushing at this barrier, I prayed. I used every prayer I had ever learned, and made up a few special ones. And I meant every word more than I had ever meant anything in my life. I was that frightened.

Nothing happened. I was still plastered against the barrier, unable to get through and back to my physical body.

I panicked. I clawed, screamed, and sobbed. After this proved futile, I finally calmed down only out of emotional exhaustion. Feeling lost, I lay there and rested, clinging to the cold, hard wall.

I don't know how long I lay there until the ability to think objectively returned. But it did. I couldn't stay there forever—or at least I didn't *want* to. It seemed an impossible situation. Where before had I encountered an apparently impossible situation?

I remembered. Years before, a friend and I had purchased an airplane whose flight characteristics we did not know. The only reason we bought this particular plane was that it was cheap and in good condition.

After several practice flights around the field, we decided to take it up for acrobatics. With borrowed parachutes, we took off and headed up to around ten thousand feet.

We took it through several lazy eights, a few sloppy loops, and several spins. Everything seemed all right. After climbing back to altitude, we nosed the ship down slightly and popped stick and rudder to go into a snap roll.

The next thing we knew, we were in a spin. We centered stick, and forward, the accepted recovery procedure. It had worked before beautifully. But not this time. The spin became flatter, faster, and was developing a whiplike action. Opposite rudder against the spin, bursts of power, none had any effect on the spin. If anything, the spin worsened and the ground was coming up fast.

Bill looked around from the front cockpit, his face white. He yelled at me over the wind roar, “We better get out of here!”

I was ready to leave too. The only thing that kept me there a few more seconds was the possible loss of the airplane for which I had saved so long. I reasoned, We’ve tried everything except the procedure that violates the rules, the one thing not to do if you’re in a spin. Pull *back* on the stick. What did I have to lose?

I pulled back on the stick. The ship straightened out of the spin immediately and gathered flying speed. I rolled it until the earth was where it belonged. We landed safely and crawled out shakily and sat on the ground. We had fallen into an *outside* spin. Neither of us had seen such a spin before, much less tried one.

I remembered the outside spin. I tried to apply the concept as I lay there panting against the barrier. Forward, up, down, right, left—no good.

There was just one remaining direction, although my knowledge said definitely it was not right. It couldn’t make things any worse to try, so I did, and only a few moments later, I was back in the physical shaken but safe.

Which way? It was obvious in hindsight: away from the barrier, back in the direction from which I had been traveling. Why this worked, I don’t know. Nor do I know what the barrier was.

Perhaps it could be rationalized that prayer did work. I did get back, didn’t I? If it did, it was not in the manner that religion taught me. No helping angel came hurrying to give me aid and comfort.

Another time, I was visiting my brother and his family overnight. Shortly after retiring to the guest room, I went to bed for some much needed rest.

If it has any bearing, the headboard of my bed backed against the wall separating my room from that of my four-year-old niece. Her bed was directly against the same wall.

As I stretched out in the dark, the familiar surge of vibrations came, and I decided to slip out for a moment just to test being in this condition away from home.

The moment I left the physical, I became aware of three beings in the room. I stayed cautiously close to my physical body as they came nearer. They started to pull at me, not hard, but deliberately as if to see what I would do. They were having a good time at it. I tried to stay calm, but there were three of them. I wasn't sure I could get back into the physical quickly enough before they pulled me away.

So I prayed. Again, I used every prayer I knew. I asked God to help me. I prayed in the name of Jesus Christ for help. I tried a few saints I had heard of through my Catholic wife.

The result? My tormentors laughed loudly and worked me over more enthusiastically.

"Listen to him pray to his gods," one chuckled, most contemptuously. "Listen to him!"

I think I got a little angry after that. I began to push back, got close to my physical body, and dove in. I wasn't exactly fighting back, but I certainly didn't remain passive.

I sat up in the physical most relieved to be back. Even as I sat up, I heard a child crying. It was coming from the room beyond the wall. I waited several minutes, expecting my sister-in-law to come and calm the little girl and get her back to sleep.

After some ten minutes, the little girl, J., still had not stopped. I got up and went out to the adjoining bedroom. My sister-in-law had the little girl, who was still sobbing deeply, in her arms and was trying to comfort her. I asked what was wrong, and could I help?

"She'll be all right in a little while, I think," my sister-in-law replied. "She must have had a nightmare or bad dream, and I can't seem to wake her up."

I asked how long the girl had been crying.

"Oh, just a few minutes before you came in. She isn't like this. She usually sleeps very soundly."

I offered again to help if needed, and went back to my room. Some time later little J. quieted down and evidently went to sleep.

Was my niece's trancelike nightmare a coincidence? Or perhaps some new praying technique is needed on my part.

There are many more such incidents, but they followed much the same pattern when I attempted the conventional and accepted approach to prayer.

There are, however, more positive prospects to report regarding heaven and hell. If they exist, they are somewhere in Locale II.

In non-physical trips to Locale II, often there is a "layer" or area which one must pass through, as mentioned earlier. It seems to be the part of Locale II closest to Here-Now, and in some way most related. It is a gray-black hungry ocean where the slightest motion attracts nibbling and tormenting beings.

It is as if you are the bait dangling in this vast sea. If you move slowly and do not react to the curious "fish" who come to investigate, you pass through without much incident. Move violently and fight back, then more excited denizens come rushing in to bite, pull, push, shove.

Could this be the borders of hell? It is easy to conclude that a momentary penetration of this nearby layer would bring "demons" and "devils" to mind as the chief inhabitants. They seem subhuman, yet have an evident ability to act and think independently.

Who and what are they? I don't know. I haven't taken the trouble to stay there long enough to find out. Only by terrified trial and error did I find the method to pass through in reasonable peace.

In these worlds where thoughts are not only things, but are everything, including you, your poison or perfection is of your own making. If you are a remorseless killer, you may end up in that part of Locale II where all are of the same design. This truly would be hell for such people, for there would be no innocent, defenseless victims.

Project this outward, and you can begin to perceive the myriad variations. Your destination in the heaven or hell of Locale II seems to be grounded completely within the framework of your deepest *constant* (and perhaps non-conscious) motivations, emotions, and personality drives. The most consistent and strongest of these act as your "homing" device when you enter this realm.

I am sure of this because it *always* works this way when I have traveled non-physically in Locale II. It works this way whether I want it to or not. The least stray desire at the wrong time, or a deep-seated emotion I wasn't aware of, diverts my trip in that "like" direction.

Some of the resulting destinations have had all the aspects of hell to

me. Others might possibly be construed as heaven, and some differ in practice only slightly from our activities in Here-Now.

So. If Locale II seems to have portions of hell and doesn't quite live up to our notions of heaven, what then? Where do we look for the guidepost? Where are the God and heaven that we worship? Have I missed something?

And yet, at times, in visiting Locale II, a very unusual event periodically occurs. It makes no difference where in Locale II, the event is the same.

In the midst of normal activity, whatever it may be, there is a distant Signal, almost like heraldic trumpets. Everyone takes the Signal calmly, and with it, everyone stops speaking or whatever he may be doing. It is the Signal that He (or They) is coming through His Kingdom.

There is no awestruck prostration or falling down on one's knees. Rather, the attitude is most matter-of-fact. It is an occurrence to which all are accustomed and to comply takes absolute precedence over everything. There are no exceptions.

At the Signal, each living thing lies down—my impression is on their backs, bodies arched to expose the abdomen (not the genitals), with head turned to one side so that one does not see Him as He passes by. The purpose seems to be to form a living road over which He can travel. I have gleaned the idea that occasionally He will select someone from this living bridge, and that person is never seen or heard from again. The purpose of the abdominal exposure is an expression of faith and complete submissiveness, the abdomen being the most vulnerable part of the body or the area that can suffer damage most easily. There is no movement, not even thought, as He passes by. Everything has come to a momentary standstill, full and complete, while He passes.

In the several times that I have experienced this, I lay down with the others. At the time, the thought of doing otherwise was inconceivable. As He passes, there is a roaring musical sound and a feeling of radiant, irresistible living force of ultimate power that peaks overhead and fades in the distance. I remember wondering once what would happen to me if He discovered my presence, as a temporary visitor. I wasn't sure I wanted to find out

After His passing, everyone gets up again and resumes their activities. There is no comment or mention of the incident, no further thought of it

There is complete acceptance of the event as an ordinary part of their lives, and this is the great yet subtle difference. It is an action as casual as halting for a traffic light at a busy intersection, or waiting at the railroad crossing when the signal indicates that a train is coming; you are unconcerned and yet feel unspoken respect for the power represented in the passing train. The event is also impersonal.

Is this God? Or God's son? Or His representative?

Three times I have "gone" to a place that I cannot find words to describe accurately. Again, it is this vision, this interpretation, the temporary visitation to this "place" or state of being that brings the message we have heard so often throughout the history of man. I am sure that this may be part of the ultimate heaven as our religions conceive it It must also be the nirvana, the Samadhi, the supreme experience related to us by the mystics of the ages. It is truly a state of being, very likely interpreted by the individual in many different ways.

To me, it was a place or condition of pure peace, yet exquisite emotion. It was as if you were floating in warm soft clouds where there is no up or down, where nothing exists as a separate piece of matter. The warmth is not merely around you, it is of you and through you. Your perception is dazzled and overwhelmed by the Perfect Environment.

The cloud in which you float is swept by rays of light in shapes and hues that are constantly changing, and each is good as you bathe in them as they pass over you. Ruby-red rays of light, or something beyond what we know as light, because no light ever *felt* this meaningful. All the colors of the spectrum come and go constantly, never harshly, and each brings a different soothing or restful happiness. It is as if you are within and a part of the clouds surrounding an eternally glowing sunset, and with every changing pattern of living color, you also change. You respond and drink into you the eternity of the blues, yellows, greens, and reds, and the complexities of the intermediates. All are familiar to you. This is where you belong. This is Home.

As you move slowly and effortlessly through the cloud, there is music around you. It is not something of which you become aware. It is there all the time, and you vibrate in harmony with the Music. Again, this is more than the music you knew back there. It is only those harmonies, the delicate and dynamic melodic passages, the multivoiced counterpoint, the poignant overtones—it is only those that have evoked

in you the deep, incoherent emotion back there. The mundane is missing. Choirs of human-sounding voices echo in wordless song. Infinite patterns of strings in all shades of subtle harmony interweave in cyclical yet developing themes, and you resonate with them. There is no source from which the Music comes. It is there, all around you, in you, you are a part of it, and it is you.

It is the purity of a truth of which you have had only a glimpse. This is the feast, and the tiny tidbits you tasted before, back there, had made you hope for the existence of the Whole. The nameless emotion, longing, nostalgia, sense of destiny that you felt back there when you stared at the cloud-layered sunset in Hawaii, when you stood quietly among the tall, waving trees in the silent forest, when a musical selection, passage, or song recalled memories of the past or brought forth a longing for which there was no associated memory, when you longed for the place where you belonged, whether city, town, country, nation, or family—these are now fulfilled. You are Home. You are where you belong. Where you always should have been.

Most important, you are not alone. With you, beside you, interlocked in you are others. They do not have names, nor are you aware of them as shapes, but you know them and you are bonded to them with a great single knowledge. They are exactly like you, they are you, and like you, they are Home. You feel with them, like gentle waves of electricity passing between you, a completeness of love, of which all the facets you have experienced are but segments and incomplete portions. Only here, the emotion is without need of intense display or demonstration. You give and receive as an automatic action, with no deliberate effort. It is not something you need or that needs you. The “reaching out” is gone. The interchange flows naturally. You are unaware of differences in sex, you yourself as a part of the whole are both male and female, positive and negative, electron and proton. Man-woman love moves to you and from you, parent-child-sibling-idol and idyll and ideal—all interplay in soft waves about you, in you, and through you. You are in perfect balance because you are where you belong. You are Home.

Within all of this, yet not a part of it, you are aware of the source of the entire span of your experience, of you, of the vastness beyond your ability to perceive and/or imagine. Here, you know and easily accept the existence of the Father. Your true Father. The Father, the Creator of all

that is or was. You are one of His countless creations. How or why, you do not know. This is not important. You are happy simply because you are in your Right Place, where you truly belong.

Each of the three times I went There, I did not return voluntarily. I came back sadly, reluctantly. Someone helped me return. Each time after I returned, I suffered intense nostalgia and loneliness for days. I felt as an alien might among strangers in a land where things were not “right,” where everything and everyone was so different and so “wrong” when compared with where you belonged. Acute loneliness, nostalgia, and something akin to homesickness. So great was it that I have not tried to go There again.

Was this heaven?

Once I tried to simulate There, on *this* world. I remembered as a child swimming in a pool that had underwater deep-hued colored lights set in the walls. I remembered specifically which pool had featured such lights.

Our country home had a swimming pool, so I set to work. We installed underwater lights, and I used color on the lights. Try as I might, I couldn’t get the deep hues I remembered. Too much power was required. Also, we put in an underwater speaker so that you could lie in the water, with your ears submerged, and listen to music from the system in the house. This worked quite well. But it was not There, or close to it.

There was one peculiar item. Upon visiting the site of my childhood, the pool I remembered was there, but it did not have colored lights under the water. No one, including old friends who swam with me in the pool, could remember this pool as ever having colored lights under the water.

Reality, Reality!

9.

ANGELS AND ARCHETYPES

One of the greatest enigmas of this whole affair is that someone—or more than one—has been helping me from time to time in such experimentation. Perhaps they are with me every time, and I am just not aware of them. I do not know who these helpers are or why they are helping me.

They certainly do not seem to be guardian angels, although a more conventionally oriented personality might so interpret them. They do not always respond when I need help, nor are they always responsive to prayer. Mental anguish and screaming have sometimes brought one of them. More often, they help me when I do not ask for help—or again, when I am not aware of asking. Their assistance seems to be more of their choosing and deliberation than mine.

They are rarely "friendly" in the sense that we understand the term. Yet there is a definite sense of understanding, knowledge, and purposefulness in their actions toward me. I feel no intent on their part to bring harm to me and I trust their directions.

Much of the help has been subtly applied. For example, the "hands" that boosted me up the hill to Dr. Bradshaw's house were obviously helping me to achieve what I desired. I did not see who was assisting me. However, just prior to the assistance, I saw someone sitting yoga-fashion, with robes and headpiece. Was this the "helper"?

In Chapter 10, the robed man with the hauntingly familiar eyes and face who responded to my anguished plea when I was trying to rid myself of the "parasites" paid little attention to my emotional distress. Yet he had obviously come to help. He came as a result of *my* problem. Still, he offered no words of comfort, nor did he attempt to calm or reassure me.

I never saw the helper who took me on the voyage to visit Dr. Gordon in Locale II. I felt his hands and heard his voice, no more. The same applied to the helper who, a week later, commented that I had already

made the trip when I attempted to do so again. There is some inherent acceptance of the assistance without question. Rarely has it occurred to me at the time to turn and identify the helper. It seems a rather natural thing.

The two young men who took me to the apartment after the séance meeting do not seem to fit into the typical category here. There was a definite sense that they came for that particular purpose and nothing else. This brings up the next peculiarity. Of all the helpers from whom I have obtained some repeatable identification, only one have I been able to identify a second time.

In my visit to Agnew Bahnson in Locale II, someone held me in position to see him. The feeling of gentle but firm hands on each side of me was very strong. The same hands, turning me around to leave, much as one steers a blind person, could not have been more vivid. It was another case of a helper responding to a specific desire on my part.

When I panicked, screamed, and prayed against the barrier on my way back, no help came. When I was being teased and tormented by the entities, no help came. When I was attacked by the beings so savagely, no help came. More accurately, if it did, I was not aware of it What is the difference? How do "they" decide when to help, and when to leave me alone? I don't know.

Most of all, who quietly insisted that I return to the physical when I drifted in that seemingly eternal bliss? I don't know whether to be grateful or sad for that particular help.

I don't classify the "host" (Chapter 12) *as* one of the same helpers, yet he may well have been. He is one of those whom I would have no difficulty recognizing if I saw again. He was different in that I did get an impression of warm friendliness and comradeship, but he was in some manner not quite the same as I—older, knowledgeable in another field. He was different in that he came forward and offered his help. This was one of the few times that the option was mine.

Strangely, the other times I needed help badly, none appeared—e.g., the wild experiences of seeming to be in someone else's physical body (Chapter 12). On the surface, this would appear to have been a most serious situation demanding immediate aid. The notes show no indication whatsoever of anything other than extrication through my own efforts. There is no evident pattern as yet.

Here are several of the many other reports in the notes that may illustrate some hidden points about the helpers.

9/14/58

Early evening, on the porch, into relaxation system. Immediate high-frequency vibration. Experimented flipping in and out of the physical. On one, had difficulty in re-entering. Two hands took my hips and rolled me into proper position. I mentally sent my thanks, but didn't know who it was.

3/18/62 *Afternoon*

E.W. was visiting us, and we both decided to rest before dinner, about five in the afternoon. We went into adjoining rooms. Almost immediately after I lay down, I heard voices, and it sounded as if E.W. was discussing something with someone else. At the time, I thought I was hearing him physically talking to the other person in the hall outside the door. (*E.W. reported he went immediately to sleep, did not speak with anyone prior, and has no recollection of the event at all.*)

Immediately after hearing this muffled conversation, I lifted out of my body, and a voice spoke almost over my shoulder.

"If you feel you must know, I guess we'll have to tell you."

With this, someone took me by the arm, and I went along willingly. We traveled what seemed a long distance and ended up in a darkened house. My distinct impression was that it was a club, fraternity, or similar headquarters. There were quiet people in a room to the right, and I seemed to know there were other people far upstairs somewhere.

As I stood there waiting, what looked like a 16mm. film projector started, and I saw a white light frame on a wall or screen, much the same shape as a motion picture. In handwriting, black on the white, was this message:

For pure psychic *results, take*
six drops of a chemical in
a glass of water.

I became excited at this, and moved over to the projector to try and reverse it to read the message again so that I could be positive that I had read it correctly. I kept fumbling for the reverse switch, but was unable to find it. (*The picture had gone by this time.*) *I then saw what looked like film unwinding on the floor, and I thought I had broken the mechanism by*

tampering with it. This made me nervous, and I headed back for my body to avoid trouble, returned, and re-entered easily.

5/3/60 *Afternoon*

I lay there, fully conscious, vibrations speeded up to nothing but warmth sensation, eyes closed. I was about to lift out when two hands held a book in front of my closed eyes. The book was riffled, turned around on all sides so that I could see that it was a book. The book was then opened, and I started to read. The gist of what I read was that in order willfully to bring back a condition, it was necessary to recreate the feeling of a similar experience that had occurred in the past (*i.e., was a part of your memory*). *I took this to mean that one should think of the "feeling," rather than the details of the incident. Several illustrations were given, then gradually the book went out of focus as the vibrations faded, and try as I might, I could not continue reading. Finally, I sat up physically and made notes.*

3/9/59 *Night*

As I lay there with the vibrations strong in the dark, the special black darkness I could "see" with my closed eyes, the darkness grew brighter in one spot, as if clouds were parting, rolling back, and unfurling, and finally a white ray of light came through from somewhere above my head. (*I could still hear the noises of family activity in the house and was still completely aware of time-space. I was still home and completely conscious.*)

I became excited, but managed to keep in stasis. A small mountain peak seemed to grow in the center of the white ray, just where it hit the clouds. I gathered courage, and asked for the fundamental answer to my basic questions. I don't know why I did, but it seemed to be what I should do. A rich, deep voice—yet not a voice, and certainly not my conscious mind, as I was waiting expectantly—answered.

"Are you sure you do want to know?" It came more from the light ray.

I replied that I was sure.

"Are you strong enough to take the true answers?" There was little inflection and no emotion in the delivery.

I replied that I thought I was. I waited and it seemed a long long time before the voice spoke again.

"Ask your father to tell you of the great secret."

I started to ask exactly what was meant, but one of the family came up the stairs noisily and switched on the light in the hall outside my room. With the click of the light, the white ray of light faded slowly, no matter how hard I tried to make it stay, and the clouds went from gray to black. When the clouds had faded completely, I opened my eyes. (*There was absolutely no transition from "vision" to sleeping to waking. I had been awake as we define it, from all indications, throughout the period.*) *It was indeed a moving experience, but not classified as out-of-body.*

Since then, I have explored this in two directions. I have tried to recreate the experience without success. Second, I wrote to my physical father, who was still alive and very interested in these events. I posed the question without giving him the source. He wrote back an elusive answer, stating that there were perhaps a half-hundred, and asking which one I wanted. The other "father" has yet to give me the answer either.

3/15/59 *Night*

In trying to follow up, here is what took place. As I lay down in the relaxing procedure, I mentally repeated the words, "Father, guide me. Father, tell me the great secret." After several minutes, there was a sudden blackout, and I was standing in a room with a high-beamed ceiling. I left the house and started across a platform to some kind of waiting conveyance (*like a train*), *then stopped and turned. Someone had called to me.*

A tall, thin, rather dark-skinned woman in a long, straight dress or robe stood almost beside me. My first impression was that she was Negro with small and even features, dark straight hair, and evenly cut bangs across the forehead. (*In retrospect, I realize from the description, she could have been Middle Eastern or Egyptian, but not oriental, as I would have noticed the eye structure.*)

She told me that I had done something wrong, the implication being in a wrong manner rather than evil. I asked her what it was, and she said she would show me. With that, we started to move, and walked around the corner of a large building. We stepped into a large paved courtyard. We stopped, and it was exactly as if we were watching a three-dimensional life-sized motion picture in full color.

A group of people was standing to the left, and they gave the impression of authority. To the right, lying in the courtyard, was a small, dark-haired girl

who looked about twelve or thirteen years old. She seemed bound, or helpless in some way. I was in the scene, and I was simultaneously standing beside the woman watching. I could sense every action of the "I" in the scene, every emotion.

The men of authority told the "I" in the scene that he must perform certain harmful functions on the girl. He felt that he shouldn't do this, and the girl pleaded with him not to. He turned back to the authorities, to avoid carrying out their orders. The authorities were very casual about the whole affair, especially the girl's tears. They stated that if he did not perform the function (religious?), others were arriving soon and they would do it instead. They added that it would be better for the girl if he performed this act instead of the others, that it would be less harmful to the girl.

Reluctantly, the "I" in the scene turned and followed out the orders of the authorities. A few moments later, the woman led me out of the courtyard and we stood on the platform again. (I lost contact with the "I" in the scene the moment we turned away.)

"Now do you understand?" she asked.

I dazedly stated that I did not, and she looked at me steadily, rather sadly, and turned away. Not knowing what to do, I thought of the physical, took a long time getting back, and finally re-entered. I sat up and thought about this one for a long time. Who was the woman? What was the great secret? Looking at my own life history here, I am beginning to know.

8/18/61 *Afternoon*

The hands and the book again. This time, in the office. Three in the afternoon, rainy, humid weather, if that has meaning. Vibrations were present, completely conscious and awake. I checked and tested by opening my physical eyes several times and looking at the clock. Time passage was as it felt it should be.

Again, the hands placed the book before my closed eyes. The book was turned over, riffled, and held in many positions in very obvious movements to make sure I recognized it as a book. I thought of trying to see the title on the end of the book, and promptly the end was held for me to see, but the print was too small, or I was too myopic. Try as I might, I could not read it.

Finally, I gave up, and the book was opened and I saw both printed pages. Again, I tried to read it, but it was just out of focus. Finally, I mentally

suggested that I might be able to read it if I took one letter at a time. In response, a letter jumped out of a line and I just barely saw it as it flew by. I checked and rechecked carefully and laboriously, and got four words: "Evoke unhappy beings by …" I tried and tried to read more, but evidently I concentrated too hard, as it only became more difficult. I noticed the large white billowy clouds overhead, and this distracted me. The rain had stopped. It was clearing. I wanted to go out and soar up among the mountains and valleys in the sky. With this, I started to lift out slowly.

The hands closed the book, took it away, and a tolerant, amused, and friendly thought sprung into my mind: "Well, if the soaring is that good, go to it." It was as if a teacher had given up, for the moment, trying to keep the attention of a child too restless to concentrate.

I soared out through the door, up into the sky, had a wonderful time among the clouds, and returned without incident. (*The clouds truly were there after I sat up physically, just as I had experienced them, although it had been cloudy when I started the experiment.*)

Someday, perhaps, the helpers will identify themselves. I suspect that the answer may be surprising.

10.

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS

Throughout man's history, the reports have been consistent. There are demons, spirits, goblins, gremlins, and assorted subhuman entities always hanging around humanity to make life miserable. Are these myths? Hallucinations? For once, suppose we don't dismiss the topic before we take a good long look. Perhaps all such things do originate in the imagination. The question is, from what source does the imagination conjure up these beings? The following excerpts from the notes offer several possibilities.

4/18/60 *Morning*

I lay down on the couch around ten, and started fractional relaxation. The room was bright in morning daylight. Halfway through the second time around, the vibrations started. After a moment of "tuning" (*with my jaw*), *I opened my physical eyes to see if the vibrations would continue. They did. With physical eyes open, I decided to try and "lift out" to see what happened to my vision. The clock was in full view. My time orientation was normal, according to the second hand. I was just about eight inches over the physical when I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye. Walking up beside my body was a human-appearing body* (*I could see only the lower half with my head in the position on its side, by turning my eyes to the right*). *It was nude, no clothes, and male. He seemed in size to be about ten years old, some three feet tall, thin legs, little pubic hair, undeveloped genitals.*

Calmly, as if it were a daily occurrence—like a boy swinging onto his favorite horse—he swung a leg over my back and climbed on me. I could feel his legs around my waist, his small body pressed against my back. I was so completely surprised that it didn't occur to me to be afraid (*perhaps his size had something to do with that*)*! I waited rigidly, and by rolling my eyes to the right, I could see his right leg hanging over my body, less than two feet away. It looked like a perfectly normal ten-year-old boy's leg.*

I was still hovering just out of the physical, and cautiously wondered who

and what this was. "He" seemed completely unaware that I knew of his presence, or if he was, he didn't care. I felt that I didn't want to confront whoever he was in an environment where he was obviously more at home than I, so I retreated quickly back into my physical body, cut down the vibrations, and started to write these notes.

I don't know what it was. I realized that I simply didn't have the courage to turn around and get a good look at "him" (if I could have). It was certainly humanoid in form, but upon reflection, it didn't have the feeling of human intelligence. It (he) seemed more animal, or somewhere in between. I felt insulted at the complete assurance with which he came over and climbed on my back. He seemed confident that he would not be detected, perhaps through long association with humans to whom he was invisible. If it was a hallucination, that's very real imagining—in broad daylight, with the second hand of the clock sweeping, and with two senses reporting.

4/28/60 *Night*

About seven-thirty in the office, I went through the count-out procedure and the vibrations came in nicely. I started out carefully—and felt something climb on my back! I remembered the little fellow from before, and certainly didn't want to try to go somewhere with him hanging on my back. I let the vibrations continue, and reached down my side to get hold of his leg, not sure that my non-physical hands wouldn't go right through it. I was quite surprised when my hands did touch something! The consistency felt much like flesh, normally body-warm, and somewhat rubbery; it seemed to stretch.

I pulled, and the more I pulled, the more it stretched. I finally pulled what I thought was all of it off my back, except for a leg which seemed to be under my body. I finally got that out too, and pushed the entire mass onto the shelf beside the couch. (It still seemed very much alive.) It seemed to be trying to get back on me, and I had to hold it away. It got to be quite a struggle (no viciousness on his part, just an effort to get back on top of me), and I was getting a little panicky. I was in over my head again! I thought of lighting matches and trying to burn him up, to do something, anything. There seemed no way to prevent him from climbing back on me until the moment I re-entered the physical.

Having talked the last episode over with various people, I followed their various instructions. I tried to stay calm, but it wasn't easy. I crossed myself

several times, with no effect. I repeated the Lord's Prayer fervently, but that didn't hold him at bay; then I screamed for help.

Then, as I was trying to hold off the first, a second climbed on my back! Holding the first off with one hand, I reached back and yanked the second off me, and floated over into the center of the office, holding one in each hand, screaming for help. I got a good look at each, and as I looked, each turned into a good facsimile of one of my two daughters (the psychiatrists will have a good time with this one)! I seemed to know immediately that this was a deliberate camouflage on their parts to create emotional confusion in me and call upon my love for my daughters to prevent my doing anything more to them.

The moment I realized the trick, the two no longer appeared to be my daughters. Desperate for a solution, I thought about fire, and this seemed to help a little. However, I got the impression that they were both amused, as if there was nothing I could do to harm them. By this time, I was sobbing for help.

Then I saw someone else coming up out of the corner of my eye. I first thought it was another one, but this was very definitely a man. He simply stopped a short distance away and watched what was taking place with a very serious expression on his face. I got a very good look at him. First, his eyes were very familiar to me. They reminded me somewhat of a paternal cousin's, light in color, a little sunken. He had his hair cut evenly around his head, including bangs across his forehead, and short across the pate, almost bald. He wore a dark robe down to his ankles. I could not see his feet.

My first reaction was that he had come to help the "entities," and that frighened me even more. I was still sobbing when he slowly approached us; I was down on my knees, arms outstretched, holding off the two little beings. The man was very serious, spoke not a word to me, nor did he even seem to look in my direction. When he came close, I stopped my struggling, and sank to the floor pleading for help. Still with no recognition of me, he picked up each of the little beings, cradled one in each arm, and looked down at them. As he held them, they seemed to relax and go limp, limbs and necks drooping.

Sobbing my thanks, I moved over to the couch, slipped into the physical, still feeling the vibrations, and sat up physical and looked around. The room was empty.

After a twenty-four hour contemplation of the event, I have at least some speculation. There is the possibility that the entire thing could have been

hallucination or dream superimposed over my complete consciousness. If so, I can see how those with paranoia have great difficulty in choosing which is reality. If it is symbolism, it is fairly evident. The "entities" around me are no more than a product of me. The visualization of them as my children is pretty hard to interpret in any other way than to show they are mine (*I created them, my children*). *Therefore, they belong to me, and are neither good nor bad. I still don't know what they are. Are they disassociated parts of me, or thought entities I have created from continuing thought patterns habitually? What do I do about them? Who does the man in the robe represent? This will take more than twenty-four hours to understand. However, the next time, if there is one, I certainly will try to maintain a more calm objectivity, less fear, and an analytical approach.*

5/21/60 *Night*

I was lying deeply relaxed, late evening, in the bedroom. The vibrations started evenly, and I quickly noticed the small leg thrown over my body (*non-physical, I assume*). *I felt the small body hanging onto my back. Carefully, I reached around* (*non-physical?*), *and felt the small back superimposed on mine. I patted the little shoulder gently* (*intending understanding*) *and carefully lifted the small body and pushed it away from mine. I waited, and it didn't come back or attempt to come near. Not wanting to push my luck, I re-entered the physical, sat up, and made these notes.*

5/27/60 *Night*

After lifting out, I again felt what I knew to be one of the rubbery entities on my back. No words or action, just the small body clinging warmly to my back. This time, I did not get too frightened, and managed to pull at the thing slowly. I pulled, and called to God to help me (*at the insistence of several people who are more theologically inclined than I*). *Again, the thing stretched as I pulled, but didn't come off completely. I remembered the visualized thought of fire, and that it hadn't seemed much use, but had helped a little. This time, I tried thinking of electricity. I visualized two pieces of highly charged wire. I mentally stuck them into the side of that part of the entity that I had pulled off. Immediately the mass deflated, went limp, and seemed to die. As it did, a batlike thing squeaked past my head and went out the window. I felt that I had won. I felt deep relief and went back down into the*

physical, reintegrated, and sat up (*physically*).

8/25/60 *Night*

It happened again this trip. Just as I was getting under way, several "things" attached themselves to various parts of my body (*non-physical*). *I say things because it was in total darkness, and I wouldn't or couldn't see. They seemed almost like small fish, about eight or ten inches long, and they attached themselves like the parasitic "sucker" fish in the ocean. I pulled them off and pushed them away as best I could, but they* (*or others*) *came back immediately. They weren't vicious, just troublesome. Finally I went back in the physical to get rid of them.*

11/3/61 *Night*

I've discovered something new about the "suckers." There is almost a layer of them; sometimes you pass through it, but most of the time you don't, or you move through so fast it is not noticed. This time, I stopped right in the middle of the layer as the "fish" came clustering around, attracted by me. Instead of reacting as before, I simply waited, completely immobile. After a few moments, they detached themselves and moved away. Then there was nothing, just blackness. I started to move, and back they camel I stopped, waited, and again they moved away. This time, I moved slowly. One or two came back, but that is all. I then went upward, and on to the other places. It was as if I were bait in an ocean of fish.

7/13/60 *Night*

This must be recorded, as it may contribute in some way. In hotel room in Durham with my wife in bed beside me, late at night. I was just about to fall asleep, when I sensed someone or something in the room. Without realizing at first what had happened, I rushed up out of bed to defend myself and my wife. Immediately, I was attacked by something I couldn't see in the darkness. It fought at the animal level, i.e., tried to bite and scratch, and for what seemed an eternity, we fought in three dimensions through the room. I could not see in the darkened room (*or were my eyes closed?*), *and it was only through sheer determination that I fought it step by step over to the window and hurled it out. It apparently had no human or intelligence characteristics. It seemed pure animal and about four feet long, like a large dog.*

By the window, after disposing of it, I turned and realized for the first time that I was not in the physical. (*My hand was right through the closed window!*) *I floated over to the bed, and there were two bodies lying under the covers. I moved close to the watch on the night table, and could see by the luminous dial that it was two thirty-five. I remembered that I was closest to the night table, and floated over, went down, rotated, and was back "in." I sat up physically, and the room was quiet, dark, and empty. I looked at the watch on the night table. The time was about two thirty-eight.*

10/27/60 *Night*

Went to bed tired, late, around 1:30 A.M., *and mentally set myself to have no "activities." Just as I started to sleep* (*no consciousness lapse in sequence, no separation from physical noticeable, but I did feel a sense of release just prior*), *I was attacked by something. It had no apparent personality, nor was I able to see it. However, I knew this one was incredibly vicious with an intent to "take" something that was mine which first required getting rid of "me"* (*not necessarily the physical "I," but the "I" who has the ability to act independently of the physical*).

This struggle was not like fending off an animal. It was a no-holds-barred affair, silent, terrifyingly fast, and with the other seeking out any weakness on my part. I did not fight back savagely at first, because I was bewildered. I merely tried to defend myself. However, the "thing" fighting me seemed to move from nerve center to nerve center, and some of the holds and pressures it applied were excruciating. I knew that if I did not fight back, I would lose, and losing seemed as vital as losing existence. I then started to fight back with equal intensity, savagely and with desperation. The thing fighting me knew every weak spot, and used them. We fought for what seemed like hours, and gradually I felt I might truly lose. I felt that this couldn't go on forever, and realized that I was somehow out of the physical. Still fighting, I steered the battle in the direction of my physical. When we were very close and directly over it, I dropped back "in." It was the only way I could think of to end the fight without losing.

I opened my eyes (*physically*) *and sat up. The room was quiet and empty. The bedclothes were undisturbed, so evidently there was no actual physical motion involved. My wife slept beside me undisturbed. I got up and walked around the room, looked in the hall. Everything appeared normal.*

It could have been a dream. If so, it was most vivid, and certainly did not follow the usual pattern of dreams that I have. (*I have long come to recognize pure release-type dreams, which reflect the day's tensions or long-felt inner anxieties, which can be likened to multiple feedback or "monkey chatter."*) *The superimposure of the room perfectly as the background for the action plus conscious control of action tends to negate the dream concept.*

After some twenty minutes of calming myself down, I returned to bed. I was naturally reluctant immediately to try to sleep again. I did not want a recurrence of the fight. I knew of no way to prevent it. I tried what seemed to be the only answer. (*The alternative was to stay awake all night, and I was much too tired.*) *I lay there and repeated, "My mind and body are open only to constructive forces; in the name of God and good, I am going into normal restful sleep." I did, and awoke at my usual time in the morning. Before sleep came I had repeated the phrase at least twenty times.*

The use of such phrasing indicates the seriousness and concern I felt at the time, which will be recognized by those who know me well in that I felt the need to look for help and protection in the manner that I did. In truth, there was no alternative whatsoever. In retrospect, I still cannot find an alternative, nor do I know of any method, place, person, religious practice (that I would be sure of), drug, or anything else in my fund of knowledge, experience, and information that would absolutely guarantee protection against whatever attacked me. However, there must be something other than the pure "fighting back" in self-defense, even if you don't know what you are fighting. It was the same defense mechanism you would use if you were attacked by an animal at night in the jungle. You don't stop to find a way to fight in the middle of the fight. You don't stop to find out what attacked you. You fight to save yourself, with what you have now, the moment the animal attacks. You fight desperately, not thinking at the time how to fight, why you fight, whom you fight. You have been attacked; the unprovoked attack in itself seems to indicate to you that whatever is attacking you is not good, or else it would not attack you in this manner. Defense is automatic, instinctive, with no thought except survival, which is based on the premise that it is wrong to surrender to someone or something whose qualities (apparent unprovoked attack, blind desire to kill) you abhor.[1]

[1] Of late, visits from the “demons” have been infrequent.

11.

GIFT OR BURDEN?

Early in the experimentation, a side effect began to manifest itself. It was not an out-of-body activity as such, but took place in states of deep relaxation prior to any separation. It is evidently called in the trade "precognition." As I was lying down, my mind stilled and body relaxed, without my volition, the "vision" would occur.

There would be a hissing sound, localized in the forebrain, and I would get the sensation of a small rectangular door, hinged at one end, swinging downward to an angle of about 45°. This exposed a perfectly round hole. Immediately thereafter, I would see and semiexperience an event or incident like a dream, except that I retained all of my consciousness and sense awareness. The dream would be superimposed directly over outside stimuli. I could perceive both quite readily. I could not and cannot produce the effect at will. It merely happened or was triggered by some non-conscious mechanism.

At first, I paid no particular attention to the phenomenon, attributing the dream visions to release of material from the unconscious. A major event brought it strongly to my attention. It is important enough to take directly from the notes.

7/5/59

During the early morning, the "valve" opened again, and what I saw has concerned me only because it was so vivid. I was about to board a commercial airplane. Standing by the door of the plane waiting was D.D., a man I've known for more than ten years. I got on the plane and took a seat. I noticed that there were plenty of seats and the plane was almost ready to go, so I was sure my friend would make it aboard. I noticed a group talking up in front near the door, and they joined a young Negro man who had just come in the door. They were very jolly, and were glad the young Negro was going along. The group was composed of two older Negro men, an older white man, and the young Negro. They noticed that the plane was about to leave, so they

all went down the aisle past me and took their seats. I leaned forward to see if my friend would get on, and in doing so, I became aware that the woman in front of me was agitated. Just as the plane was starting, my friend got aboard and took a seat. I was about to get up and go over to join him when the plane started to move and I sat back. The plane started down the runway and seemed to take a long time to get off, and I grew a little tense. We finally took off, and we climbed low over boulevard streets (winding, with cloverleaf intersections). We stayed at low altitude and the plane climbed very little.

In a few moments, I heard the stewardess speaking through the plane's speaker system. She stated that in a few minutes the pilot would decide whether to take the plane on one of two routes, the one to the left (going around) or the "under the wire" route. After a few moments' wait, I noticed that the plane passed a given point (low over a city), and I realized before the hostess spoke again that we were taking the "under the wire" route. When the hostess announced it, her voice seemed a bit too light and too casual, and I could sense a slight tension in her, too.

Looking out the plane window, I saw the area ahead with wires stretched out in every direction. The plane approached and went under the wires, staying very low. I was tense, and watched ahead looking for openings in the wires that we could climb up through. Then up ahead, I could see the end of the wires over us, and there was sunlight beyond. I began to relax slightly because it looked like we were going to make it. At that moment, the plane dropped suddenly and bounced against the street. As it did, something broke off the plane very near me, and I jumped (or fell) to the street some six or eight feet below me. I watched where I had fallen as the plane moved upward and away from me after the bounce, and then plunged off to the right and into an empty space between two buildings. Huge clouds of smoke partially obscured the crash.

My first reaction after the crash was to thank God for the miracle that saved me. The second was that my family would be worried because they knew I had taken this flight, and that I should get word to them. The third was that I should hurry over to the wrecked plane to try and save some of the others, even though I knew it was of no use. I got up and went over to the plane wreck, and as I approached I could see flames through the smoke. The pilot (in leather jacket and cap) walked up and looked at me rather dazedly and asked why I of all his passengers should be picked as the one to be saved. I asked this question myself, then the valve closed.

7/24/59

I am about to leave on what may be the first of four plane trips. This first will be to North Carolina. At the thought of the trip, I have a shaky feeling. This has made me pause to think, and in view of other incidents, to review the experience related on 7/5/59. I am always slightly concerned when I travel by airplane, as I believe everyone is. I do not think anything is going to happen on the North Carolina trip, but I may have the wrong interpretation. But what do I do if a similar incident occurs at the beginning of one of these three trips—an exact parallel to the 7/5/59 incident! Do I get off the plane? Or is it impossible to break the pattern? My reading states that I will survive, but survival may mean, in this case, death-transition, or that I see death not as death, but I am still "alive." I honestly do not know what I will do. However, to all who love me—and I hope there are many—in the event that there is such an incident, and that the proper interpretation means that I do experience death-transition rather than continuing life here, please do not be unhappy over it. For I honestly, deeply feel that it is a transition, and much as I will regret the many things that I would never do here, some deep nostalgia, some great longing that I have tried to fulfill in a fumbling way here, I believe will again become actuality if I go "Home." For more than ever, I believe that the physical body is but a machine for the use of "I." Therefore, once "I" have departed, the body should mean nothing. No grave, no vault, the body as such is unimportant. "I" am not there.

By the same token, because of my interest, if any such event should occur, the "I" will try to establish communication with those who are interested. (*What could prevent this, and it is certainly a possibility, is that the "other plane, place" may offer the same questions as here, there may be more important matters there.*) *I do not know. I can't promise. But rest assured, those who know me will have little difficulty in recognizing an actual communication.*

This is not in the least intended to be morbid, and perhaps I am overly sensitive these days, but I simply want to have it on record, so that in some small way, others may be enlightened if it comes to pass. I do not want this to occur, I don't feel I'm "ready," and the thought of going through it makes me very contemplative and sober. Yet I am at least partially prepared for it.

10/23/59

This is written some twelve weeks after the previous entry. Four of the twelve weeks were spent in a hospital, the remainder in a recuperative period at home.

But first things first. The previous entry found me concerned with what seemed to be a problem of portent, and the definition of survival. By comparison with the "dream," here is how it worked out.

Recognition 1: I started on the trip, as indicated, a trip to North Carolina. The first indication of similarity occurred when I got into the bus that takes passengers from the New York airline terminal to Newark Airport. I entered and sat down on the right, in the second seat from the front. Sitting there, I was overwhelmed with a sense of familiarity. It was the position I was in relative to the door, and the pattern of the door rail, and the door shield. This made me alert, as I thoroughly recognized this "placement" as what I originally interpreted in the precognition as the airplane. It was not the airplane, it was the bus to the airport.

Recognition 2: Four men entered the bus, three in dark suits, one in light, laughing and joking. (*See earlier comparison, interpretation before as Negro and white.*)

Recognition 3: A woman took the seat directly in front of me. She became very uncomfortable and agitated. However, it was not because of me, but because of the porter's handling of one of her packages outside.

Recognition 4: The impression of my friend D.D. standing by the door waiting, the last to get on. I looked out where the bus driver was waiting beside the door for any last-minute passengers. His face and build reminded me instantly of my friend, enough to be his brother. Photographic verification of this was to come. (*The mind, when unable to identify truly, picks the nearest thing to it in the mind's experience.*) *He then got in, closed the door, the last to enter, and slipped into the driver's seat almost directly opposite me.*

Recognition 5: In taking the Jersey Turnpike, the bus "flies low and slow," or that could be the impression if compared to flying. The turnpike is built over most of the surrounding streets and roads. As I looked at the unfolding roads and curving boulevards as we traveled above them, the instant sense of familiarity and recognition came again. Only it was not the airplane (*the original mistaken concept*), *but the bus.*

Recognition 6: At the airport, I was quite alert after the early signs. The plane was late in arriving, so I waited around the lobby. As I sat on a bench, I heard a woman's voice speaking of east and west concourse over the P.A.

system. The hollowness of the sound was again strongly familiar (*east and west, left and right*).

Recognition 7: When the plane finally did load, I momentarily debated whether or not to take it, not from fear, but because of the uncertainty of what "survival" meant. I finally decided that it was unavoidable, that if I waited for a second flight, it would only prolong the incident. I boarded the plane, very alert, and we taxied out for take-off. Then the hostess announced on the intercom that we would fly at six thousand feet. That confirmed the low altitude. We finally took off, and promptly ran into a thunderstorm with a great deal of lightning display. This confirmed my impression of an under-the-wires (*electricity*) *flight, long a recognizable symbol to me.*

Midway during the storm, the pilot decided to change altitude (*this was not announced*), *but we flew up out of the storm, and landed in North Carolina without incident. Upon landing, I decided that my interpretation of the accident was wrong, and promptly forgot about the whole thing.*

Four days later, on a Monday morning in the middle of a quiet, friendly chat in an office, I suffered what was later diagnosed to be a heart attack (*coronary occlusion*), *and was taken to the hospital. I did not believe it was a heart attack, and had no idea that it was until I was informed of it after an examination in the hospital complete with EKG. It took much persuading that it was so, and for a reason. In every physical examination I ever had, including two the previous week by two different insurance doctors, my heart was always pronounced very sound, with such statements as "You'll never have to worry about your heart," and "That's one thing you won't die of, any heart problem." My mind was thoroughly conditioned against that possibility. It seems that my mind would not accept the precognitive inference of a heart attack. This seemed impossible. Therefore, it selected a catastrophe that was possible in its memory experience, i.e., an airplane crash.* (*The mind takes the nearest seem-alike.*) *Thus the heart attack came through in the form of an airplane crash, which was acceptable as a possibility.*

The four weeks in the hospital were eased by use of suggestive therapy on recorded tape, which worked wonders with my morale and seemed to speed my recovery. No experiences of a psychic nature came about in the hospital, which I finally deduced was caused by the sedatives (*barbiturates*) *which were given to me every three hours. At home, my recovery followed a standard procedure with no recurring symptoms to date.*

It goes without saying that I observed very intently after that when the "valve" decided to open. Each time the vision presented fitted exactly with events that occurred days, months, or years later.

Examples of these include a visual description of the interior of a house, including paint and trim, that was selected by my wife for us in a Southern city. I recognized it immediately and it was identical to the description in the notes made two years previously. Most unusual was the fact that at the time of the precognition we had no plans or intention of moving south.

Another was that five minutes before the broadcast of a recorded program, the valve opened and I "saw" the tape breaking sharply and the reels running wildly. Some ten minutes later, during the broadcast, the tape did break and was hastily reset. Such breakage had never happened before during a broadcast, so this was not a common concern. Further, I had made all editing splices myself, and knew they were tight. The break was caused by a splice made by someone else who had used the tape previously.

A third: In the office, the valve opened, to reveal a red light with the words "Oil Pressure." An hour later, driving home in a nearly new car, the red Oil Warning light flashed on. Again, this was not a subconscious worry. The car had less than five hundred miles since it was new, and had just been checked. The new car had an oil leak—something one does not expect or worry about with a new automobile.

There are some eighteen more, all of which are personal incidents of varied magnitude, previewed via the valve and later coming to pass exactly as noted, allowing for minor errors in interpretation.

To date, a pattern of consistency has been established: H (Hissing sound) + V (Valve-opening sensation) = F (Future event vision).

On the premise that this formula has been applicable and proved twenty-two times, what of the other cases listed in the notes where F has *not* yet taken place? Without further comment, here are some where the formula has not been proved as of this writing.

8/3/60

Air hiss/valve: An airplane passes overhead, obviously in trouble, with flaps and landing gear lowered. It crashes behind a nearby hill and my family

and I rush over to try to help. When we get there, the plane is burning slowly with a deep red glow. I recognize the glow and the slow burning as something different than an ordinary gasoline fire, and warn the others to stay back so they will not be injured by it, as there is nothing we can do for the dead occupants.

11/5/61

Air hiss/valve: I am standing alone outside my house. The sky is mostly clear, with a broken cloud cover to the north. I see a group of aircraft emerge from the cloud cover, just above it. They approach, and I note that they are not typical aircraft or rockets. Behind the first wave is row after row of the strange aircraft, literally hundreds of them. They are not like any airplanes I have seen before. No wings are visible, and each machine is gigantic, some three thousand feet across. Each is shaped like the head of an arrow, V-shaped, but with no fuselage as in our swept-wing airplanes. The V shape is not a lifting surface, but houses the occupants in two or three decks. They sail majestically overhead, and I feel a tingle of awe at the mighty power they represent. I also feel fear, because I somehow know that these are not manmade.

10/20/62

Air hiss/valve: I am with other people in a suburban street. Looking up, I see what appear to be airplanes through a large break in the clouds. I take a closer look, and realize these are a type of aircraft I have never seen before, evidently powered by something other than propellers or jets (*impression is of a unique form of rockets, but not chemical*). *Three of the aircraft dive down in a descending turn, and I can see they have black sides and white square windows, but no wings to speak of. The three make a low pass over a nearby street. Houses and buildings collapse in their wake, not from bombs but from something emitted from the machines themselves. We all dive for a ditch for safety.*

6/12/63

Air hiss/valve: My family and I are in a situation where the whole population of the city we live in is trying to leave. Gasoline is unavailable, electric power has been shut off. There is a great sense of fatality among

everyone. It doesn't seem to be the product of atomic war, and there is no concern as to radioactive fallout. There is principally a feeling of doom and the breakup of civilization as we know it due to something momentous having taken place, a factor beyond human ability to control.

4/11/64

Air hiss/valve: My family and I are in a large city, and there seems to be great trouble. Everyone is trying to leave. I leave what seems to be an apartment to try to find some way for us to get out into the country. Out in the street, the whole city is in a turmoil and panic, with cars stalled and jammed together, much like an anthill that has been disturbed.

There are many more, personal, general, specific, local, worldwide. Only time will bring confirmation. I hope some of them *are* hallucinations.

12.

ROUND HOLES AND SQUARE PEGS

Among the many mysteries encountered, there are several that stand out as being apparently unmotivated yet deeply profound. My only hope is that others more technically or philosophically oriented can perceive in them purpose and reason which I cannot.

Here are a few of those which do not seem to be of Locales II or III.

8/23/63 *Evening*

I lay down to take a short nap, not for any extraphysical activity, at seven-seventeen, in the den, on the couch. The moment I stretched out horizontally and closed my eyes, there was a tremendous soundless explosion. There was no time lag. It occurred about two seconds after I closed my eyes. The blast slammed me across the room and against the wall in the opposite corner, where I slid to the floor. My first thought was that there actually had been some kind of explosion in the house, as the light fixtures overhead seemed to be sputtering, throwing off blue sparks, then the wires themselves melting. (*The lights were turned off when I lay down, the room half-dark*.) *It seemed to me as if some huge short circuit had taken place in the wiring. There was a tingling sensation similar to electrical shocks* (*not like the vibrations I have mentioned so many times*). *Then I looked across the room. My physical body was still lying relaxed on the couch. I could see it plainly*.

It was then that I seriously considered another possibility. This might be death, true death, instead of the typical out-of-body experience. This situation was such an unusual thing. Perhaps I had died, my heart had stopped. I was still a little dazed from the explosion, but I was not afraid nor did I panic. If this was death, so be it.

I lay there in the corner for some time, trying to collect myself. I felt around under me, and I thought I felt the rug, but I was not sure. At least something felt solid under me. Then I decided that I should try to get back in the physical, even if I failed. I would lose nothing by trying.

With a great effort of will, I floated upward and over to the couch, then

down. There was a wrenching effect, and I found myself half in my physical body. I realized the half-condition, wriggled and squirmed, just as you would wiggle your hand to put on a glove. In a moment, I was "whole" again.

I sat up (physically) and turned on the light. Everything seemed normal, the house was quiet, my body seemed normal, except that I was covered with goose-pimples. I was quite shaken by the experience and still don't know what caused it and why. Was it an explosion of a non-physical category? Was it an internal thing, in me, or was it the effect of some outside force? In retrospect, there seemed to be nothing unusual in my physical, emotional, or mental condition at the time to trigger it. In analysis of the best recall I can muster of the instant of the explosion, it was as if some stray beam had swept through the room and just happened to catch me impersonally in its path, the effect of which was to "blow" me out of the physical. Following this thought, I got the impression that the beam was the product of some experimental device not fully developed by the researchers who were testing it, i.e., all of the effects were not known to them. It strikes an associative memory relationship with the three-way device experience.

5/5/59 *Afternoon*

Today I learned about a strange device that is supposed to work three ways. About five, I decided to try working a formula for the condition (1–20/LQ). I lay down on the bed, thought of the force field diagram, then started the twenty count. I did not seem to be achieving any result, and then turned my head. My eyes were open and I glanced at the sun through the window (the day was sunny, and the window was to the west). Immediately, the vibrations faded in, and I closed my eyes and lay back. The vibrations were a tingling in the back of my head. I followed the jaw movement procedure, and they seemed to get stronger or weaker depending on my position, as expected. Finally, I determined the peak tuning position of my jaw (this is the way I can express it). The vibrations were strong in my head, a little too strong, so I "moved" them down into my chest, then experienced placing them in various parts of my body, that is to say, making them stronger in a given part. Each time they passed over my lower right side I got a burning sensation, either in the liver, kidney, or lower right colon (foreign body or chemical there?). This had happened before, although I do not remember mentioning it. I mentally "wanted" upward, and I floated up. Some stray

thought must have come forth, because I immediately rolled in the air and dove through the floor. I momentarily heard a band playing (*like turning past a radio station on the dial*)*, then I was standing in an unfinished house, with no windows installed as yet, and materials and scraps lying around on the rough floor. Through the window was a rural countryside, trees and fields, and the house was evidently in the side of a hill, looking down into a slight valley and onto the low hill on the other side.*

I looked down, and there was a device, about eighteen inches long, on the floor. It appeared to be laid there just temporarily while the operator "went to lunch." I picked up the device curiously, never having seen anything like it. It was rodlike, with three attachments spaced along it. I held it up and looked along the rod and inadvertently aimed it at a man standing on a patio outside the open window whom I hadn't noticed before. Nothing happened, and then the man turned and noticed me. He moved out of sight for a moment, then entered through a doorway to the right and came up to where I was standing. He smiled, and to my best recall, appeared to be perfectly normal. Seeing the device in my hand, he indicated that he would show me how to use it. Pointing to the tube (*an open-ended cylinder*) *on the front of it, he showed me how to "focus" the device by moving the tube or cylinder back and forth, away for a narrow beam, and toward you for a wide, evidently more gentle, beam or ray.*

He then told me to point it through another window opening where a second man outside was talking steadily and animatedly with someone outside our range of vision. He said to push the cylinder forward for a narrow beam. I did, and pointed the device at the man outside just as you would use a rifle. I saw nothing, no beam or ray, emitted from the device. However, the man beyond the window opening instantly slumped in his chair as if he were dead. I turned to my host, frightened and worried that I had unintentionally killed the person outside. He smiled, and told me to point the device again at the unconscious(?) *man outside, this time pulling back on the focusing device to produce a wide beam. I did, and the unconscious man sat up and resumed his conversation as if nothing had happened.*

My host then led me outside, and I asked the second man if he had felt anything. He stopped his conversation, looked at me puzzled, and said no, he hadn't. I asked him if he remembered going to sleep or any lapse of time, and again he replied in the negative and turned away to continue his conversation.

The man who was my host looked at me and smiled, then took me over to

the other side of the house overlooking the valley, indicating that he would show me another thing the device could do. He pointed toward the distance. A small fire was burning brightly on the hillside some three hundred yards away, with smoke curling up into the sky. He told me to use the narrow beam, and aim at the fire. I did, and immediately the fire went out. The flame shut off as if suddenly extinguished. The smoke held for a moment or so longer, then it too was gone.

I grew very excited about the gadget, and asked my host to describe it to me. He did gladly. It was composed of three parts, he told me. The cylinder was a focusing device, which I understood. In the middle was a spiral coil, which he said was the power source. Behind the power source were three finlike plates (*like those found in a rectifier*)*, which he explained were not too important in that they were only shields to protect the user. He rubbed his thumb over them and they bent, showing their flexibility. He asked me if I was sure I understood. I replied that the affair looked like a large triode* (*the closest thing I could think of resembling the layout pattern*)*. He nodded excitedly and replied, "Yes! A triode!"*

Feeling that I had to go and couldn't stay longer, I thanked him for all of the information, and he said he would see me again at (*unremembered*)*. My mind recognized the place, evidently, and I said yes, the Cadena Azul.* (*This was a product of my South American visit, and it seemed a natural way to say whatever I was trying to say—blue network.*) *My host started to nod yes, then gave me a blank, uncomprehending look, and I realized that my impression was right but that he didn't understand the Spanish term.*

I then went back to the unfinished room, and "took off" upward with a stretch-leap. I went up what seemed to be only two or three floors, then stopped. The place looked like my office room, but was empty. No furniture, no couch, dust on the floor and windows—and no physical body! I realized this was the wrong "place" (*time?*)*, that where I wanted to be was still "up." I started up again, through the ceiling, and after eight or ten floors, emerged in my proper office room, sank down into my physical body* (*had a little difficulty with one arm*)*, then merged completely.*

I sat up and opened my eyes. The clock indicated one hour, five minutes time lapse. I sketched the device, then started these notes. A device that puts people to sleep, wakes them up, and puts out fires. Someday I'll try to build the device.

3/11/61 *Night*

… and I thought I had made a normal return to the physical. I opened my eyes, and I was in a strange bed. A strange woman was beside the bed, and she smiled as she saw me awaken. An older woman stood behind her. They expressed happiness that I had finally come to, that I had been ill for a long time, but that now I would be all right. They helped me get out of bed, and I was dressed in some sort of robe (*like a dressing gown; their dress seemed normal to me*), *and I knew for sure I wasn't the person they thought I was. I tried to tell them this, but they only humored me and seemed to think I was still in some form of delirium. I asked what day it was, and they only smiled understandingly as if I wasn't yet fully oriented* (*I wasn't!*). *I was going to ask for a calendar, then decided it was better simply to find out the year. I asked the younger woman, who seemed to be my wife* (*or the body's wife*), *and she replied that it was 1924, according to the Greek* (?) *method of calculating time.*

I was sure that I couldn't stay there any longer, and despite their strong objections, went out a door into the open air. I stood there and tried to move upward, and I got the feeling I had to move up, very far up. I tried to take off, but they were holding onto me. Nothing happened and I became worried. I knew I was in the wrong place. I then remembered the breathing trick, and started to breathe in the gasping manner through half-closed lips. I started to rise slowly, up above the building, which was U-shaped, still feeling them trying to restrain and hold me back. I breathed hard and fast, faster, and I moved faster until the familiar blue blur was all around me. Suddenly, I stopped, and I was high in the air over a landscape of countryside dotted with houses. It looked familiar, and I thought I saw what was our house and buildings between road and river. I dove for the house, and in the next moment I was merging with the physical. I sat up, whole again, and looked around gratefully. I was in the right placel

8/17/60 *Night*

This was a misdirected attempt, to understate by an incalculable margin. I went through the 1–20/LQ procedure at around 11:30 P.M., *in the bedroom. I went out with the thought of visiting Agnew Bahnson, and started on the windblown type of trip, but returned to the physical almost immediately—or so I thought. I wasn't lying in bed, I was standing. The room wasn't my room.*

A man, big and round-shouldered, was supporting me on my left. He was much taller than I, and his shoulders seemed to glisten. Holding me up on my right was a young girl. They were forcing me to walk around the room, and I was having difficulty walking, so they were half-supporting me under each arm. I heard them comment about my hands, that there was something wrong or unusual about them. They were not unfriendly, but I knew positively that I was in the wrong placel I kept my head, luckily, and employed the stretch and shot up out of wherever and whatever I was, and after only a moment or two, merged again with a physical body. I looked around carefully (physically) before I moved. I was back in my own physical body, my own bedroom. It was a long time before I turned over and was able to get to sleep!

11/23/60 *Night*

This was a most unusual and vivid experience, and I don't know if I want any more like it. I went to bed late, very tired, around two in the morning. The vibrations came in promptly without induction, and I decided to "do something" in spite of the need for rest. (Maybe this is rest.) After moving out easily, and visiting several places in quick sequence, and remembering the rest need, I attempted to get back to the physical. I thought of my body lying in bed, and almost immediately, I was lying in bed. But I quickly realized something was wrong. There was a boxlike contraption over my feet, evidently to hold the sheet off my legs. There were two people in the room, a man and a woman dressed in white whom I recognized as a nurse. They were talking softly a short distance from the bed.

My first thought was that something had gone wrong, that my wife had discovered me in some kind of coma and had rushed me to the hospital. The nurse, the sterile atmosphere of the room, and the bed all supported this. But something still didn't feel right.

After a moment, the two stopped talking and the woman (nurse) turned and went out of the room, and the man approached the bed. I grew panicky because I didn't know what he was going to do. I became more so as he bent over the bed and held gently but firmly onto each of my arms at the biceps, and looked at me with bulging, glistening eyes. Worst of all, I desperately tried to move, but could not. It was as if every muscle in my body were paralyzed. Inwardly, I writhed in panic, trying to get away as he brought his face down closer to me.

Then to my utter astonishment, he bent over further and kissed me on each cheek, and I actually felt his whiskers; the glistening in his eyes was tears. He then straightened up, released my arms, and walked slowly out of the room.

Through my terror, I knew that my wife had not taken me to the hospital, that this man was a stranger, that I was again in very much the wrong place. I had to do something, but all the will I could muster didn't have any effect. Slowly, I became aware of a hissing in my head, much like a strong steam or air hiss. Through some dim knowing, I concentrated on the hiss and began to pulsate it, i.e., modulate it soft and loud. I made the pulsating go faster and faster in frequency, and in a few moments it had accelerated to a high-order vibration. I then tried to lift out and succeeded smoothly. Moments later, I was converging with another physical body.

This time, I was cautious. I felt the bed. I heard familiar sounds outside the room. The room was dark when I opened my eyes. I reached for the place where the light switch should be, and it was there. I turned on the light and sighed with great, great relief. I was back.

6/7/63 *Night*

After some time, I started to leave, and outside the house, I met a woman who was "flying" also, and she reminded me that we would be late in getting back (where, I don't know), and that we might have trouble getting in. Then we approached what seemed to be a large institution (hospital?), and happily went directly through a door without opening it, apparently to avoid the guard who was waiting (and a bed check or reporting in late, which implied some penalty). Inside, we split up, and immediately a man (friendly, doctor type) said that he would take care of me, that I should wait in the second office to the right. I did, although I got confused about which office, because each of the offices had several people in them in deep conversation, and I remained unnoticed. However, I waited in the second, and finally the man entered and examined me, and stated that I would need treatment. He then spoke of titration, and a treatment rising to 1500 c.c., then receding back again to normal (whatever that means); I asked him why the treatment was necessary, and he replied so that the universe (or humankind) can develop and improve. I again asked why (meaning why the need for improvement), and he didn't answer. I was somewhat apprehensive about the treatment. Then shortly thereafter, I felt the need to return to the physical and did so

without incident.

7/13/61 *Afternoon-Night*

On a visit to Cape Cod, I arrived in Hyannis somewhat tired, and lay down in the afternoon for a rest. Upon relaxation, the usual lifting-out process occurred, and I found myself drifting over the back area of a house, near the garage. A dog was in the yard (*a large, German shepherd type*), *and when he noticed me, he barked excitedly. A man came around the edge of the house* (*right side, facing the rear*), *pulled a gun, and aimed it at me. I withdrew hurriedly before I could realize that perhaps bullets couldn't hurt me. I returned, lay in bed and thought it was over, and was able to recall no more than the fact that the man seemed very tall.*

That evening, after going to bed, the surge came again, and I drifted out. I was floating over several houses, trying to decide what to do, when suddenly this tall man appeared in front of me (*the same one*), *and stopped me merely by being in my way. I got an impression of calm strength. He asked me why I wanted to see the President. I was surprised at first, because I didn't have any particular desire to see Eisenhower* (*that was my mind's connotation of President*), *but I made up an idea of a plan for peace, and told the tall man about it. He then asked how "we can be sure you are loyal to the United States." I replied, still confused, that I was sure proper information on me was in Washington. He then said, after a moment, that I could not see the President at this time. I consented agreeably, and returned. Lying in bed, thinking it over, I first realized that Eisenhower was no longer President, of course. I also suddenly had the very deep conviction that Kennedy had a psychic bodyguard* (*or rather mindguard*). *I then realized that Kennedy might be there in Hyannis that weekend. I got up and went downstairs, found the local paper, and on the front page was the story that Kennedy was arriving in Hyannis that afternoon.* (*I had not seen a paper for the past two days.*)

These represent a sampling of the many "events" that defy classification, especially in terms of plain, everyday dreams. It may be that each is but a fragment of a living mural, someday to be seen in its entirety. I hope one does not have to "die" to obtain the total view.

13.

THE SECOND BODY

The greatest proof of the existence of any particular phenomenon is consistency through repeated observation. Only through such reasonably careful analytical experiments, or as much so as I could make them, did I come to the conclusion of the unqualified existence of the Second Body. I do presume that all of us have one. I cannot conceive of being that unique.

If it exists, what is it like? What are its characteristics? Through several hundred tests, here are excerpts from the notes.

6/11/58 *Afternoon*

I opened my eyes again, and everything seemed normal, except the vibration and the roar-rumble still in my head. I closed my eyes and they both grew in strength. I decided to try to lift up and I floated up off the couch, over the center of the room, and floated downward very gently, like a feather falling. I touched the floor, and my head and shoulders seemed to be against the rug, with my hips and feet angling up into the air. It was as if my head had more weight than the rest of me, more gravitic attraction, but all of me was gently attracted to the earth. I still seemed to have weight, little as it was.

7/19/58 *Afternoon*

I was again on the couch, feeling very smooth vibrations. I opened my eyes and looked around, and everything seemed normal and the vibrations were still there. I then moved my arms, which were folded, and stretched them upward as I lay on my back. They felt outstretched and I was surprised (*I am past proper use of the word astounded*) *when I looked, for there were my arms still folded over my chest.*

I looked upward to where I felt them, and I saw the shimmering outlines of my arms and hands in exactly the place they felt they were! I looked back at the folded arms, then at the bright shadow of them outstretched. I could see

through them to the bookshelves beyond. It was like a bright, glowing outline which moved when I felt them move or made them move willfully. I wiggled my fingers, and the glowing fingers wiggled, and I felt them wiggle. I put my hands together, and the glowing hands came together, and I felt my hands clasp each other. They felt just like ordinary hands, no different.

For nearly ten minutes, I lay there, attempting to compare this strange evidence, to determine differences. Visually, I could see my arms folded over my chest. Simultaneously, I could see the glowing outline of my hands and arms reaching out above me. I tried to move the physical arms, but could not do so. I tried to move the glowing arm-outlines, and they "worked" perfectly. I tried to feel with my physical arms, but could determine no sensation. With the glowing outline arms, I clasped my hands together, and they felt completely normal. I rubbed the outline hands over each outline forearm, and the arms felt normal, solid to the touch. I moved one outline hand to the shelf by the cot, and I couldn't feel the shelf! My outline hand went right through it.

The vibrations started to fade, and I quickly moved the glowing outline arms and hands back to my chest. It felt exactly as if I slipped on long-sleeved gloves, and then I could move my physical arms. I didn't want to get caught outsider—even just my arms—without the vibrations. I don't know what would happen, if anything, and maybe I don't want to find out.

5/5/60 *Night*

Several times, I had felt someone, a body, warm and alive, pressed against my back the moment I left the physical body. After my experience with the "thought forms" and the others, I had naturally become quite cautious.

Each time I felt this "entity" on my back, I quickly moved back into the physical. I was sure that it was more of the "thought children" or perhaps some sex-distorted being, although I had detected no sexual overtones. I was prudent, not exactly prudish, but certainly frightened. The latter impression was confirmed when I noticed that the face resting on the back of my non-physical neck had whiskers! Strong whiskers, like a man needing a shave. Also, I could hear the panting of his breath right in my ear. This was no mild thought-child. This was an adult male, panting with passion, thoroughly sexually deviated or why would he pick on me, another male? Would I have felt differently if it had been a female form? In all honesty, I'm sure I would

have. I'll have to get him away from me.

5/22/60 *Night*

The whiskers were the clue! I need no longer worry about the "man" on my back. He's still there, but now I know who he is. This time, after being scared back into the physical some five times, I got up a little more courage. I moved out slowly, just out of the physical, and felt the body on my back the same as before, the whiskered head on the back of my neck, the panting in my ear. Carefully, so the movement would not be taken as a hostile one, I reached back and moved the palm of my hand over the face behind me. It had whiskers, and they were very real. The panting continued, the body stayed there pressed to my back, so I re-entered the physical.

I sat up physically, and thought about it. As I did so, I pensively moved my hand across my chin. I needed a shave, I thought absently, then stopped. I rubbed my chin again. The feeling was too familiar. Just exactly the same as when I rubbed the chin of—could it be? Then I noticed that my throat was dry, as if I had been breathing through my mouth, as one does when …

There was one way to find out. I lay down, and after a short while, I was able to generate the vibrations. Slowly I moved out of the physical. Yes, I felt it. There was the body again, the whiskers against my neck, the panting in my ear. I reached back carefully and felt the face with the whiskers. It was the same as my own. I held my breath, or thought of so doing, and the panting stopped in my ear. I breathed again, once, twice, then held my breath again. The "body" behind me panted in exact synchronization. The warm body clinging to my back was me!

I went back into the physical, sat up, and thought about it. The question is, which was which? Thinking it over, it seemed that the one in back—the one I could hear and feel—was the physical "I," and the "I" in front was the mental or real "I." I assume this because the physical sensations and related action were in the rear body, while thought was in the front "I." Confusing, but very real.

From then on, I had no problem when I experienced the sensation. Speak of people being afraid of their own shadows!

8/8/60 *Afternoon*

I conducted another interesting experiment. After lying down, and working

through the count-up procedure, the vibrations surged in strong and rough, then smoothed as they took on a more rapid frequency (*starting just around 30 c.p.s., as nearly as I can determine, and speeding up until I felt them only as a sense of warmth*). *I decided to lift out slowly to examine the process. I tried, and out came the glowing legs, then the hips, but no more! I couldn't get my chest and shoulders out, try as I might. It was very strange. I spent the entire time moving the legs and hips up and down. I observed them visually with my physical eyes, which seemed to be astigmatic. Several times, I tried moving my legs up out of the physical, then to the right, and let them fall; when I did, they floated slowly down, touched the side of the couch, then draped over to the floor. They bent around and over the edge of the couch as if they had no bones, just like a slow-motion version of a piece of cloth falling loosely and bending where it made contact with a solid object. There was no noticeable aftereffect when I re-entered and sat up. Time away was twenty-two minutes.*

9/16/60 *Afternoon*

I was out of the physical, again on a Saturday, trying to keep "local," i.e., staying in the same room. Again I noticed the strange rubbery elasticity of this other body. I could stand in the middle of the room and reach out to touch the wall some eight feet away. At first, my arm didn't come anywhere near the wall. Then I kept pushing my hand outward, and suddenly the texture of the wall was against my hand. Just by pushing out, my arm had stretched to twice its length without my noticing anything different. When I relaxed the pushing out, the arm came back and seemed normal. This confirms the other evidence that you can make it just about whatever shape you think of, consciously or unconsciously. If left alone, it reverts to your normal humanoid shape. If you consciously think it into a given shape, I suspect you take that form. You might convert temporarily into the shape of, for example, a cat or a dog. Could this be the source of the werewolf and vampire bat mythology? I'm not so sure I want to give it a try.

10/10/62 *Night*

I have found another clue to the "how do you look when you're not physical" question. In the early evening, around seven-thirty, I decided to try to visit R.W. in her apartment some eight miles distant. I was sure she would

be awake (n*on-physically, of course*). *I had no difficulty, and found myself immediately in a living room. There was what I thought to be R.W. sitting in a chair near a bright light. I moved toward her, but she didn't seem to pay any attention to me. Then I was sure she saw me, but she seemed frightened. I backed away, then started to speak, but something pulled me back to the physical, and I found myself in my bedroom, in the physical, the vibrations fading. The reason for recall was that my arm was asleep and tingling from lack of circulation. I was lying on it the wrong way.*

There was a most unusual aftermath. The next day R.W. asked me what I was doing the night before. I asked her why, and she stated, "I was sitting in the living room after supper, reading the paper. Something made me look up, and there on the other side of the room was something hanging and waving in the air."

I asked her what it looked like.

"It was like a filmy piece of gray chiffon," she said. "I could see the wall and chair behind it, and it started to come toward me. I was frightened, and I thought it might be you, so I said, 'Bob, is that you?' But it just hung there in mid-air, waving slightly. I then asked again if it was you, and if so, please go home and don't bother me. Then it backed away and faded out quickly."

She asked if it was really me, and I said I thought it might be.

"Well, next time, say something so I'll be sure it's you," she answered. "Then I won't be so scared."

I assured her I would. At least I'm not a very bright-hued ghost, and I don't have human shape—sometimes.

11/21/62 *Night*

This time, I decided to make it a purely "local" trip. I started to float across the room toward the door, then I remembered that I don't need to use doors under these conditions. I turned and went straight to the wall, expecting to slide right through it. I didn't! When I came up against the wall, I seemed to be unable to penetrate it. It felt just like a wall when you physically push against it with your hands. I reasoned that there was something wrong. I have been through walls easily before. I should have been able to go through it. With this, I pushed with my outstretched arms against the wall. There was a moment of resistance, then I went through, just as easily as if the wall were water. But there was one difference. As I went through to the outside, I felt

and identified every layer of material in the wall—the paint, the plaster, the lath, the sheathing, and finally the shingles on the outside. It was much like the hand through the floor. Why the unusual resistance at the first try?

2/15/63 *Night*

This was a most unusual experiment. After "lifting" out easily, and holding control in the same room, I finally got up the courage to go back and carefully examine the physical body remaining on the bed. I started down slowly, reaching out in the semidarkness. (*There was only light from the twilight through the windows, and I couldn't see too well, and perhaps this was good. There is some kind of revulsion about seeing your own physical body.*) *I reached down carefully to touch my physical head, and my hands touched feet! At first, I thought I had drifted somewhere else, and I felt my toes. My left big toe has a thick nail due to a long-ago mashing by a dropped log. This big toe* (l*eft*) *did not! I felt with my hands to the right foot. The big toe on the right foot did have the thick nail. Everything was reversed, like a mirror image. I felt up the body slowly, and from the toe on, I couldn't tell if it was reversed or not. The point is, I could feel the physical. My hands didn't seem simply to go through it It was very eerie to feel my face with the closed eyes as if it were another person's. I got close enough actually to see the face. It was I, all right, but just a little distorted. Either that, or I'm a lot less acceptable-looking than my ego and pride will admit to. I never have thought myself to be handsome, but at least I thought I was a little better than this! Strange, the reversal. Floating in the half-darkness, I could have swung around and become disoriented. But the thick nail was on the right foot instead of the left. I must examine this further.*

3/18/60 *Night*

A query from Dr. Bradshaw prompted this one. After being out and close by, I thought I would try to find out if I wear clothes in the non-physical, to try to answer his question. I had never bothered to find out before, I suppose basically because I don't have too much of a preoccupation with clothes. They are for me principally for comfort and warmth. I felt my second, non-physical body. There was skin with goose bumps, but no clothes. Not this time, anyway.

2/23/61 *Night*

I got out of the physical by the "log roll" process, then started across the room. Something seemed to be holding me back. It was like trying to walk slowly in water, pulling with arms and legs and getting nowhere. Suddenly, there was a tug at my back (not painful), and I cartwheeled backward, in an arc, feet over head, and re-entered the physical. I sat up, physically, and someone was knocking at the door (my daughter). What was it that pulled me back so definitely? The "cord" I have since read of?

7/7/60 Afternoon

This was an experiment I don't want to try again. I was in the charged Faraday cage (copper screen mesh, above ground, D.C. charge 50kv.). I attempted to move through the cage. I got out of the physical OK, then I seemed to be entangled in a large bag made of flexible wire. The bag gave when I pushed against it, but I couldn't go through it. I struggled like a trapped animal in a snare, and finally went back into the physical. In thinking it over, quite evidently it was not the wire itself, but the electrical field pattern set up in fundamentally the same shape as the cage, but more flexible. Maybe this could be the basis for a "ghost catcher!"

10/30/60 *Afternoon*

At about three-fifteen I lay down with the intent of going to visit E.W. in his house some five miles distant. After some difficulty, I managed to move into the vibrational state, then out into the room, away from the physical. With a mental aim at E.W. I took off and moved slowly (comparatively). I suddenly found myself over a business street, moving slowly about twenty-five feet above the sidewalk (just above the top edge of the second-story windows). I recognized the street to be the main street of the town, and recognized the block and corner over which I passed. I drifted along over the sidewalk for several minutes, and noticed a filling station on the corner, where a white car had both rear wheels off in front of two open grease rack doors. I was disappointed in that I had not gone to E.W., my destination. Seeing nothing else of interest, I decided to return to the physical, and did so without incident. Upon return, I sat up and tried to analyze why I had not gone where I intended. On an impulse, I got up, went down to the garage, and drove the five miles to his town. My thought was at least to make the trip profitable,

and check on what I saw. I got to the same corner on Main Street, and there was the white car in front of the two open doors. Little evidential pieces like that help! I looked up at the approximate position I had been over the sidewalk, and got a surprise. At just about the exact height I had floated over the sidewalk were power primaries containing fairly high voltage electrical current. Do electrical fields attract this Second Body? Is this the medium through which it travels? Tonight I finally reached E.W. at home. It seems that my aim wasn't too far off. At approximately three twenty-five E.W. was walking down Main Street, and I was following directly over him, as nearly as we can figure.

1/9/61 Night

In response to a question brought up in discussion with Mrs. Bradshaw, I decided to see if there truly was a "cord" between the physical and the Second Body. In the past, I had not noticed any if there was, except for an odd tugging action at times. With this in mind, I went through the memory procedure, in the late afternoon, near dusk. I worked out of the physical via axis rotation, and remained in the room several feet up and away from the physical. I turned to look for the "cord" but it was not visible to me; either it was too dark or not there. Then I reached around my head to see if I could feel it coming out the front, top, or back of my head. As I reached the back of my head, my hand brushed against something and I felt behind me with both hands. Whatever it was extended out from a spot in my back directly between my shoulder blades, as nearly as I can determine, not from the head, as I expected. I felt the base, and it felt exactly like the spread-out roots of a tree radiating out from the basic trunk. The roots slanted outward and into my back down as far as the middle of my torso, up to my neck, and into the shoulders on each side. I reached outward, and it formed into a "cord," if you can call a two-inch-thick cable a "cord." It was hanging loosely, and I could feel its texture very definitely. It was body-warm to the touch and seemed to be composed of hundreds (thousands?) of tendonlike strands packed neatly together, but not twisted or spiraled. It was flexible, and seemed to have no skin covering. Satisfied that it did exist, I took off and went.

The basic characteristics noted have been confirmed many other times in various ways. Still, there appears to be no method to validate such evidence except by personal experience and observation by others.

Perhaps this will come, in time.

Let us see, then, what we have learned from the preceding. First, this Second Body has weight as we understand it. It is subject to gravitational attraction, although much less than the physical body. The physicist might explain this, of course, by saying that it is a question of mass, and anything that can interpenetrate a wall must have so little density as to be able to sift through the space between the molecular matter structure. Such little density implies very little mass—but it still may be matter. This is further supported by the half-out experiment, where the legs and hips were separated, then allowed to drift downward and drape over the bed. The low-density mass fell as a feather would fall. Pushing through the wall may be an example also. The initial resistance may be caused by some form of surface tension, vibrationally speaking, which, once broken, permits the less dense mass to pass between the wall molecules. Perhaps some speculative physicist can take it from there.

Second, this Second Body is visible under certain conditions. To be visible, it must either reflect or radiate light in the known spectrum, or at the least a harmonic in this area. Based upon the report in the arms and legs experiment, I seemed to be viewing radiated light, but only around the perimeter of the body form. The rest was invisible under daylight conditions. It must be considered, too, that my perceptual and sensory mechanisms may or must have been in some heightened or altered condition which made this "seeing" possible. The "gray chiffon" seen by R.W. under artificial light and in a fully conscious state may be something else again. From the description, this may fall in the reflected-light category. Taken as reported, there evidently are conditions where a fully conscious observer can be visually aware of the presence of the Second Body. What such conditions are, I do not know.

Third, the sense of touch in the Second Body seems to be very similar to that in the physical, i.e., when the hands felt each other, the sensation seemed identical. The same seemed true in the report of the search for the "cord." The hands could feel and touch the non-physical self, and it was flesh touching flesh according to the sensory receptors, with the exception of the hair follicle type of skin protuberations. Also, there are indications that the non-physical hands can touch the physical body, with much the same result—as witness the experiment with the return for direct examination, beginning with the toes. This is borne out again

in the “man on the back” experience, where I felt the physical body in direct proximity with the non-physical by parts of the body other than my hands. It would seem that in a so-called “local condition,” the Second Body can perceive and touch physical objects as well.

Fourth, the Second Body is very plastic and may take whatever form is suitable to or desired by the individual. The ability to “stretch out” the arm to three times its normal length points to such elasticity. Extrapolated, one could conceive of the entire non-physical travel as the incredible stretching out of some substance emanating from the physical. The “snap back” to the physical when the desire or will to “stay out” is terminated lends credence to the idea. The appearance of the Second Body as a waving piece of filmy cloth defies analysis of any kind to date, but may again indicate plasticity. If no special form is transmitted by the mind or will at a given moment, we can assume that the familiar humanoid shape is maintained through some automatic thought-habituality.

Fifth, there exists the possibility that the Second Body is a direct reversal of the physical. This is supported by the “logrolling” rotational separation and by the experiment involving the exploration of the physical body as it lay inert on the couch. There was the head-to-foot discovery, which may well be explained by the dislocation in semidarkness. However, coupled with the big-toe identification, it deserves consideration. There are suggestions of this in other reports, which were relegated initially to disorientation and purely subjective responses. The reversal concept may in some way have an association with the antimatter theory.

Sixth, direct investigation tends to support the premise of a connecting “cord” between the physical and the Second Body, as described many times through the ages in esoteric literature. What purpose is served by this connecting link is at this time unknown. It can be speculated that the Second Body and the intelligence inhabiting it still exert control over the physical via this communicating link. It seems probable that messages also travel by this method to the Second Body from the physical, as witness the call to return from the poor circulation in the cramped arm, and the warning knock on the door. If the connection is maintained, it must be truly a highly elastic substance much like the Second Body itself in order to stretch the seemingly infinite distances

called for.

Seventh, the relationship between the Second Body and electricity and electromagnetic fields is quite significant. The experiment in the Faraday cage points to this, as does the positioning of the Second Body over the street, in or adjacent to the field set up by the primary electrical current or in the electrical current itself.

14.

MIND AND SUPERMIND

Having described the "physical" aspects of the Second Body, it would seem most important to examine how the mind apparently operates in reaction to the Second Body experience.

Students of the mental sciences may dispute the terminology used herein, since no attempt is made here to review the phenomenon in psychiatric, psychological, or physiological terms. Rather, it is hoped that this section, as well as the previous one, will have common meaning for all sciences and scientific minds, and that it will act as a bridge to further exploration for every intellectual interest.

The question posed most often is: How do you know you aren't dreaming, that what you experience is nothing more than a vivid dream or a hallucination of some sort?

This does deserve some answer other than the counter-question: How do I know my waking experience is real? As reported elsewhere, I was certain that these experiences *were* dreams or hallucinations for a long period in the early stages. They were seriously considered as something more only when evidential data began to accumulate.

The experiences differ from the typical dream state principally in the following ways:

(1) Continuity of some sort of conscious awareness;

(2) Intellectual or emotional (or blends of the two) decisions made during the experiences;

(3) Multivalued perception via sensory inputs or their equivalents;

(4) Non-recurrence of identical patterns; and

(5) Development of events in sequence that seem to indicate a time lapse.

The most certain statement that can be made is that when the condition exists, you are as aware of "not dreaming" as you are when you are awake. The same standards of wakefulness can be applied with the same positive result. This is what is so disconcerting in the early

experimentation. The duality of existence is completely contradictory to all available scientific training and human experience. Again, the ultimate proof of such affirmation is to experience one's self in this state of being.

Is this a product of self-hypnosis with attendant posthypnotic suggestion? Quite probably the method of induction and establishment of the condition relates to hypnosis in many ways. Hypnosis itself is a phenomenon of which very little is understood. "Suggestion" as employed in hypnosis may be part of the activation process. However, great care has been taken to avoid any indirect suggestion or any stimuli that would induce hallucinated experience. When more is known of the factors involved in hypnosis, an interrelationship with the practices involved here may appear.

If the mind does act differently, what are the points of diversion? Generally, it seems that the conscious mind (or the entirety of the individual) gradually passes through a learning process. In retrospect, the effect is an evolutionary adaptation and acceptance of the conscious mind into a relegated portion of a whole. The total is an equal blend of conscious, unconscious, and supermind (transcendent self?), all fully aware of the others. However, this amalgamation is effective only in the Second State. If it continues in the physical environment, the effect is noticeable only to a limited degree.

In the earlier penetration into the Second State, thought and action are dominated almost entirely by the unconscious, subjective mind. Attempts at rational understanding seem buried in an avalanche of emotional reaction. All primary subjective drives are strongly evident, demanding to be heeded and/or satisfied. It is impossible to deny their existence. Basic fears which you believed to be erased are the first to come forth. These are followed or joined by the equally strong drive for sexual union, which will be examined elsewhere. Together, these present two solid strikes against continued development of the Second State. Throughout mankind's history, fear and sexuality have been the major motivating and control characteristics in all forms of social organization. It is therefore understandable that they play such a vital part in the Second State.

Slowly, the conscious mind begins to act upon this apparently unorganized, illogical mass, to bring order and objective perception into

it. In the beginning, it seems an impossible task. In the later stages, the conscious mind develops a symbiotic relationship with it. Only rarely do matters get out of hand. This is not to say that the conscious mind is in full control in the Second State. Rather, it is merely a modulator of a master or driving force. Who is the master? Call it supermind, soul, greater self—the label isn't important.

It is important to know that the conscious mind automatically responds to commands of the master without question. In the physical state, we seem only dimly aware of this. In the Second State, it is a natural occurrence. The supermind knows unquestionably what is "right," and problems result only when the conscious mind stubbornly refuses to recognize this superior knowledge. The source of knowledge of the supermind leads down many avenues, most of which seem beyond our conscious-mind-world perception. Heredity is the most acceptable of these, and the most insufficient.

With this continuing adaptation in progress, we can deduce certain observable premises. These lead to conclusions applicable to the Second State environment.

Thought-action synchronicity. Whereas in the physical state action follows thought, here they are one and the same. There is no mechanical translation of thought into action. One gradually appreciates the existence of thought as a force in itself rather than as a trigger or catalyst. It is primarily an emotional thought force, which is gradually molded into coherent action. It is the *thought* of movement that creates the action. It is the thought of the person to be visited that determines the destination. Also, it is the supermind's needs that create movement into unknown areas, often without an immediate conscious awareness of the motivating forces.

Thought patterns carried over from physical activities strongly influence responses in this Second State of existence. It is astounding to discover how many small thought habits one has "grown," and how embarrassed one often feels at the automatic quality of them. Although no purely physical habits, needs, or desires (e.g., hunger, pain, smoking) seem to be carried over as such, minor annoying thought patterns and conditioning appear to confuse and divert attention. The exception to all of this is the sexual drive, and even this is tainted by artificial social standards and the habits they have produced.

Here is an illustration of a minor habit carry-over from the notes.

6/11/63 *Night*

… when they came close to me, each taking an arm to lead me through the area, my hand went to my right chest pocket, to feel if the bulk of my wallet was still there, so that it would not be taken. It took some moments to realize that there was no wallet (*perhaps no coat*), *nor was there any intent on the part of the two who held me to take my non-existent wallet. This is the price of living in crowds in the big city!*

Little habits like these do get in the way, and you run into them again and again. The method of disposal is to recognize them, one by one. Once they are identified they are no longer bothersome. The same is true of thoughts in relation to the shape of the physical body. For example, if you have been conditioned to acute awareness of nakedness, you will automatically think you are clothed—and so you are. The form of your physical body is carried over in replica down to the last hair follicle and scar, unless you deliberately think otherwise.

Conversely, if your thought habits have been in other directions, you may take whatever form is most convenient, deliberately or otherwise. I suspect that one may modify the Second Body into whatever form is desired. Once the thought is discarded, the Second Body will drop back into its habitual humanoid shape. This opens up some interesting speculation into man's mythology. If one wished to experience the existence of a quadruped, the Second Body might be transformed temporarily into a large dog, and someone with Second State vision (there probably are many such people) might encounter a werewolf. Or the fables of half man, half goat/horse could be the result. One might "think" wings and fly, and be transformed momentarily into a vampire bat. It seems less impossible when one experiments with the power of thought in the Second State.

To put it another way, there seems to be nothing that thought *cannot* produce in this new-old other life. This invites a note of caution in large red letters: be absolutely sure of the results you desire, and constantly in control of the thoughts you engender.

Perception changes. This is the area of most significant yet most incomprehensible alteration. Because we have learned no other way of

dealing with it, all sensory input is translated at first into terms and meanings appreciated by the five physical senses. For example, when one begins to “see” in this unfamiliar shape, the impression is that this “seeing” is much the same as optical reception by the physical eyes. Only later do you discover empirically that this is not the case. It isn’t physical “seeing” at all. You learn that you can “see” in all directions at once, without turning the head, that you see or don’t see according to the thought; and that when examined objectively, it is more an impression of radiation rather than a reflection of light waves.

The same applies to other physical senses. You believe at first that you are hearing people “speak” to you. Early, you perceive that no “ear” has received a sensory message. In some other way, you have received the message (thought) and your mind has translated it into understandable words. Touch seems to have the most definite relationship to its physical counterpart. Smell and taste have been conspicuously absent to date. Most interesting is the evidence that none of these modes of perception works wholly automatically. You seem to be able to turn them “on” or “off” at will.

There also seem to be a few new means of sensory input. One of these is identification of other human entities (living, dead?) not by how they “look,” but through an undisguised awareness of their prime personality habits and thoughts. This is most remarkable, because it seems infallible, with the innermost self appearing to radiate patterns, much as the composition of a star or a piece of metal can be analyzed by its spectrograph. I suspect that such emanations cannot be shut off by the individual, so there can be no covering over of the inner self to hide it from view.

Another is the ability to communicate with others at a level above conscious awareness. This has been performed with living persons awake and asleep. It is quite possible that it also takes place among people living in the physical state who are completely unaware of it. In the Second State, it is specific and utterly natural. There are many incidents reported in the notes of such communication while the other person is in conscious physical conversation with a third party.

The most frustrating part of this is that the communicant rarely has any memory of it afterward. Also, it is only with difficulty that such contact is opened with a person physically awake. It is like trying to

rouse a person from a sound, deep sleep. It may be that this communicating portion of the mind is actually asleep during periods of physical consciousness. Free association or regressive hypnotic techniques should bring recall from such sources when needed.

One problem is encountered periodically in perception during the Second State. It may be more common in perception by physical means than has been reported, and thus not unique. I refer to the question of the mind's identification of persons, places, and things which up to that moment have been unknown and unperceived previously.

In the quest for evidential data and self-orientation, the mind seems to act strongly in response to an unformed thought command to "Identify!", without modification or equivocation. Therefore, when an unknown or apparently impossible situation, place, person, or thing is encountered, the mind comes up with some kind of answer rather than no answer whatsoever.

The answer takes the form of rationalization, if it can be called that; or more commonly, a search is made of past memories and experiences to produce proper identification. It compares the situation under which the object or action is perceived with past personal experience. If there is nothing to coincide exactly with the observed data, the mind invariably reports the *most similar memory* and states, "This is the object or action you are seeing." It is only after critical analysis that some semblance of what actually was perceived comes to light.

There are many good illustrations of this phenomenon. One of the best is the visit to Mr. Bahnson's house in the morning. The mind, having no reference in its memory of the object being placed in the back of the car (Van DeGraff generator), identified properly its approximate size, the round, wheellike protuberance on a post, and the base platform, and reported erroneously that it was a child's automobile. The mind properly reported the boy and the baseball, because this *was* a part of its memory-bank data. However, it ran into a problem on the motion of Mrs. Bahnson in handing out the morning mail. This was reported as "dealing cards," but the mind was faced with the incongruity of playing with large white cards (letters) at a table filled with dishes. The idea of "card playing" was the least impossible similar event in the memory association, so that was the unit retained.

Of equal interest was the experience of the airplane crash reported in

Chapter 11. Here was a whole series of events filled with much sensory data, filtered by the mind's past associations. Added to this was the rapid superimposure of information, so that the sequence of events in time added to the confusion. The impression of taking a trip by airplane was quite accurate. However, the mind "forgot" that there was a bus trip to the airport first. Consequently, in reporting the loading of the bus, the impression was that this was the airplane. In boarding the bus, the mind perceived the driver waiting beside the door. In an attempt to identify the man, the memory was searched and the *most similar* person in past experience (D.D.) was selected as the person encountered. (The physical similarity between the bus driver and D.D. when compared later was most remarkable.)

Recognition of the woman in the seat ahead and her discomfort was another form of misinterpretation. The discomfort or anxiety was accurate, the reason wrong. The mind had not determined the cause of the woman's anxiety, so it related it to the individual, as some answer was demanded. Then, the flying low and slow over streets was a perfect description of the event itself—the bus traveling the turnpike to the airport—except that the mind was still fixed on the idea of flying in an airplane.

The mind still held fixedly on the "fact" that the plane flight had already begun. When the plane encountered the storm, the mind reported the plane flying under power and telephone wires because it could not translate directly the effect of the storm.

Most significant was the mind's interpretation of the "accident" or catastrophe. It "saw" what appeared to be a disruption of the heart activities. This was an impossible situation, an inconceivable event based upon its experience. In the face of this past data, the mind was forced to "Identify!" Experience said the observed catastrophe was not possible. Therefore, it selected an airplane crash as an event that *would* be believed and acceptable as a possibility.

From this, the difficulty of accurately reporting the observance of unknown material can be understood. If it proves this complex in familiar environments, one can well imagine what takes place when that which is perceived has no relationship whatsoever to previous experience. Only by laborious trial and error have a few facts been assembled, and these may not all be common with the interpretation of

other minds with other experience backgrounds. This is the reason for the need for others to experience the same conditions. The entire picture may become clear with the help of such additional reports.

Of the few facts that have been properly tagged, there are the “flying” and “falling” dreams. I am quite certain that such dreams are but memories of some degree of Second State experience. I have often become aware of experiencing the flying dream during sleep, only to discover that I was actually floating out in the Second Body as I brought consciousness to the incident. This involuntary action happens most frequently without any conscious effort. It may well be that many people do have this experience during sleep, but just don’t remember it.

A dream of riding or flying in an airplane has a similar connotation. The mind, refusing to accept the possibility of flying without mechanical help due to memory experience, conjures up an airplane to rationalize the event. Again, when consciousness and full awareness are brought into play, the “airplane” disappears. There you are, high in the air, with no logical means of support It is most disconcerting until you get used to the idea.

Falling dreams were also repeatedly examined in my early experiments. It is a common “feeling” in quick reintegration of the Second Body with the physical. Evidently, the proximity of the physical causes it to accept relayed sensory signals from the Second, which is “falling” into the physical. By the same token, the process of “falling” asleep often brings forth a “sinking” sensation. By trying it again and again, the effect is produced by the separation of the Second from the physical, and the sensory impressions are split between the two. Perhaps the same sinking sensation takes place when one loses consciousness from other causes, such as fainting, application of anesthesia, *etc.*

Intelligence measurement. On the surface, except for the addition of sensory abilities just noted, there seems to be no immediate opening of new vistas of knowledge and information. There is no jump in IQ by the standards applied in the physical world. There is indeed a new kind of intellect at work, but it is in a form that seems incomprehensible. This composite mind uses the experiences of living in the physical, but applies them only when they “fit” the event or incident Sometimes actions take place that seem utter nonsense to the conscious mind, and their validity is recognized only after the event.

After a significant number of experiments, one becomes aware that the conscious mind in itself, even with its memory-recall patterns, is insufficient for the task of full comprehension. There is too much to be evaluated that is beyond the scope of conscious personal experience. Again, this demands a continuing need to organize the available data into comprehensive form, and to add to that body of knowledge through the evidential experience of other conscious minds. This conscious mind has recognized its limitations!

Memory patterns. If the conscious intellect does not seem improved, the memory storehouse is another matter. One of the early changes is the gradual flooding of the memory with events, places, people, and things that have no relationship in any way to one's current physical life activities or past experience. Nor do they seem to have any bearing on the visits to Locales II or III.

The source of these memories still remains a mystery. They are sensed and recalled while in the Second State. For example, I have a vivid memory of a place where I used to live—the roads leading up to it, the shape of the land, its location in relation to the road, and the surrounding landscape. It is not a good piece of land, but I seem to have worked hard for it and it was all I could afford. I had intentions of building a house on it someday.

There is the memory also of three connected buildings on a city street —old buildings, some eight stories high. The top floors of these buildings (similar to old apartment buildings) have been joined into one large living area, with large, high-ceilinged rooms. One has to step up or down slightly to go from one room to another due to the difference in floor levels. This was a place I visited, not too often, sometime, somewhere.

There are many more, probably unimportant in relation to the whole. It is important to know, however, that these are directly the product of Second State experimentation. Of what value they are, beyond to confuse, I have yet to learn.

15.

SEXUALITY IN THE SECOND STATE

Throughout the entire experimentation, evidence began to mount of a factor most vital to the Second State. Yet in all the esoteric literature of the underground, there is no mention of this, not so much as one word of consideration or explanation. This factor is sexuality and the physical sex drive. If the Second State data is contemplated as fact, this business of sex among humans has somehow become thoroughly confused, distorted, and badly misunderstood.

In a nation where over 90 per cent of the practicing psychiatrists are Freudian, much mention is made of this factor. Virtually no thought or action stems from any other motivation, if we subscribe wholly to this theory.

With the label of "evil" long pinned to the subject, the underground probably ignores it as something grossly "material" and unworthy of any bearing in spiritual development. Much the same pattern has applied to religions, formal and otherwise. Like food, this necessity was manipulated in man's history again and again under artificial rules and taboos to exercise control over the mass populace. To a great extent, this still applies as a basic control over our desires and actions. Watch almost any American TV commercial to observe one facet. Listen to a hell-fire-and-damnation preacher for another. Study the uncensored history of any major civilization or religion for the long look.

In the underground, there were rumors based upon mild evidence that many well-known "psychics" were highly sexed individuals. The more sophisticated group claimed knowledge of this parallel, but nothing was synthesized from it. Gurdjieff, the famous early-twentieth-century mystic, was reported to have stated that if there had been *two* obstacles to achieving the mystical state such as the sexual one presented, he wouldn't have achieved it.

It is impossible to describe how deeply I now appreciate and understand Gurdjieff's comment. For I have been subjected to the same

environmental concepts and conditioning as any American. Even now, after a deconditioning process, I sense echoes of guilt and sin in attempting to bring some candor to this section. Yet I know this would be an incomplete report without it.

Here are some excerpts from the notes in the early experimental stage.

5/7/58

Late night, bedroom, low humidity, no moon. I was physically tired, mentally calm. I lay down to sleep, and the vibration pattern developed some five minutes later. I got up courage to try a "lift-out" thought, and moved out and up slowly and steadily to about five feet over the bed. I was trying to decide what to do when I was filled with a great desire for sexual satisfaction. It was so strong that I forgot everything else. I looked around and spotted my wife lying below me on the bed. I went down and tried to wake her so we could have a sexual act, but was unsuccessful—she wouldn't wake up. I felt that the only way I could achieve results would be in the physical, so I dove back into the body. The vibrations started to fade almost immediately. By the time I sat up physically, the sexual desire had gone completely. This is very strange; I didn't know I had such strong undercurrents of desire.

6/1/58

Late night, bedroom, average humidity, cloudy. I was sleepy, but mentally alert. The vibrations came in some two minutes after lying down to sleep. I lifted straight out and up by the "think" method, and was overwhelmed again with the sex urge, for the fourth time in a row. I can't shut it off, no matter how hard I try. Disgusted with myself, I went back into the physical. The vibrations were not in evidence when I sat up. There must be a way to shut it off!

7/29/58

Late night, office, average humidity. I was somewhat tired, but mentally alert. I think I have found the answer to the sex maniac in me—it worked this time with amazing results! The vibrations came in gently, and I waited until they seemed strong, then "thought" up, and there I was over the bed again. Again, I looked all through the office for a female. As in the past, every time I tried to think of going farther than ten feet from the physical body, the sex

idea stopped me. The new technique was that instead of fighting the idea of sex, or ignoring it, or denying its existence, I thought, yes, the idea of sex is a very good one and we (*I*) *must do something about it. I will in just a little while, but first, I want to go somewhere else. With a start, I shot up through the ceiling and in just a few seconds, I was in another room. They were sitting at a table and there was a long white book on the table. I was excited, but quickly became worried about getting back, and thought urgently of my physical body. With a rush, I felt myself wiggling into my body. I sat up physically on the couch, looked around, and everything seemed normal, including myself. But I had at last left the immediate vicinity. I wonder who the two people were.*

From this, it can be seen that the sex drive was never actually conquered. Instead, it was set aside, put off for the moment while I fully recognized and acknowledged its existence. Actually, the idea came from what used to be called the "Gene Autry love scene." In his typical Western, Gene would fight the villains to save the girl, and lead her to the corral fence. He would move close to her and make remarks about how pretty her hair was, just like a sorrel. The girl, with love in her eyes, would move in. Just as you (and the girl) were sure he was going to kiss her—even after she had asked him to kiss her—old Gene would say, "I shore will, Susy Jane—but first, I want to sing you a little song." And from nowhere, he'd pull out a guitar and sing about horses. After the song, he never did kiss the girl because the picture ended before he got around to it. The idea of delaying instead of denying proved to be the means of emancipation from the domination of the sex drive. The drive remained, and still does, and will return given the least opportunity. And those opportunities do arise in the Second State, but in a different form.

"Different" is actually a very inadequate description. The sexual action-reaction in the physical seems but a pale imitation or a feeble attempt to duplicate a very intimate Second State form of communion and communication which is not at all "sexual" as we understand the term. In the physical drive for sexual union, it is as if we are somehow remembering dimly the emotional peak that occurs among people in the Second State, and translating it into a sexual act. If you find this difficult to accept, try to examine objectively your own sexual desires specifically, without the conditioning factors to which you have been exposed. Take away the rules and taboos, and look closely without

emotional bias. It can be done. Perhaps you too will wonder how mankind could have been so greatly misdirected.

Here is the closest possible analogy to the Second State experience, of which physical sexuality is merely a shadow. If the opposite charged poles of electrostatics could "feel," as the unlike ends approach one another, they would "need" to come together. There is no barrier that can restrain it. The need increases progressively with nearness. At a given point of nearness, the need is compelling; very close, it is all-encompassing; beyond a given point of nearness, the attraction-need exerts tremendous pull and the two unlikes rush together and envelop one another. In an immediate moment, there is a mind(soul?) shaking interflow of electrons, one to the other, unbalanced charges become equalized, peaceful contended balance is restored, and each is revitalized. All this happens in an instant, yet an eternity passes by. Afterward, there is a calm and serene separation.

It is as normal and natural as this. It may be difficult to reduce this vital functional emotion to a simple and truly natural need, to nothing more or less than the application of a law of physics at another level. Yet many tests consistently support this premise.

The distillate of this conclusion did not come easily, as there were almost insurmountable barriers to overcome. The first of these was the conditioned responses set up and ingrained by the rules and taboos of our social structure. Initially, these were carried over into the Second State. Here is a good example from the notes.

9/16/59

Upon deciding to "see," I became aware of my position in the room. The office was dimly lit and I was above the table and some eight feet away from the couch, where I could make out my physical body half-visible in the dark. Then, near the door, I saw a form, certainly humanoid, moving toward me. Immediately, I "knew" that this person was female. I was still cautious, but I was fighting the sex urge, which was rising in spite of any self-will.

"I am a woman." It seemed to be a low, woman's voice.

I said that I knew she was, trying to hold back. The sexual overtones in her voice were unmistakable. She came even closer.

My mind translated that she was indeed a woman, and the epitome of

sexual attractiveness. I backed away, torn by desire and the fear of what might happen if I actually did have a sexual relationship while in the Second Body, and the possible "disloyalty" to my wife. Finally, my fear of possible unknown consequences overcame the desire, and I hastily dived back into the physical body, reassociated, and sat up. I looked around. The room was empty. The moment I thought about the event, my physical body reacted and became stimulated. I went outside for a walk before returning to make these notes. Maybe I am *a coward!*

It took a number of these meetings at varying levels of intensity before I began to assess the "wrong" of it that held me back. There seemed to be a direct relationship between what I interpreted as the sexual drive and this "force" that permitted me to disassociate from the physical body. Was it a redirection of this basic drive that I actually felt as "vibrations?" Or was it the other way around? Was the sexual drive a physical and emotional manifestation of the force?

Perhaps there is a way to examine this under very strictly controlled conditions—that is, if there is a society mature enough to undertake the experiments. Certainly ours is not. All that can be done here is to attempt to bring certain points under scrutiny. Recently, in scientific studies of dreams and sleep, it was noted that during REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep, male subjects evidenced a penile erection. This occurred irrespective of the dream content. A non-sexual dream still produced the effect. This is about as far as science has experimented to date. It is mentioned here only because the most consistent physical reaction noted when returning from the Second State is a penile erection. It is a clue, no more.

Whether through redirection or purification, Second State sexuality is not the same as its physical echo, even once the habits and preconceptions of the latter are discarded. The barriers created and continually reinforced by social conditioning are but half of it. The physical-mechanical elements themselves no longer seem to apply. For a long time, the mind will continue to translate the attraction-action-reaction sequence as a similar function occurring non-physically. As perception and control sharpen, the differences become more noticeable.

First and most obvious, there is no evidence of the male-female

interpenetration. Attempts to express the need in such a functional manner become pathetic in retrospect. One discovers in frustration that it just doesn't happen that way in the Second State. Next, sensuality produced by the physical form of the sex counterpart is entirely absent. There is no distinct pattern of physical shape, either visually or by touch.

How, then? What then? The analogy of the opposite magnetic poles still holds. There is an acute awareness of "difference," which is like radiation (as it may well be) from the sun, or a fire as felt by one shivering with cold. It is dynamically attractive and needed. This attraction varies in intensity with the individual. (Define what makes one person more sexually attractive than another; it is more than physical proportions.) It can be like magnetic lines of flux.

The "act" itself is not an act at all, but an immobile, rigid state of shock where the two truly intermingle, not just at a surface level and at one or two specific body parts, but in full dimension, atom for atom, throughout the entire Second Body. There is a short, sustained electron (?) flow one to another. The moment reaches unbearable ecstasy, and then tranquillity, equalization, and it is over.

Why this takes place, why it is needed, I do not know, any more than the north pole of a magnet understands its "need" for the south pole of another magnet. Unlike the magnet, however, we can perceive objectively and ask "why." One fact is certain: as in the physical state, the act is equally needed in the Second. In some part of Locale II, it is as ordinary as shaking hands. Here is an excerpt from the notes.

9/12/63

I arrived for no discernible reason in an outdoor area among some seven or eight people, all standing in a casual group. They did not appear particularly surprised to see me, and I was cautious as usual. There was some hesitation on their part, as if they did not know how to treat or greet me, but no hostility. Finally, one stepped forward in a friendly manner as if to shake hands. I was about to thrust out my hand when the person moved very close to me, and suddenly, there was a quick, momentary flash of the sex charge. I was surprised and a little shocked. Then, one after the other, each stepped forward, greeted me in this fashion—as simply as a handshake—right down the line of people. Finally, the last one stepped forward, the only one I was

truly able to perceive as a female. She seemed much older than the others and than I. She seemed to express friendliness and good humor.

"Well, I haven't done it for a long time"—she laughed as she said it—"but I'm willing to give it a try!"

With this, she moved in close, and we had a short and not feeble sex charge together. She backed away, chuckled humorously, and rejoined the others. After a few moments, and some attempts to find out where I was, I grew uncomfortable and felt that I should get back. I moved away straight up, stretched for the physical, and returned without incident.

Was the sex-charge greeting a typical custom there, or were they attempting to be pleasant to a stranger by temporarily adopting a custom that seems to be commonplace in his homeland? This might be, if they looked at the secret inner selves of most of us in "physical" bondage.

Sexual dream fantasies caused by some early sex repression? This might be the Freudian answer, and also the "easy" way out, the mislabeling to avoid facing uncharted possibilities. What evidence is there that it is anything else? There is no way to prove the above, because there is no means of determining the "where" of it.

In the experience above, yes. In another? Again, from the notes:

3/4/61

Late night, in the study, ground floor. I was not overtired, and mentally alert. I deliberately induced the vibrations, by the cutdown method. It was a Saturday night, and this is being written Sunday afternoon, based upon notes during the night and later events. Some preliminary information: On Saturday afternoon (*yesterday*)*, a friend of my wife, a woman* (*J.F.*)*, phoned to ask if she could visit us overnight. She arrived in time for dinner, and after a quiet and pleasant evening we retired, our guest going upstairs to the small, square guest room in the front of the house—or so I assumed. I believed also that our two children were asleep in their own room, which is long and rectangular and directly over the study. I decided to sleep in the study rather than in the bedroom with my wife, as I felt that I could induce the vibrations and didn't want possibly to disturb her sleep.*

After many preliminaries, the vibrations came in strong and accelerated to a frequency beyond perception as individual pulsation. I lifted out of the

physical easily, and with a strong sense of release and control, went on up, through the ceiling and floor above and into a rectangular room. The room was dark, and I was sure I was in the children's bedroom, but could see no one. I was about to try to go somewhere else when I became aware of a woman in the room not too far from me. I could not discern her features, but she gave me the impression that she was in her middle thirties, and that she was a woman of considerable sexual experience (*that familiar "radiation" of characteristics?*). *This latter sense brought forth my sex drive, and I was attracted to her. As I approached, she said* (?) *she would "rather not," because she was very tired. I moved back, respecting her wishes, and indicated that it was perfectly all right. She seemed grateful, and I was considerate but disappointed. Then I noticed a second woman just to the right in the background. This second woman was older than the first, in her forties, but was also a woman of wide sexual experience. The second woman moved forward and offered to "be" with me, as if she said "I will"* (*implying that if the first woman wouldn't, she would, eagerly*). *I needed no further invitation at that stage, and we moved together quickly. There was the giddy electrical-type shock, and then we separated. I thanked her, and she seemed calm and contented. Feeling this was enough for one night, I turned and dived through the floor and soon was re-entering the physical. I sat up and turned on the light. Everything was quiet in the house. I smoked a cigarette and then lay down and slept for the rest of the night without incident.*

This morning (*Sunday*), *I was up early as usual, and my wife came into the kitchen for coffee at about ten. She debated about going upstairs and waking J.F. to go to church. Casually, she mentioned that she hoped J.F. slept comfortably because she had been so tired. This did not strike a responsive note, but when she stated that J.F. had slept in the children's room instead of the guest room* (*in a supposedly more comfortable bed*), *and the children had slept in the guest room, it began to ring a bell. As stated, the children's room is rectangular and is directly over the study. Further, J.F. is in her middle thirties, a professional singer, and certainly has had wide sexual experience* (*two husbands plus a number of love affairs*). *Add to this the fact that she was very tired.*

It took several minutes to get up enough courage to ask, but I had to know. My wife is fairly well indoctrinated by this time. I asked my wife to go up and ask J.F. if she was sexually "tired." She asked me what I meant, and I explained. Then, of course, she wanted to know why, and said that she

couldn't ask J.F. such a question. I said I was sure she could find out, that it was important. Finally, she agreed and went upstairs to awaken J.F. I waited for a long time, and finally my wife came back downstairs alone. She looked at me intently.

"How did you know?" Thank goodness she didn't ask it suspiciously. She went on, "That's the reason she called and asked to come out. All week, she has been having a violent love affair, with sex every night. She told me she was just too tired to take another night of it."

A short time later, J.F. came down for breakfast. My wife, of course, had not told her anything of my interest in her condition. She seemed her normal self for the rest of the day, with one exception. Ordinarily, J.F. treats me very casually as simply the husband of an old friend. Today I caught her staring at me intently again and again, as if she were trying to remember something about me but couldn't. I gave no indication that I noticed this sudden interest. This was fairly good identification. But who was the other, older woman?

Aftermath: 3/7/61. It is now Wednesday night. During the past few days, I had tried to figure out what the older woman might signify. I had just about decided that it was a nonliving person still deeply attracted to physical sex relationships, who followed J.F. around just to enjoy vicariously the latter's sexual activities—if this is possible. Then, yesterday, a friend dropped by the office. In the course of the conversation, he mentioned that a mutual friend, R.W., had stated that she had a dream about me the past Saturday night.

At the mention of Saturday night, I was immediately alert. R.W. was a businesswoman in her forties. Although married, she definitely qualified as a woman of wide sexual experience, according to my own observations (*but not participation*). *R.W. had not described to our mutual friend the nature of the dream, so I decided to find out. I was finally able to reach her by phone today. At first, R.W. was rather vague about the dream content. At my gentle insistence, she stated that in the dream, I gave her a detailed "physical examination." Beyond that, she would not elaborate. Either she truly didn't recall any more, or it was much too personal for her to relate to me. But the fact that she dreamed this on the same Saturday night, that it suggested some kind of intimacy and was important enough for her to mention it, that R.W. meets the characteristics I had listed previously—these are hard to label coincidence.*

If there has been any undercurrent of sexual desire for J.F. and R.W. on my part, I was not aware of it. There is some comfort in knowing these two

are still among the "living."

Many of the experiments in the notes are also "too personal" for me to relate. What has been presented thus far will, I trust, give enough indication. Suffice it to say that there have been experiences of all types, as there are evidently all types in the Second State both in Locale I and Locale II. The followers of the "astral planes" concept would say that the "quality" of those met would determine the "level" of the plane visited —"quality" meaning intensity and/or degradation or elimination of the sexual experience. This would depend upon interpretation. Those who have not begun to understand the conditions of the Second State ("alive" or "dead") might well still relate the pattern to that of the physical, only without the inhibitions and limitations of the "civilized" physical society. We continue to evaluate sexuality as good or bad strictly in terms of such inhibitions, restrictions, and social structure. The fallacy of this viewpoint is shown in that in our own space-time continuum, we cannot reconcile sexual practice with social rules, nor agree on this subject among the various social orders now in existence.

The sexual drive in itself can be a catalyst to the vibrational condition which is the doorway to the Second State. However, it is a tricky matter; it is like an exuberant child, constantly testing the authority directing it, and threatening to take over and run in another direction. But in no way is it evil in the Second State.

16.

PRELIMINARY EXERCISES

Throughout this writing, I have made many references to one evident fact: the only possible way for an individual to appreciate the reality of this Second Body and existence within it is to experience it himself.

Obviously, if this were an easy task, it would now be commonplace. I suspect that only an innate curiosity will enable people to overcome the obstacles in the path of this achievement. Although there are many cases of existence experienced apart from the physical body, they have for the most part—at least in the Western world—been of a spontaneous, onetime nature, occurring during moments of stress or physical disability.

We are speaking of something entirely different, which can be objectively investigated. The experimenter will want to proceed in a manner that will produce consistent results, perhaps not every time, but often enough to validate the evidence to his own satisfaction. I believe that anyone can experience existence in a Second Body if the desire is great enough. Whether or not anyone *should* is beyond the scope of my judgment.

Evidence has led me to believe that most, if not all, human beings leave their physical bodies in varying degrees during sleep. Subsequent reading has proved that this idea is thousands of years old in man's history. If it is a valid premise, then the condition itself is not unnatural. On the other hand, conscious, willful practice of separation from the physical *is* contrary to the pattern, it would seem, in view of the limited data available.

Harmful physical effects from such activity are undetermined. I have not detected (nor have any physicians) any physiological changes, good or bad, that can be attributed directly to the out-of-the-body experience.

There have been many psychological changes that I recognize, and probably many more that I have not been aware of. However, even my friends in the psychiatric profession have not claimed that these have

been detrimental. My gradual revision of basic concepts and beliefs is apparent in a number of ways throughout this writing. If these psychological and personality changes are truly harmful, there is not much that can be done about it now.

A note of caution is in order here for those who are interested in experimenting, for once opened, the doorway to this experience cannot be closed. More exactly, it is a case of "you can't live *with* it and you can't live *without* it." The activity and resultant awareness are quite incompatible with the science, religion, and mores of the society in which we live. History is strewn with martyrs whose only crime was non-conformity. If your interest and research become commonly known, you run the risk of being labeled a freak, phony, or worse, and of being ostracized. In spite of this, something extremely vital would be missing if you did not continue to explore and investigate. In the unaccountable "low" periods when you cannot produce this activity no matter how carefully you try, you realize this deeply. You have a strong sense of being left out of things, of the shutting out of a source of great meaning to living.

Here, then, is the best written description I can give of the technique of developing the non-physical experience.

THE FEAR BARRIER

There is one great obstacle to the investigation of the Second Body and the environment in which it operates. Perhaps it is the only major barrier. It seems to be present in all people, without exception. It may be hidden by layers of inhibition and conditioning, but when these are stripped away, the obstacle remains. This is the barrier of blind, unreasoning fear. Given only small impetus, it turns to panic, and then to terror. If you consciously pass the fear barrier, you will have passed a milestone in your investigation.

I am reasonably sure that this barrier is passed unconsciously by many of us each night. When that part of us beyond our consciousness takes over, it is not inhibited by fear, although it seems to be influenced by the thought and action of the conscious mind. It seems to be accustomed to operating beyond the fear barrier, and understands better the rules of

existence in this other world. When the conscious mind shuts down for the night, this Super Mind (soul?) takes over.

The investigative process relative to the Second Body and its environment appears to be a melding or blending of the conscious with this Super Mind. If this is accomplished, the fear barrier is overcome.

The fear barrier is many-faceted. The most fearless of us think it does not exist, until, much to our own surprise, we encounter it within ourselves. First and foremost, there is the death fear. Because separation from the physical body is much like what is expected at death, early reactions to the experience are automatic. You think, "Get back in the physical, quickly! You are dying! Life is there, in the physical; get back in!"

These reactions appear in spite of any intellectual or emotional training. Only after repeating the process eighteen to twenty times did I finally gather enough courage (and curiosity) to stay out more than a few seconds and observe objectively. The death fear was either sublimated or assuaged by familiarity. Others who have tried the technique have stopped after the first or second experience, unable to suppress this first aspect of the barrier.

The second aspect of the fear barrier is also linked with the death fear: will I be *able* to return to the physical or to get back "in." With no guidelines or specific instructions, this remained a prime fear of mine for several years, until I found a simple answer that made it work every time. Mine was a matter of rationalization. I had been "out" several hundred times, and the evidence showed that I was able to return safely one way or another. Therefore, the probability was that I would return safely the next time also.

The third basic fear was fear of the unknown. The rules and dangers of our physical environment can be determined to a reasonable degree. We have spent our lifetime building up reflexes to cope with them. Now, suddenly, here is another, completely different set of rules, another world of entirely different possibilities, populated by beings who seem to know all of them. You have no rule book, no road map, no book of etiquette, no applicable courses in physics and chemistry, no incontrovertible authority you can turn to for advice and answers. Many a missionary has been killed in a remote land under just such conditions!

I must confess that this third fear still crops up, and with justification.

The unknown is still to a great degree unknown. Such penetration as I have made has brought forth pitifully few unalterable and consistent rules. I can say only that, to date, I have survived these expeditions. There is so much that I do not comprehend or understand, and more that is beyond my ability to do so.

Another fear is the consequent effects on the physical body as well as on the conscious mind of participation and experimentation in this form of activity. This too is very real, as our history, at least to my knowledge, does not seem to contain accurate reporting of this area. We have studies on paranoia, schizophrenia, phobias, epilepsy, alcoholism, sleeping sickness, acne, virus diseases, etc., but no assembled body of objective data on the pathology of the Second Body.

I do not know how to circumvent the fear barrier, except by cautious initial steps that create familiarity bit by bit as you proceed. I hope this writing in its entirety will provide the psychological "step" over the barrier. It may help to recognize conditions and patterns that are familiar in that at least one person has had similar experiences and survived.

The following are the necessary procedural developments.

1. RELAXATION

The ability to relax is the first prerequisite, perhaps even the first step itself. It is deliberately generated, and is both physical and mental. Included with the condition of relaxation must be the relief from any sense of time urgency. You cannot be in a hurry. No pending appointments or anticipated calls for your services or attention must clutter up your thoughts. Impatience of any sort can effectively stifle your prospects for success.

There are many techniques available for obtaining this kind of relaxation, and a number of good books cover the subject. Simply select the method that works best for you. There are three general methods that seem to work, two of which are applicable in these exercises.

Auto-or self-hypnosis. Most self-study books offer this method in different versions. Again, it is a matter of which is most effective for you individually. The most efficient and speediest way is to learn self-

hypnosis through the training of an experienced hypnotist. He can set up posthypnotic suggestion that will bring immediate results. However, select a tutor with care. Responsible practitioners are rare, and neophytes numerous. Forms of meditation can be converted to effective relaxation.

Borderland sleep state. This is perhaps the easiest and most natural method and usually ensures relaxation of both body and mind simultaneously. The difficulty here lies in the maintenance of that delicate "edge" between sleep and complete wakefulness. All too often, you simply fall asleep—and that ends the experiment for the moment.

By practice, conscious awareness can be taken up to this borderland state, into it, and through it, to your destination. There is no way to achieve it that I know of other than practice. The technique is as follows: lie down, preferably when you are tired and sleepy. As you become relaxed and start to drift off into sleep, hold your mental attention on something, anything, with your eyes closed. Once you can hold the borderland state indefinitely without falling asleep, you have passed the first stage. It is, however, a normal pattern to fall asleep many times in the process of this consciousness deepening. You will not be able to help yourself, but do not let this discourage you. It is not an overnight process. You will know you are successful when you become bored and expect something more to happen!

If attempts to remain at the borderland state make you nervous, this too is a normal reaction. The conscious mind seems to resent sharing the authority it has during wakefulness. If this occurs, break the relaxation, get up and walk around, exercise, and lie down again. If this does not relieve the nervousness, go to sleep and try another time. You are just not in the mood.

When your "fixative," the picture thought you have been holding, slips away and you find yourself thinking of something else, you are close to completion of Condition A.

Once you have achieved Condition A—the ability to hold calmly in the borderland state indefinitely with your mind on an exclusive thought—you are ready for the next step. Condition B is similar, but with the concentration eliminated. Do not think of anything, but remain poised between wakefulness and sleep. Simply look through your closed eyes at the blackness ahead of you. Do nothing more. After a number of these

exercises, you may hallucinate “mind pictures,” or light patterns. These seem to have no great significance, and may merely be forms of neural discharge. I can remember, for example, attempting to achieve this state after watching a football game on TV for several hours. All I saw were mind pictures of football players tackling, running, passing, *etc.* It took at least a half hour for the pattern to fade away. These mind pictures are apparently related to your visual concentration in the preceding eight or ten hours. The more intense the concentration, the longer it seems to take to eliminate the impressions.

You have accomplished Condition B when you are able to lie indefinitely after the impressions have faded away, with no nervousness, and seeing nothing but blackness.

Condition C is a systematic deepening of consciousness while in the B state. This is approached by carefully letting go of your rigid hold on the borderland sleep edge and drifting deeper little by little during each exercise. You will learn to establish degrees of this deepening of consciousness by “going down” to a given level and returning at will. You will recognize these degrees by the shutting down of various sensory mechanism inputs. The sense of touch apparently goes first. You seem to have no feeling in any part of your body. Smell and taste soon follow. The auditory signals are next, and the last to fade out is vision. (Sometimes the last two are reversed; I suspect that the reason for vision being last is that the exercise calls for the use of the visual network, even in blackness.)

Condition D is the achievement of C when one is fully rested and refreshed, rather than tired and sleepy, at the beginning of the exercise. This is quite important, and not nearly as easy to achieve as it is to write about. To enter the relaxation state full of energy and wakefulness is great insurance for maintaining conscious control. The best approach to take in the early attempts at the Condition D exercise is to start it immediately after you wake up from a nap or a night’s sleep. Start the exercise *before* you move around in bed physically, while your body is still relaxed from sleep and your mind is fully alert. Don’t take too many liquids before sleeping, and you won’t have the immediate need to empty your bladder upon awakening.

Induction by drugs. None of the relaxation-producing drugs that are readily available seem to help. Barbiturates force a loss of conscious

control and only bring a confused state in deeper consciousness. The same is true, to a lesser degree, of tranquilizers. Relaxation is obtained, but at the cost of perception. Alcohol in any form brings similar effects. More exotic compounds such as the alkaloids and hallucinogens may be more productive. I have not had enough experience or contact with these to offer an opinion or even an educated guess. It would seem that far-reaching research is indicated for these.

I have utilized all three methods, and rejected drug relaxation quite early as it resulted in both too much loss of conscious control and distorted perception. In the first technique, hypnotic induction tapes were specially prepared for the experiments. They were quite useful and effective. The borderland sleep state techniques have been employed most often. In spite of the complicated-sounding procedure, it is the most natural method for me.

2. STATE OF VIBRATION

The generation of this effect is the most critical of all. The subjective sensory impression it creates is described elsewhere. Once it is achieved, you will certainly not have to be told you've been successful, and you will have passed another major hurdle.

All that can be given are clues. At the present level of knowledge, it is not known *why* these things work. It is much like turning a switch to obtain light without having any idea of what the switch does, where the electricity comes from, or why and how it acts upon a bulb enclosing tungsten filaments.

At the least, all of the material contained herein has been established as empirically as possible. Aside from the principal human laboratory—this writer—several other individuals have tried the pattern. Suffice it to say that they have obtained positive results.

Aids to the vibrational state. Lie down, in whatever position is most conducive to your state of relaxation, but with your body along a north-south axis, with your head to magnetic north. Loosen any clothes you may be wearing. Keep covered so that you feel just slightly warmer than is generally comfortable for you. Remove any jewelry or metal objects close to or touching your skin. Be sure that your arms, legs, and neck

will relax in a position that will not impede circulation. Darken the room enough to ensure that no light can be seen through your eyelids. Do not use a completely blacked-out room, as you will then have no visual point of reference.

Absolute requisites. Ensure without question that you will not be disturbed in any way, either by direct physical intervention, a phone ringing, or other interrupting noises. Do not set a time limit or a deadline. The time you spend in the experiment is not more valuably spent elsewhere and you should have nothing impending that might cut short this activity.

Achieve the state of relaxation. Do this by whatever method you have found workable in your own individual case. Work to Condition D or its equivalent, and hold at the deepest level of relaxation possible without weakening your consciousness. When you have taken as much time as you need to be sure you have obtained this, mentally repeat, "I will consciously perceive and remember all that I encounter during this relaxation period. I will recall in detail when I am completely awake only those matters that will be beneficial to my physical and mental being." Say this mentally five times. Then begin breathing through your half-opened mouth.

Establish the vibration waves. As you continue breathing through your half-opened mouth, concentrate on the blackness in front of your closed eyes. Look first into the blackness at a spot a foot away from your forehead. Now move your point of concentration to three feet away, and then six feet. Hold for a while until the point is firmly established. From there, turn the point 90° upward, on a line parallel to the body axis and reaching out above the head. Reach for the vibrations at that spot. When you find them, mentally pull them back into your head.

This simple description must pose many questions. Reach out with *what?* Pull *what* back into your head? Let us try another method of explanation. Begin a mental concentration, as if two lines were extending from the outer sides of your closed eyes. Think of them as converging at a point a foot away from your forehead. Visualize a resistance or pressure when these two lines meet, as if two charged electric wires were joined, or poles of a magnet forced together. Now extend this juncture outward to about three feet, or the length of your arm outstretched. Due to the angular difference, the pressure pattern is

altered. A compression of the space (forces?) between the converging lines must result, and the pressure must therefore increase to maintain the convergence. After the three-foot length has been established and held, extend the intersection point out to six feet away from your head, or 30°. (So that you can properly visualize the exact angle that represents 30°, it may help to mark off a 30° angle by protractor on paper and memorize how it looks.)

Once you have learned to establish and maintain the 30° angle outward (or roughly six feet away), *bend* the point of intersection 90° (or in an "L") upward in the direction of your head but parallel to the axis of your body. You "reach" with this point of intersection. Stretch or reach with this point more and more, until you obtain a reaction. Again, you will know when you obtain it. It is as if a surging, hissing, rhythmically pulsating wave of fiery sparks comes roaring into your head. From there it seems to sweep throughout your body, making it rigid and immobile.

Once you have learned the process, or the concept, it will not be necessary to go through the entire routine. You need only to think of the vibrations while in a relaxed state, and they come into being. A conditioned reflex has been established, or a neuron path that can be followed again and again. Again, it is not a technique that can be achieved the first time it is tried. The probability of success increases with each successive effort. The more often you attempt it, the more likely you are to have positive results. However, once you have succeeded, it is not always repeatable at will. There are still many variables that interfere which have yet to be isolated and identified. But it does "work" often enough to be subject to continued study.

3. CONTROL OF VIBRATIONS

When you have obtained the vibrational state, there are definite guidelines to follow. The utilization of this condition under conscious control is the goal you are seeking. To accomplish this, there are careful procedures to observe. They should, of course, be followed in sequence, in the order presented.

There is no evidence to indicate that this vibrational state has a deleterious effect on either the mind or the physical body. Here, then,

are some procedures that can be applied systematically. They are a distillate of literally hundreds of trial-and-error experiments.

Acclimatization and accommodation. This is a way of saying that you should let yourself get accustomed to the feel of this unusual condition. All fear and panic must be eliminated when you feel waves like an electric shock without pain permeating your body. The best method seems to be to do nothing when they occur. Lie quietly and objectively analyze them until they fade away of their own accord. This usually takes place in about five minutes. After several such experiences, you will realize you are not being electrocuted. Try to avoid panicky struggling to break the paralytic condition. You can break it by sitting up with great force of will, but you will be disappointed with yourself for doing so. After all, this was what you were trying to achieve.

Manipulation and modulation. Once you have eliminated the fear reactions, you are ready for control steps. First, mentally "direct" the vibrations into a ring, or force them all into your head. Then mentally push them down along your body to your toes, then back up to your head. Start them sweeping in a wave over your body rhythmically, from head to toes and then back again. After you have given the wave momentum, let it proceed of its own accord until it fades away. It should take about ten seconds—five down, five back—for the wave to make the complete circuit, from head to toes and back. Practice this until the vibration wave begins instantly upon mental command, and moves steadily until fade-out.

By this time, you will have noticed the "roughness" of the vibrations at times, as if your body is being severely shaken right down to the molecular or atomic level. This may be somewhat uncomfortable, and you will feel a desire to "smooth" them out. This is accomplished by "pulsing" them mentally to increase their frequency. Their original vibratory rate seems to be on the order of some twenty-seven cycles per second (this is the rate of the vibration itself, not the head-to-toe frequency). The pattern responds to this pulsing command very subtly and slowly at first. Your first indication of success is when the vibrations no longer seem rough and shaking. You are well on your way to control when they produce a steady, solid effect.

It is essential that you learn and apply this speed-up process. The faster vibration effect is the form that permits disassociation from the

physical. Once you have set the momentum of the speed-up, the acceleration seems to take place automatically. Eventually, you may sense the vibrations only as they begin. They will increase their frequency—like a motor starting up—until the frequency is so high that you are unable to perceive it. At this phase, the sensory effect is one of body warmth, slightly tingling, but not excessively so.

Consistent achievement of this stage is the sign that you are ready for the first physical disassociation experiments. Another word of warning is in order here. Beyond this point, I believe you cannot turn back. Ultimately, you will be committed to the reality of this other existence. How this will affect your personality, your daily life, your future, and your philosophies rests entirely with you as an individual. For once you have been "opened" to this other reality, you cannot completely shut it out again, try as you might. The pressure of material affairs may sublimate it for a time, but it will return. You cannot always stay on guard against its reopening. As you start to sleep or awaken, when you merely relax, the vibrational surge may come without call. You can shut it off, of course, but eventually you become too tired to bother—and you are off on another excursion. You sense that you are fighting against yourself.

And who wants to fight one's self—at the price of a good night's sleep!

17.

THE SEPARATION PROCESS

After you have achieved the state of vibration and some control of your stage of relaxation, one additional factor must be considered. It is probable that you have already obtained it, since it is ordinarily a product of the previous exercises. However, it should be emphasized.

This factor is *thought control*. In the state of vibration, you are apparently subject to every thought, both willful and involuntary, that crosses your mind. Thus you must be as close to "no thought" or "single thought" (concentration) as possible. If one stray idea passes through your mind, you respond instantly, and sometimes in an undesirable manner. I suspect that one is never completely free of such misdirection. At least I have not been, which may account for the many inexplicable trips to places and people I do not know. They seem to be triggered by thoughts or ideas I didn't realize I had, below the conscious level. The only approach is to do the best you can.

With this in mind, the first practices of disassociating the Second from the physical body should be limited in time and action. What follows is designed basically as a familiarization and orientation technique which should permit an approach to disassociation without fear or concern.

Release of extremities. This serves to acquaint you with the sensation of the Second Body without full commitment. After relaxation and creation of the vibration state, work with either your right or left hand and arm, one at a time. This is important, as it will be your first affirmation of the reality of the Second. With one hand, reach for any object—floor, wall, door, or whatever—that you remember as being beyond the reach of your physical arm. Reach for that object. Make the reaching process neither upward nor downward, but out in the direction your arm is pointing. Reach as if you were stretching your arm, not raising or lowering it. A variation is simply to reach out with the hand and arm in the same manner with no special object in mind. Often this method is better, as you then have no preconceived idea of what you will "feel."

When you reach out in this fashion and feel nothing, push your hand a little farther. Keep pushing gently, as if stretching your arm, until your hand encounters some material object. If the vibration pattern is in effect, it will work, and your hand will eventually feel or touch something. When it does, examine with your sense of touch the physical details of the object. Feel for any cracks, grooves, or unusual details which you will later be able to identify. At this point, nothing will seem unusual. Your sensory mechanisms will tell you that you are touching the obejct with your physical hand.

Here, then, is your first test. After acquainting yourself with the object with your outstretched hand, straighten out your hand and push against the object with your fingertips. You will encounter resistance at first. Push a little harder, and *gently* overcome the resistance you feel. At this point, your hand will seem to go right through the object. Keep pushing until your hand is completely through the object and meets some other physical object. Identify the second object by touch. Then carefully withdraw your hand, back through the first object, and slowly back to normal, so that it feels as if it is where it "belongs."

With this, decrease the vibrations. The best way to do this is slowly to attempt to move the physical body. Think of the physical body, and open your physical eyes. Bring back your physical senses, deliberately.

Once the vibrations have faded away completely, lie still for a few minutes for full and complete return. Then get up and make a notation of the object which you "felt," locating it relative to the position of your hand and arm when you were lying down. Note the details of both the first and second objects which you felt. Having done this, compare your description with the actual first object Make special note of small details which you could not have seen from a distance. Physically feel the object to compare it with what you felt under the vibrations.

Examine the second object in the same manner. You may not have been consciously aware of its presence or position prior to the experiment. This too is important Test the line of direction from the place where your physical hand lay, through the first object and up to the second. Is it a straight line?

Check your results. Was the first object you touched physically located at a distance it would have been absolutely impossible to reach without physical movement? Did the details of the object—especially the minute

details—coincide with the notes you have made? Make the same comparison for the second object.

If your answers are affirmative, you have had your first success. If the facts do not check out, try again another day. Almost without qualification, if you have produced the vibrational state, you can perform this exercise.

You can also practice the following quite easily. After producing the vibrational state, lying on your back, arms either at your sides or on your chest, gently lift your arms without looking at them and touch your fingers together. Do this quite casually, abstractedly, and remember the sensory results. Once you have clasped your hands above your chest, look at them first with your closed eyes. If you have moved easily enough, you will see both physical and non-physical arms. Your physical arms will be at rest at your sides or upon your chest. The sensory impressions will be with the non-physical arms and hands above your physical body. You should test this phenomenon as many times as you wish, however you desire. Prove to yourself that you are moving not your physical arms, but something else. Do it by whatever means are necessary to give you full assurance of this reality.

It is important always to return your non-physical arms to full conjunction with their physical counterparts before "shutting off" the vibration state. Although there may be no severe aftereffect if this is not done, I think it best not to find out in the early stages.

Disassociation technique. The simplest method to use in separating from the physical is the "lift-out" procedure. The intent here is not to travel to far-off places, but to get acquainted with the sensation in your own room, with familiar surroundings. The reason for this is that the first true experience will then be examined and explored with identifiable points of reference.

In order to assist in this orientation, it is better that these first complete disassociation exercises be conducted during daylight. Test for yourself your needs in regard to the amount of light in the room. Avoid using an electric light if possible.

To establish the condition, achieve the vibrational state, and *maintain complete control* of your thought processes. You are going to stay only in the confines of your familiar room. *Think* of getting lighter, of floating upward, of how nice it would be to float upward. Be sure to think how

nice it would be, as the subjective associated thought is most important. You want to do this because it is something you will respond to emotionally; you react even before the act, in anticipation. If you continue to hold only these thoughts, you will disassociate and float gently upward from your physical.

You may not achieve it the first time, or the second. But quite surely, if you have accomplished the preceding exercises, you *will* achieve it.

A second method is the "rotation" technique, which has been mentioned elsewhere. Under the same prescribed conditions, slowly try to turn over, just as if you were turning over in bed to be more comfortable. Make no attempt to help yourself rotate with either arms or legs. Start turning by twisting the top of your body, your head and shoulders, first. By all means move slowly, exerting gentle but firm pressure. If you do not, you may become loose and actually spin like a log rolling in water before you can alter the pressure. Such action is disconcerting only because you may lose all orientation and be forced to find your way back carefully in rotation juncture.

The ease with which you begin to turn, with no friction or sense of weight, will inform you that you have begun to succeed in disassociating. As this happens, turn slowly until you feel that you have moved 180° (i.e., face to face with your physical body). It is uncanny how you will recognize this position. This 180° about face is merely two 90° turns, and without orientation, it is easy to sense.

Once you are in the 180° position, stop the rotation merely by thinking of doing so. Without hesitation, think of floating upward, backing up away from the physical body. Again, if you have reached the vibrational state successfully, this method will surely bring results.

Of the two separation techniques, the first should be tried before the second. Then, after both have been examined and tested, the one that seems easiest to you should be utilized.

Local experiments and familiarization. Once you have succeeded in the separation process, it is most important for your own objective continuity that you *remain in complete control.* The only possible way to do this seems to be by staying close to the physical in the early stages. Whatever you may feel emotionally, keep in close proximity to the physical. This admonition is made not because of any known danger, but so that you will maintain a step-by-step familiarity and thus perceive for

yourself exactly what is taking place. Wild, uncontrolled trips at this stage may well produce uncomfortable situations and conditions that will force you to relearn much of what you have already achieved. The process of mental acclimation will be different from any you have ever consciously experienced. The gradual adaptation will greatly enhance your peace of mind and confidence.

At this point, the principal exercise is to return. Keep your separation distance no more than three feet away, hovering over the physical. Do not make any attempt at this time to move laterally or farther "up." How do you know how far away you are? Again, this is something you sense. Your vision now is zero. You have conditioned yourself not to open your eyes, and let them remain closed for the moment. Stay close to the physical. The mental concept of this will keep you in proper range.

For the next three or four exercises, do nothing but practice getting "out" and returning to the physical. To return under these conditions, merely "think" yourself back into the physical, and you will return. If you have used the first method of separation, the reintegration is relatively simple. When you are back in exact alignment, you will be able to move any portion of the physical body and reactivate any or all of your physical senses. Each time you return, open your physical eyes and physically sit up so that you know you are completely "back together." This is to ensure orientation, to instill confidence that you can return at will, and most important, to assure yourself of continued contact with the material world in which you now belong. Whatever you believe, this reassurance is most necessary.

If you have applied the rotation method, move slowly back toward the physical, again by thinking of it, and when you feel you have made complete contact, start your rotation back 180° to conjunction with the physical. It seems to make no difference whether you continue the circle of rotation or reverse and turn back in a motion opposite to that which helped you release.

In both techniques, there seems to be a slight, clicklike jerk when you are again in conjunction with the physical. An exact description of this sensation is quite difficult, but you will recognize it. Always wait a few moments before sitting up after you have returned, primarily to avoid any possible uneasiness. Give yourself some time to readjust to the physical environment. The physical act of sitting up provides evidence of

continuity in a demonstrable form; you will know that you can consciously, willfully act in a physical movement interspersed with experiments in the non-physical environment and retain conscious awareness throughout the process.

You will have completed the cycle when you are able to separate, return to the physical, sit up and note the time, go back to the separation process, and return to the physical a second time, all without loss of conscious continuity. The notation of the clock reading will help in this.

The next step in familiarization is to separate to a slightly farther distance, applying the same procedures. Any distance up to ten feet will do. Always keep mental concentration on a single purpose without stray thought patterns, especially in these extended exercises. After you have become accustomed to the feeling of being more "apart," mentally tell yourself that you can see. Do not think of the act of opening your eyes, as this may well transmit you to the physical and diminish the vibrational state. Instead, think of seeing, that you *can* see—and you will see. There will be no sensation of eye opening. The blackness will just disappear suddenly. At first, your seeing may be dim, as if in half-light, indistinct or myopic. It is not known at present why this is so, but with use, your vision will become more sharp.

The first sight of your physical body lying below you should not be unnerving if you have applied the previous exercises. After you are satisfied that it is "you" lying there, visually examine the room from the perspective of your position. Mentally move slightly in one direction or another, slowly and never violently. Move your arms and legs to reassure yourself of your mobility. Roll around and cavort in the new element if you wish, always staying within the prescribed range of the physical.

At this stage, you may be filled with strong desires which can be almost overwhelming. This is the greatest problem you may face at the moment. These desires, appearing unannounced and unexpectedly, are subjective and emotional, and can easily submerge the deductive reasoning position you have built up so carefully. The most important clue is to understand that they must not be labeled evil or wrong. They simply *exist*, and you must learn to cope with them. The rule is do *not* deny the existence of these desires. Recognize them as a deep, integral part of you that cannot be "thought" away. Until you do this, you will be

unable to control them.

These desires include freedom (to revel in the release from physical limitations and gravitational effects), sexual contact (first with a loved one, then at a strictly sensory level), religious ecstasy (varying, based upon the intensity of early life conditioning), and others that may originate in unusual environmental experiences of the individual. The belief held here is that everyone will have these subjective desires despite the most stringent discipline and self-analysis. What we speak of are those elements far below surface consciousness that comprise your own fundamental character and personality. As has been explained earlier, these elements emerge because you are no longer just a conscious, intellectual self. You are, perhaps for the first time, an entirety. Every part of you will be heard from and must be considered in any action you take. The trick is to keep the conscious, reasoning you (the one most cognizant of the physical world) in a dominant position. It isn't easy.

Therefore, you will run into problems if you attempt a denial of self. Instead, you must accept these sometimes surprising drives for what they are—a part of you—and go on about your business. You cannot eliminate them, but you *can set them aside* for the moment. Offer the promise of future fulfillment, and you will have no resistance. These needs can understand diversion, as they have been subjected to it for as long as you have lived!

When you have reasonably dealt with these other parts of you, and have demonstrated this to your satisfaction five to seven times in a near-separation condition (in the same room at close vicinity), you are ready for more distant and specific voyages. All of the foregoing presumes that you have overcome most of the fears you have encountered up to this stage. If you have not, repeat the exercises which produce fear until familiarity washes it away.

Infallible return signal. As noted, the fear of being unable to re-enter the physical is a basic deterrent to leaving the body. In my early experimentation, I encountered this problem many times. Happily, a solution was found whenever this difficulty presented itself. After careful analysis of hundreds of tests, an infallible technique was evolved. The only guarantee that can be given is that it has continued to work for me.

First, if you have difficulty, don't panic. Above all, keep your rational

thought processes dominant. Terror only aggravates the situation. Internalize this simple formula, and call upon it: to return to the physical from wherever you are, *think* of your physical body. Mentally begin to move some part of your physical body. Move a finger or a toe. Physically take a deep, deliberate breath of air. Reactivate your five physical senses, or any one of them. Move your jaw. Swallow, or move your tongue. Any act that *must* involve physical motion or use of physical energy will work. If one doesn't immediately take effect, try another. Without question, some such thought action will bring you back into the physical. It is merely a question of which one works best with you.

When this technique is applied, return is virtually immediate. It is an automatic direction finder and rocket blast combined. Reintegration seems to be instantaneous when this is used. However, this immediate-return method eliminates your power of choice or decision. Once it is put into effect, you cannot stop it. You will return to the physical without any opportunity to know what is happening, and how it is taking place. Thus it should be thought of as an emergency reserve measure rather than a consistent step in your methodology.

Under ordinary conditions, you should think of or feel the direction and location of your physical body. Then, with no urgency and in a calm, willful manner, start to return.

The mechanics of movement. Now that you have set up the proper controls, including the emergency return signal, you are ready for the most momentous step of all: to "go" to a distant point and return. It is definitely not advisable deliberately to attempt this exercise before you have completed all previous tests and are at ease with them. It is quite possible that you may have inadvertently gone to a distant point during the early stages. If this is the case, you can recognize the importance of following a procedure.

First, set your "aiming point" Remember the rule: you must "go" to a person, *not* to a place. It may be possible to achieve the latter if you have a deep emotional attachment to the locale, but the experiments to date have shown little success along this line. This, of course, may be due to the personality of the writer.

Select the person (living) whom you desire to visit. Choose someone you know quite well. Do not inform this person that you are making the test. This is most important so as to rule out any suggestion on his or her

part. Make this selection *before* you enter the vibrational state and before you start your relaxation process.

Establish relaxation and the vibrational state. Use your chosen method to separate. Move away to near distance, six or seven feet from the physical. With your vision still in "blackness," cautiously "think" of the person whom you plan to visit. Think not only of the name, but of the *personality and character* of the person. Do not try to visualize a physical being, for it is the reflection of the inner person that will attract you, rather than the physical attributes.

As you think in this pattern, turn yourself around slowly in a 360° rotation. Somewhere in the circuit, you will "feel" the right direction. It is an intuitive thing, a sureness that attracts you like a gentle magnet. Even so, you can check for verification. Go past this point in your turn, and come back to it. Again, you will sense it very strongly. Stop, facing this direction. Think that you have vision, and begin to see.

To give yourself motion toward your destination, employ a total Second Body version of the "stretch," which you practiced in your first exercise with hand and arm. The easiest method is to place your non-physical arms over your head, thumbs latched together like a diver about to plunge into water. With your arms in this position, think of the person you wish to visit and stretch your body in that direction. You may move fast or slowly, depending upon the effort of this stretching action. The harder you "stretch," the faster you go. At your destination, you will automatically stop stretching without realizing it

To return, apply a similar method. Think of your physical body, reach out and stretch, and you will return promptly. Usually no more is required than this. There is some speculation regarding the necessity of keeping your arms in the diver's position. Originally, it was assumed that this stance would break a path or ward off any encountered objects with the hands rather than the head. It does help create the stretching action better than keeping the arms at the sides.

There you have it. The foregoing may seem ritualistic, but it is not intended to. It may appear no better than the magic formula of the Middle Ages. To date, there are no explanations of why the technique works. Perhaps in the years to come, interested and curious physicists,

chemists, neurologists, and other scientists will develop workable theories to fit the action. If enough people undertake to examine it empirically, perhaps a new science will result.

In the meantime, the boundaries can disappear for you, too, if you have courage and patience. The only way you can accept and know this extended reality is to experience it yourself.

Good luck!

18.

ANALYSIS OF EVENTS

How did all of this happen? Was there some avenue or approach that made sense? The best answer seemed to lie in data analysis. This precluded use of the underground, the only area that considered or accepted my "problem" as something beyond hallucination, since much of the underground data dealt principally in vague generalities. I wanted specifics.

I reasoned that there must be some way to organize the conflicting data I was accumulating. So I began to extrapolate sound possibilities and probabilities from what was known. The accepted method is to keep one foot in the light and on solid rock as you step cautiously onto dark, shifting grounds.

The known data were sequence of events, symptoms, and results. The sum of my experience and experimentation fell easily into four chronological stages.

PRELIMINARY STAGE

This includes all events and activities prior to the symptom of solar plexus cramp described earlier. Early life patterns disclosed two instances of unexplained paradoxes that seemed relevant to this research.

The first incident occurred when I was eight years old. I reported to my parents a dream in which I sat in a room paneled in red-brown wood. In one corner was a cabinet from which came music and voices, which looked much like a victrola. In the front of the cabinet was a window, and there were moving pictures in the window. The voices from the cabinet matched what the people in the window seemed to be saying. It was like the moving pictures shown at school except that the people's words were heard rather than spelled out on the screen. Also, the moving picture in the cabinet was colored just as people and things

really were. (Thirty years later I sat in a mahogany-paneled room and watched color television for the first time.) As best as can be recalled, I had never seen any color motion pictures at the age when the dream took place.

The second unusual event happened at the high school level at about age fifteen. On a given Friday night, I had been looking forward expectantly to a party the next night. I had estimated that my cash requirements for the coming event were two dollars. The problem was to find a source for the two dollars before Saturday night.

There had been no work available during the week to earn the money. For one reason or another, my parents had been exhausted as a resource. No prospect for work on Saturday was in sight. I went to bed Friday night worrying over this immediate problem.

Upon awakening Saturday morning, I had an immediate vivid conviction that two dollars were under an old plank lying outside on the ground beside the house. I knew of the existence of the plank, as it had been there for some time. However, I dismissed the idea as a wishful dream and went down to breakfast.

After eating, still preoccupied with the dire financial problem, I thought again of the board and the two dollars under it. Idly, in order to dismiss the idea, I went outside and around the house to where the plank lay on the ground. It looked undisturbed, half-covered with dirt and leaves. It was impossible that someone could have inadvertently "lost" some money or placed it under the board. Still, as long as I was there, it wouldn't hurt to look just to get rid of the compulsion.

I pulled at the plank and raised it upward. There were hundreds of ants and bugs on the damp dirt underneath, running frantically in all directions. Also on the wet earth, in the center of the area where the board had lain, were two folded, crisp, dry one-dollar bills.

I did not stop to consider how the money happened to be under the board. I made no mention of the incident at the time, except to a friend. I was too concerned that someone might claim the money. The problem for the night was solved. The incident had been forgotten completely until recalled under the personal history search.

There was nothing more. No great traumas, just a basic American upbringing in a scholastic family. In view of the fact that it was a "mental" problem, psychiatry seemed to be the answer. Still, no outward

evidence of the strong repressions, compulsions, anxieties, and/or phobias which normally show up in mental illness could be found.

Close examination of the events leading up to the first out-of-the-body symptom (the severe cramps) brings to light several factors which deserve consideration. In the year immediately preceding the first incident, there was only one relatively unusual physiological change.

During that year I had seven lower teeth capped in a rather lengthy dental process. This was examined in detail in relation to the later symptom of "tuning" the Second State condition by movements of the jaw. It is possible that the bits of assorted metal comprising part of the tooth-capping fabrication acted electrically or in some other fashion on the brain. This still remains an unexplored possibility. Physicists, physiologists, and electronics specialists have no theory relating to this. Proper research could prove or disprove the hypothesis. There are hundreds of thousands of people walking around with bits of metal in their teeth, and other such incidents have been reported. A survey might prove interesting.

There were no other physiological changes significant enough to be recalled consciously. The only above-ordinary nutritional factor was that of vitamin intake. Since my wife believed strongly in nutrition, daily dosages of vitamins *A*, B complex, C, and E, plus mineral tablets, had been a norm for several years. Again, a cumulative effect could have been the cause, but no reports or research studies indicated any factors resembling the Second State. Other than this, a normal diet was the rule, with no major changes for five years at the least.

At the psychological and physical activity levels, there is much to be noted. It is quite conceivable that the causes of the phenomenon lie here.

The first consideration might be termed the anesthesia episode, which took place some six months prior to the first symptom. The beginning came when I noticed an unusual "heady" effect from the fumes of a gallon can of contact cement. I was installing a cubbyhole desk top in the wall of a bedroom at home when I became aware of the sensation. The can clearly stated on the lid that the cement should be used in well-ventilated areas. I correctly assumed that this was a fire-hazard warning from the manufacturers.

The sensation reminded me of the strange effect I had experienced in the past just as I was "going under" from anesthesia. Curious, I

experimented with the effect of the fumes a number of times in the following month, with very significant results. Upon learning that the fuming agents were toluol (a common commercial hydrocarbon detergent) and acetone (once used as anesthetic), I made several experiments with the subjective effects of light anesthesia, utilizing a less volatile and relatively safe inhalant, Trilene. In retrospect, the results of these experiments seem to parallel closely the reports of those who have undertaken the LSD experience. Intensely vital and not at all unpleasant, the effects may well have triggered an inner desire or need for experiences beyond those I had had to that date.

Reluctantly, I stopped the experiments, as there seemed inherent dangers of physiological side effects if they were continued. Although I had set up rigid controls, there was no certainty that they would always work. However, I did find out some interesting facts about anesthesia to satisfy my curiosity. In Ireland, it seems, ether was sold by the spoonful by peddlers who ladled it out at streetside each morning. In the early days, medical students often had “ether parties,” much like the parties of the “black market” LSD users today. Doctors have reported that ether addiction has been quite common through the years. Captains of gasoline tankers have problems with a seagoing version of the wino. When signed on as crew, these men appear completely normal, until they are found unconscious alongside a cargo vent. I understand they are labeled “sniffers.”

Further, I learned the relationship between alcohol and other anesthetics. Any anesthetic produces a trail from consciousness to an unconscious state beyond which is death. The job of the anesthetist is to “put down” or place the patient in a deep unconscious state as quickly as possible, avoiding any “violent” intermediate condition (which is the area I evidently explored). The technique then is to hold the unconscious patient just above death. The major advantage of ether when it was first introduced was that it had fewer possible side effects than alcohol and offered greater control of the degree of unconsciousness. The period of consciousness following administration was quite short, and the unconscious state was quite extended before the terminal point (death) was reached.

The period of consciousness following the administration of alcohol, on the other hand, is quite long. When deep unconsciousness is reached,

the distance to the terminal point is much shorter. The margin is so narrow that continued administration of alcohol to a patient after he has "passed out" can well cause death.

Another fact I discovered is that archaeological and geological studies of the sites of several ancient Greek and Egyptian temples of worship, where many visions and miracles took place, have indicated the probable escape of underground gases, including nitrous oxide, at and around the particular spot sometime in the past. Nitrous oxide is one of the present-day anesthetics, odorless and tasteless.

Some three months after this "drug" experience, which by then was almost forgotten, I developed an interest in the possibilities of data learning during sleep. I do not know what brought about this interest. Perhaps it was an outgrowth of an early academic environment coupled with my immediate observation of the teaching methods applied in the primary grades to my own children.

To explore the potential of this interest, I made some studies of past and present concepts of the waking-unconscious mind. There was supporting evidence that the unconscious recorded all sensory input data while awake *and* asleep. The problem was to introduce intelligent and organized data during sleep and to provide conscious recall when desired.

The limited formal research material available showed contradictory conclusions. Simple reading of data to a sleeping subject produced only fragmentary and erratic results. No comparative studies between induction during deep (delta) sleep and the dreaming state (now termed REM sleep) had been made. Nor had any attempt been made to create deliberately a receptive sleep state with a Pavlovian type of conditioned reflex induced to bring recall at will.

To carry out this research in a convenient pattern, I made autohypnotic sound recordings to test various approaches to a workable technique. This seemed to be the first logical step, as results had been obtained along similar lines utilizing hypnotic sleep instead of the natural sleep state. The reason for the use of tape recordings was to depersonalize the technique and to ensure identical tests among different subjects. The tapes were designed for use in a booth isolated from light and sound.

The tapes used were deliberately simple in content. There was a

period for induction to create hypnotic sleep. Following this, a series of direction-suggestion units were incorporated into a continuing pattern. These varied according to the test and the results desired. Data learning, for example, was confined to multiplication tables (from twelve to twenty-four) and to Spanish and French vocabulary and idiomatic phrases. These were always accompanied by suggestion of full and complete memory and by posthypnotic suggestion that recall could be obtained in the conscious state by a mental-physical cue (such as thinking of the number 555 and tapping fingers on a table five times simultaneously).

Each induction tape recording also included a suggestion that the subject would improve both physically and mentally. This affirmation was somewhat more than a generality. No details were suggested as to how this improvement would take place. Yet each functional area of the body—the nervous, circulatory, glandular, and digestive systems—were to be completely "normal," according to the instructions given the subject.

Both the health and recall suggestions, then, were reinforced with each induction or use of the tape. In light of later incidents, this may have been important Each experimental tape was carefully annotated, with every spoken word identically following a prepared script and routine.

The tapes closed with a pattern to bring the subject back to complete and normal wakefulness. Suggestion here was extremely simple and effective, with no elaborate words that might be misinterpreted by the subject. The tapes were played to about eleven subjects, ranging in age from seven to fifty. The results implied a definite potential value, with some improvement in techniques.

It must be stated here that I applied the tapes experimentally first and most frequently to myself. This quite naturally brought them into the greatest area of suspicion in relation to the out-of-the-body experimentation. All the tapes have been examined word by word, sound by sound, and at low background level for clues to a possible later "effect" No clues seem evident, yet the suspicion remains.

Such experimentation terminated with the appearance of the first symptom.

BEGINNING STAGE

(September 1958–July 1959)

In the expectation of some correlation between effects, events, characteristics, theories, and conclusions, a sorting process was instigated. It soon became evident that three stages had taken place within this period. There may be additional stages beyond the three, but these remain unknown. Both the "beginning" and the cutoff point of the Beginning Stage are fairly clear.

Effects. The first unexplained effect was the cramp or constriction, as reported earlier. Several weeks later, this was followed by the sensation of a "ray" from the north, with resultant catalepsy. Cautious experimentation brought the discernment of the vibration sensation. This sensory impression was later discovered to be reported consistently in the experiences of spiritualists, occultists, and others in the late nineteenth century. It still is referred to casually in much underground talk.

The vibrational sensory effect was the single consistent symptom throughout the Beginning Stage. However, it appeared to be evolutionary. The early vibrations seemed to be rough, sometimes accompanied by a visual image of a localized ring of electrical "sparks." The frequency was on the order of ten cycles per second, according to visual clock-timing. At the conclusion of the Beginning Stage, the frequency had increased to approximately eighteen c.p.s., with much less discomfort to the physical body. This effect was induced willfully some 59 per cent of the time in the latter portions of the period.

The second effect was the awareness of a high-pitched "hiss" heard softly yet constantly in the aural centers. Once established, it continued uninterrupted throughout the period. An ear specialist diagnosed this as "hearing of the blood through the veins." Otherwise, hearing was normal.

Separation from the physical body took place approximately three months into the period, inadvertently in the first instance. Most subsequent incidents were induced deliberately. All took place only when the vibration effect was present. It became easier to create this effect as the period progressed.

No other pronounced or repetitive effects were observed. Any

physiological results seemed to be restful rather than enervating or debilitating. At this stage infrequent subsequent physical effects of excitement and stimulation were evident, but not to an extreme degree. These included accelerated pulse rate, perspiration, and sexual response.

Emotional patterns. For fully half of the period, fears of mental and/or physical disability were dominant. These fears were greatly assuaged by consultation with and examination by medical and psychiatric authorities.

The main subsequent factor was curiosity, tempered by strong undercurrents of anxieties related to undirected and uncharted exploration of the unknown, possible community and/or familial censure, and the fear of being unable to return to the physical body.

Sequence of experimentation. From the first out-of-the-body experience, the experiments ranged from gradual familiarity of "local" separation (ten feet or less) to objective examination through partial separation and finally visits into areas of Locale I (present space-time).

Methodology. Means of inducing the vibrational state were explored, centering chiefly on tape recordings described earlier and methods of producing complete relaxation with full consciousness, the prerequisite for the vibrational state. It was determined that achievement of the vibrational state was relatively simple once the consciousness-relaxed condition was established.

The evidence of oral breathing as a condition was confirmed. "Tuning" of the vibrational state by minute movements of the physical jaw proved to be an effective method.

It became apparent that separation occurred only during the vibrational state. The technique of separation evolved into a simple uncluttered thought of "up" or "away." Successive tests indicated that any non-physical movement in the Second Body was instigated by desire or thought alone. Problems of controlled movement to predetermined location and unhampered immediate return to the physical body remained unsolved.

Conclusions. The following conclusions were reached during this period. (1) There does exist a Second Body interspersed or in conjunction with the physical body. (2) The Second Body can move and act independently of the physical body. (3) These movements and actions can be made partially under the control of the conscious mind.

(4) Some sensory inputs in the Second Body register as they do in the physical, others are beyond translation. (5) Some movements in the Second Body occur in identical space-time to that of the physical counterpart.

MIDDLE STAGE

(August 1959–September 1962)

Effects. This period is identified as beginning with a mild coronary. There was no evidence of a relationship between experimentation and the illness, though absence of evidence does not necessarily eliminate this possibility.

The vibrational state evolved until it was manifested only as a sense of warmth in latter portions of period. This change resulted from a gradual "speeding up" of frequency until single pulsations were not perceptible. The auditory "air hiss" phenomenon continued unchanged throughout the period.

Separation from the physical became less procedural and more natural, with only occasional re-entry problems. The vibrational state was deliberately induced during daylight hours, and occurred spontaneously late at night.

Apparent physiological effects remained the same: no resulting enervation or debilitation, some stimulation. These were observed most carefully in view of the coronary occlusion.

Emotional patterns. Early in the period, there was some anxiety about possible physiological effects. The inability to control the experience totally at will contributed to these fears, which lessened considerably by the middle of the period, due principally to the lack of supporting evidence and growing confidence. Still present were concerns relating to return-to-physical controls, and the possibility of serious errors through ignorance in unknown areas.

Sequence of experimentation. Extended visits to Locale I became less frequent, to be replaced by initially inadvertent trips into Locale II. In the latter portion of period, entry into Locale III was discovered and subsequently explored. The intertime state was discovered late in period.

Methodology. "Countdown" techniques of relaxation were applied in

daylight tests. Late at night, borderland sleep states were converted to the now recognizable vibration-warmth condition. Oral breathing became an automatic function, with some further experiments with "jaw tuning."

Separation from the physical body via the 180° (out-of-phase-back-away) method proved to be the most effective and reliable. Consistent technique of positive return to the physical (K recall) was tested and put into practice.

Conclusions. (1) Existence of the Second Body was reaffirmed. (2) Locale II, with specific characteristics different from those of Locale I, was discovered. (3) The existence of Locale III was hypothesized, with related characteristics to Locale I, but in different stages of scientific development. (4) Human personality survives the transition of death and continues in Locale II. (5) Communication between human beings can take place above the oral level, in the waking or sleeping state and/or the Second State. (6) Some (or most?) human living physical entities separate from the physical body during sleep. The reason for this is not known.

LATER STAGE

(October 1962–October 1970)

Experimentation was limited during this period, due principally to lack of opportunity. Preoccupation with material affairs took precedence, with evaluation of previous work as a secondary effort.

Effects. The sense of vibration disappeared completely during the period, evolving into warmth, then to an indefinable "being."

Separation from the physical was possible only in this "being" state, with minimal effort. The only physical effect noted was a slight feeling of disorientation, headiness, and minor discomfort for some nine hours after a particular experiment. No special experiment had been performed, and the causes for this are unknown.

In the middle of the period, I suffered a thrombus hemorrhoid believed attributable to an experience during an experiment some four days prior to the appearance of the symptom. There was no previous medical history of this physical problem.

Sleep requirements lessened during the period. However, when sleep appeared necessary, it became imperative to comply with the need. Non-compliance brought physical and mental debilitation. As little as five minutes of sleep brought major regeneration.

The only other significant effect recorded was the occurrence at two separate times of a complete awareness of "near bi-location." This was full consciousness at a level where full sensory awareness of physical surroundings was active, yet the self was "one notch away." On both occasions, it required a deliberate decision to integrate completely into the physical environment. The effect of remaining in the "one notch away" environment is unknown. The "air hiss" sound continued.

Emotional patterns. The fears found in previous stages were completely dissipated in this period. The most important reason for this was complete confidence in the methods of bringing about an immediate return to the physical when desired. Furthermore, the evaluation of previous data brought acceptance of the condition in terms of an evolution rather than deterioration.

At the same time, minor concerns for continued existence in the physical body began to manifest themselves. Disregard for physical dangers lessened considerably as a result The reason for this is not known.

Sequence of experimentation. No preplanned sequence was instituted during the period, due to the exigencies of other matters. Thus experimentation was sporadic and took place only when it was opportune. Several strong evidential visits were made to both Locale I and Locale II. Most visits were to Locale II, with unspecified results as related to the physical world (Locale I). Experimentation on strictly scientific grounds began late in the period under controlled laboratory conditions.

Methodology. Little attention was given to this area, as two principal problems remained unsolved. The first problem was the development of deep relaxation techniques, which were obtained with increasing difficulty. The second was the chronic problem of controlling the destination point. Various techniques were applied, all with indeterminate results. The heart of the difficulty lies in the conflicting desires between conscious mind and superconscious when both are operating at full capacity. In the Second State, the superconscious is the

stronger deciding element.

Conclusions. (1) While in the Second Body, it is possible to create a physical effect on a physically living human entity while the latter is awake. (2) There are unfolding areas of knowledge and concepts completely beyond the comprehension of the conscious mind of this experimenter.

19.

STATISTICAL CLASSIFICATION

The first step in making some kind of sense out of this mass of raw data was to set up standards for measurement and analysis. After several attempts, it became apparent that only a few of the typical yardsticks could be applied. Therefore, assumptions or premises were made to permit identification in the sorting process, and the conclusions brought forth are only as valid as the premises on which they are based. The following are the primary assumptions.

1. VERIDICAL QUALITIES OF THE EXPERIMENTER

Implied here is not the experimenter's status in our society, but rather the assessment of basic characteristics of the individual involved. However sincere the experimenter may be, credibility must lie within the fundamental personality. In my experiments, I am willing to undergo any additional psychiatric, psychological, and physical examinations in the interests of the development of additional related data. This alone may be sufficient to establish a satisfactory degree of intellectual acceptance.

2. SIMILARITIES ARE ANALOGOUS

Simply stated, this means that the observed condition or action taken has reality by the same standards as those applied to its Here-Now physical counterpart. Regardless of any apparent incompatibility with the present knowledge and concepts of mankind, the reality of the experience is acceptable if it equals, approximates, or is sufficiently similar to the conditions of perception and interpretation normal to the waking physical state.

3. PERCEPTION AND INTERPRETATION

The accuracy of these is assumed to be correct within the limitations of the same error-producing factors as are found in the normal waking physical state. These factors are contingent upon environmental training and experience, intellectual quotient, and emotional make-up. It must be assumed that sensory inputs in the Second State, although obviously of a different nature, are subject to the same reasoning and rational interpretive process. The objective analysis of structure and shape identification, of qualification, classification, and operation occur in equal relationship to the experience and training of the individual, just as in the normal physical waking state. Further, in perceiving data beyond such experience and training, the mind in the Second State acts under a strong command to identify. In acting on this unequivocal command, it will identify within the limits of experience rather than accept the existence or fact of an unknown.

In other words, you must assume that the experimenter is reporting truthfully. You must assume that what takes place while in the Second Body is real, if it meets the conditions of reality held in the physical, waking world. You must assume that the mind works similarly in the Second Body, using different means of seeing, hearing, and feeling, as well as a few new senses. You must assume that the mind refuses to accept an unknown element in the Second State, even to the point of incorrect identification. You must assume that the same qualities of human error in perception and interpretation are present.

Given these premises, the sorting and classification of some 589 experiments over a period of twelve years becomes somewhat easier. Here are some further conclusions.

In dreams, the reasoning, intellectual process is absent. Consciousness as the term is understood is not operative. Either participation in events is at the purely reactive or uncontrollable level, or there is complete non-participation as an immobile observer unable to take deliberate action. Perception is limited to one “sense,” or at the most, two. No immediate analytical ability is present or utilized. Associative misidentification occurs with all perception, and is retained as such in conscious memory.

The Second State is the antithesis of dreaming, just as is the waking state. Recognition of “I am” consciousness is present. The mind attempts to handle perception in precisely the same manner as it does during full

physical consciousness. Decisions are made and actions are taken based upon perception and reasoning. Verification of perception can be achieved by deliberate and systematic repeated action. Participation is as fundamental as it is in the waking physical state. Sensory input is not limited to one or two sources. Emotional patterns are present to a greater extent than in the physical consciousness, but can be directed and controlled to the same degree.

If any experimental experience did not contain a majority of the conditions listed in the Second State category, it was considered a dream. The remaining experiences were again classified. Environment was analyzed next in the search for causes. If there was something that created the condition, it was very obscure, as illustrated in the chart.

Physical Conditions (in successful experiments)	*Per Cent of Total* (condition present)
Day	42.2
Night	57.8
Warm	96.2
Cold	3.8
Humidity (no discernible effect) Barometric Pressure (no discernible effect)	—
Prone	100.00
Upright	—
North-south (head to north)	62.4
East-west (head to east)	19.2
Position unknown	

Moon and planetary positions (no discernible relationship)	18.4

Successful results were obtained principally under conditions of warmth, lying prone, in a north-south position. There is no noticeable effect from sunlight, humidity, pressure changes, physical body location, or the moon's gravitational forces. More sophisticated environmental studies are possible, but none have been made to date.

Evaluation of the physiological state was somewhat easier, as most notes contained references to it.

Physiological State (in successful experiments)	*Per Cent of Total* (condition present)
Normal health	78.4
Minor debilitation	21.2
Illness or injury	0.4
Tired	46.5
Rested	18.8
Intermediate	34.7
Before eating	17.5
After eating	35.5
Intermediate	47.0
Possible catalytic factor (drugs, other agents)	12.4

This indicates that physical illness, so often present in spontaneous disassociation into the Second State, is not a significant point. The most frequent state is a slightly tired condition, not immediately after eating, in which medicinal or chemical stimulants and depressants do not play a vital part.

Psychological State (at start of successful experiments)	*Per Cent of Total* (condition present)
Calm	3.2
Moody	8.9
Preoccupied	64.0
Anticipating	11.9
Restless	3.7
Emotionally stimulated	9.0
Intellectually stimulated	6.5
Agitated	7
Frightened	2.7
Unknown	30.0

In classification of the psychological state, if the single human "laboratory" is to be a starting point, a basic calmness seems to be a prerequisite, with some overtones of emotion and introspection. It must be pointed out that under the "frightened" category are various degrees of trepidation, most of which are noted in the early stages of experimentation, the balance prior to experiments which produced a violent or disturbing experience. The feeling of anticipation, in varying degrees, often occurred simultaneously with "Calm."

The following is the analysis of control elements.

Origination of Condition (in successful experiments)	*Per Cent of Total*
Willfully induced	40.2
Spontaneous	14.9
Indeterminate	44.9

Deliberate Induction Experiments	*Per Cent of Total Attempts*
Successful result	58.7
Sleep-producing	13.6
Ineffective	27.7

Methods Used	*Successful Result*	*Sleep-Producing*	*Ineffective*
Induction sound tape	17.1	5.7	4.5
Countdown relaxation	24.0	4.5	12.9
Recall technique	3.7	1.7	4.7
Composite	13.9	1.6	5.7

Symptoms Evident (in successful experiments)	*Per Cent of Total* (condition present)
Air hiss sound	45.2
Physical catalepsy	11.4
Vibration effect	30.2
Feeling of warmth	66.9
Miscellaneous	33.8

In the "Spontaneous" classification, it must be noted that the experiments became "willful" upon activation of the Second State condition, i.e., the condition began to manifest itself during a state of normal relaxation and I took advantage of the opportunity. "Indeterminate" were cases where only the tendency was evident and development of the condition was exercised with deliberate intent.

"Successful result" includes those cases where two or more of the symptoms were generated, with the result that part or all of the Second Body was brought into evidence. "Sleep-producing" includes those during which I simply fell asleep. "Ineffective" refers to the instances in which no discernible result was obtained and none of the symptoms were induced.

Under "Methods Used," the effectiveness of the various techniques attempted is illustrated. The techniques are described elsewhere and represent an evolution based upon simple trial-and-error testing procedures. The Induction sound tape, for example, proved quite effective but had inherent limitations and imposed restrictions upon self-

determination. It was for this reason that the countdown technique was most frequently utilized.

"Symptoms" must be examined from the evolutionary view. Physical catalepsy was observed only in the early stages. This is also true with the vibration effect, which noticeably evolved into the feeling of warmth and only occasionally was perceived during the middle and later stages. The air hiss sound appeared early in the experimentation and continued intermittently.

In each successful experiment, observational data sources were separated into the following categories:

Means of Perception	*Per Cent of Total* (condition present)
Seeing	67.2
Hearing	82.7
Touch	69.8
Taste	.7
Smell	.3
Movement	94.2
Other	73.0

It must be pointed out that the sensory input relationships listed above translated into an approximation of each of the categories. This does not imply that identical non-physical nerve system equivalents were used in perception. At the present stage, there is no evidence to prove or disprove a similar structure in the Second State. Nor is there any apparent explanation of the low position of the taste and smell senses on the scale, other than that both depend upon physical contact with matter itself or particles of matter. However, the sense of touch would seem to have the same limitation, yet appears as a prime input source. The answer may be that the latter is operating on some form of radiation-perception level, or in the case of the individual is more developed than the taste and smell patterns.

Movement is considered a classification because it connotes action rather than passivity, and seems to be truly a sensory source above and beyond the traditional five senses, much as the balancing mechanisms in the physical body transmit signals to the brain independent of supporting or conflicting impulses from other senses. In the physical body, this mechanism may be based upon application of gravitational and inertial forces, and this may hold true in the Second State as well.

Under the "Other" classification are types that have no physical counterpart. The means of perception in the Second State are beyond the scope of present knowledge or theory. The most sound conjecture is that all perception in the Second State is achieved by means of some force in the electromagnetic spectrum—by direct magnetic fields either received or induced, or through some force or field yet to be identified—rather than by counterparts of the physical mechanisms. Only by empirical study in wide multiple source testing could this be determined.

ANALYSIS AND CLASSIFICATION

One of the key points in the Second State phenomenon is how actively and accurately the mind sorts out perceived data and acts rationally upon such information. The evidence of identification was scaled in the following manner:

Per Cent of Experiments When Characteristic Was Present

Configuration (Shape or form)	20.6	44.4	35.0
Structure	24.8	43.9	31.3
Components	17.4	32.2	50.4
Animate			
Intelligent	65.4	75.7	30.7
Subhuman	7.1	1.3	8.7
Artifact	27.6	23.0	17.4
Unknown	—	—	43.2
Inanimate	21.1	46.2	32.7

Abstract	62.1	62.2	81.8
Artifact	37.9	37.8	18.2
Event/Action			
Observed	25.7	18.9	55.4
Participation	39.0	19.2	41.8
Analogous	—	80.4	19.6

It can be inferred from this survey that the majority of activities in the Second Body had to do with humanoid-type intelligences operating in familiar or similar backgrounds and using identifiable objects. However, the trend is reversed when examination is made of the event itself or the action involved. Here it is illustrated that much is beyond my experience and knowledge.

RELEVANCY TO SECOND STATE

In terms of perceived data, the greatest weakness was found in the attempt to apply known physical, scientific, historical, and social structures to the experiences while in the Second Body. The tables will demonstrate the problem:

	Per Cent of Total Successful Experiments		
Physical Science Precepts	*Identical*	*Different or Not Applicable*	*Unknown*
Time	45.2	49.1	5.7
Matter structure	38.4	41.8	19.8
Conservation of energy	52.6	18.2	29.2
Field forces (interaction)	12.9	3.7	83.4
Wave mechanics	7.4	2.0	90.6
Gravity	37.9	17.1	45.00
Action-reaction	72.8	2.2	25.00
Radiation	2.7	26.7	70.6
Current Social Concepts			
Community organization	22.4	50.3	27.3
Family unit	33.4	41.4	25.2
Male-female relationship	12.2	50.7	39.1
Learning process	.8	61.8	37.4
Maturity/aging	.8	3.7	95.5
Genetic association	3.1	5.8	91.1
Symbiotic relationship	8.1	52.8	39.1
Cultural drives	2.7	47.0	50.3
Basic motivations	28.0	26.0	46.0
Historical/Religious			
Technical development	27.0	61.3	11.7
Political history	27.0	44.5	28.5
Theological premises	4.9	64.2	30.9

The above sorting process must be considered in the light of developing technique and experience in the Second State. The category of "Time" refers to the sense of the passage of time while in the Second Body, and is unrelated to physical time measurement. Lapsed time in the physical state is not presented as it is not germane to the actuality of the Second State. Under the "Identical" column are listed the events in which there was awareness of the passage of time. Under "Different/Not Applicable" are listed those events in which lapsed time appeared different, either accelerated, retarded, or non-existent. "Unknown" shows where data was not available from the notes.

The remaining scientific concepts refer only to conditions, actions, and environments while in the Second Body, and do not relate to "local" experiments and visits to strictly Here-Now people and places. The latter followed all "natural" laws, although this did not necessarily affect the Second Body experiments.

The analysis of social concepts demonstrates the perplexing problem of adjusting to the Second State environment. With such vast differences in prospect, thought, action, and emotion become extremely difficult to comprehend. The incongruities faced are described elsewhere.

In the analysis of historical/religious concepts, the events listed under "Identical" in all three subcategories are principally the result of excursions into the Here-Now. Under the second column, virtually all experiences appear to be in areas other than present time-space. The third column represents uninterpretive or unreported data.

Through the developing patterns of the experiments, changes in perception took place steadily, as indicated in the previous chapter. Early perception resulted chiefly from the experiments represented by the data in the first column, while the second-and third-column figures represent probing in the middle and later stages. It is evident that only by applying new concepts can these later results be relegated to the "known" areas.

Classification by similarities and analogies brought about the emergence of another pattern of locales.

Per Cent of Experiments When Characteristic Was Present

	Locale I	*Locale II*	*Locale III*
Distribution in Successful Experiments	31.6	59.5	8.9
Time	85.8	—	88.7
Matter structure	75.4	52.5	75.8
Conservation of energy	58.3	33.9	91.9
Gravity	54.	23.3	87.11
Action/reaction	60.2	20.7	67.3
Radiation	73.5	91.9	42.1
Community organization	31.1	—	29.0
Male-female relationship	24.2	39.4	33.9
Learning process	1.9	—	.2
Maturity/aging	1.4	—	.3
Genetic association	5.2	—	11.3
Symbiotic relationships	12.8	—	33.9
Cultural drives	5.2	—	.8
Basic motivations	43.1	—	71.0
Technical development	68.2	—	24.2
Political history	68.3	—	—
Theological premises	13.7	—	—

A further condition, which did not involve movement, was left unclassified, as it fell into none of the above locales. This is described in Chapter 12. Locale I conforms strictly to the physical material world in all respects. Locale II is many-faceted, but evidences only a few of the patterns common to Locale I. It is an area of energy fields both familiar and strange, where there is no gravity, but, significantly, several of the more vital laws of physics do apply. Socially, historically, and philosophically, there is very little parallel to Locale I.

Locale III poses inscrutable questions. It has almost identical characteristics to Locale I, except for several definite departures which are inexplicable. These show up under “Technical development,” “Political history,” and “Theological premises.”

Only extended exploration of the Second Body phenomenon by an expanded research group can bring about truly comparative studies of these areas. All that is needed is motivation.

20.

INCONCLUSIVE

After all these years, I still do not know how and why this departure from the “norm” took place. On the surface, there is no easily determined cause. Medical and mental sciences offer no certain answers, which has made me alternately resentful, sad, and thankful: resentful in that my faith in the scope and breadth of modern scientific achievement has been badly shaken; sad because full-scale development of directly related knowledge is not likely to come in my physical lifetime; and thankful for the few scientists of our time who are brave enough to consider objectively concepts which may negate years of study as well as long-ingrained religious and ethical beliefs.

Therefore, if no current scientific theory fits without an inordinate amount of pushing, pulling, twisting, and squeezing, it seems reasonable to propound a premise that does seem to work. After all, one can prove that man is nothing more than a few gallons of tainted water. Only extreme pressure is needed to fit the phenomenon to the theory.

The following premise, unacceptable as it may be to our present state of enlightenment, deserves consideration. No other offers more explanations and leaves less unanswered. This is not to say that it is necessarily valid; only future events can determine its validity. Conversely, there is no known theory to prove it false. The basis of the premise is certainly not original here, but its application is.

Question: What happens to the laboratory animal once the experiment is completed?

In a universe populated with sentient beings of great variety, the planetary environment germinating life follows a typical pattern. The prime requirement is a diffusing and restraining shield that envelops the entire planet. When this shield has formed through the normal evolution of planet matter, the fundamental requirement for animate life is present.

The shield is composed of gases and liquids of sufficient density to (1) deflect, filter, and/or convert radiation from the parent and nearby stars to a point of tolerance needed for animate life; and (2) maintain internally generated planetary heat at an average level within the limits required for the biochemical process.

Once developed, the shield permits only filtered light and reduced radiation to reach the surface of the planet. Visibility is limited strictly to nearby objects on the surface, and vertically to less than one tenth the diameter of the planetary body. No distant stars, moons, or other planets can be seen. At most, the indistinct glow of the parent sun may be seen occasionally, moving from horizon to horizon as the planet rotates.

In this environment, animate physical life generates and evolves in a broadening cycle. Where no such shield has developed and remained for a significant period, no animate physical life is present. Where the shield has decayed or drained off into space, life has deteriorated and died unless intellectual knowledge is sufficient to develop and install an artificial environment.

The accepted premise, then, is that all planetary bodies fall into two categories, shielded and unshielded. On the translucently shielded planets, animate physical life may evolve. The unshielded stay barren, devoid of anything but inorganic matter. Only in very rare instances are there any deviations from this rule.

Evolving sentient life in these conditions becomes aware of and utilizes first those natural forces directly perceived. Such forces in the order of perception and application are: (1) psionic (creative thought energy), (2) biochemical, (3) nuclear, and (4) gravitational. Electromagnetism is employed sparingly, and remains more as a by-product of other force applications, much like the smoke from a useful fire.

The primary needs of these evolving life forms are met through development of the psi force. The first of these needs, communication, is an automatic birthright Transmission and reception of information from individual to individual or from one group to another knows no time-spatiality. Through experience and education, proficiency is gained in other applications of psi, such as movement and conversion of matter, direction and control of lesser species, and communication and association with those in the realms of non-physical matter.

As the intelligent life forms develop into societies and civilizations, the understanding and knowledge of the remaining available forces come quite naturally. Typically, they are the result of the individual's (and the society's) desire to be relieved of the tedium of constant and continuous use of the psi force. Thus mechanical means are created to produce body nourishment, to master and control the planetary environment, to transport matter, to multiply motion, and even to modulate and amplify the psi force.

Through the non-matter perceptiveness of psi, the remaining forces are quickly adapted and harnessed to these needs. It is probable that at this stage, the society achieves its first rational contact with other societies beyond the confines of its native planet, and with the inhabitants of the non-physical worlds.

With this final step to maturity, the social organization is merged into the infinitely larger whole of intergalactic society. It is no coincidence that incontrovertible knowledge of the relationship of the totality to the Creator is the major product of this union. Gone immediately are misdirected fantasies and conjecture. The standards under which intelligent life may evolve and expand are woven inextricably into the rules and laws of energy, and applied with equal rigor.

In the distant past, many of these social organizations had become aware of low-order psi-force emanations from the outer rim of an obscure galaxy. At first, this phenomenon evoked only minor interest. Both qualitatively and quantitatively, it seemed to be no more than subintelligent animal transmission. However, an idle technician happened to process the raw, incoming psi noise through a random sorter, out of mild curiosity. To his surprise, infrequent flashes of applied psi appeared on the counter.

Intrigued by the oddity, a psi probe was made of the area. As suspected, the birth of a new society was unfolding. Excited by the discovery of such an unusual event, the standard psi communication for new societies was transmitted.

Strangely, no reply was received. Successive transmissions brought the same result. Here indeed was a rarity. An ecological team was dispatched to investigate physically this anomaly.

The researchers discovered the source to be the third planet in a Class 10 star system. As they orbited the planet itself, measurements and

observation indicated that it did not follow the norm for propagation of intelligent life. The gaseous planetary envelope did not possess the usual unbroken, high-filtration characteristics. This evidently permitted unusually large amounts of radiation to reach the surface, even to the point where the sun was clearly visible from the surface itself, as well as distant planets and stars when viewed from the shadowed side.

Further, due to high rotational speed and other factors, a magnetic field of great intensity pervaded the entire planet. This, coupled with the unusual radiation element, appeared to exert profound influences upon the infant society.

At close range, the psi noise became virtually unbearable. Without equipment for shielding or sorting, it became impossible for the group to surface on the planet itself. The psi impression was that of raw, unchanneled irrationality, uncontrolled and non-objective. Yet visual observation showed the beginnings of social clusters, matter artifacts, and conquest of environment.

Luckily, one member of the visiting group had worked extensively in the art of personal psi shielding. It was he who offered to establish physical contact on the planet itself. This was done while the others waited patiently in a shelter on the planet's barren and brittle satellite.

The visit itself proved the inadequacy of his training under extreme conditions. The investigator returned a short time later in a state of mental exhaustion. He had, however, been able to make contact at several points around the surface. It was true. A new society was in the making, but under unimaginable restraints. There was no knowledge, understanding, or use of the psi force whatsoever. When psi communication was attempted, the inhabitants either fled in panic or prostrated themselves and emanated strong psi reactions to the effect that they were in the presence of the Creator. Paradoxically, careful psi probes found occasional glimmerings of the universal laws in the minds of these individuals, which conclusively proved that the seed had truly been sown, that this was intended to develop into a social structure according to the plan, whatever the environment.

With this knowledge, the research team returned to their own society to ponder the problem. In later periods, other, better-equipped investigators visited and observed this struggling intelligent life from time to time. All visits were performed within the rules which applied to

the infant society, so that no direct support was given that would instigate dominance of one culture over another. Infrequently, intelligent applications of psi were found at the individual level, and this was encouraged. Still, in spite of all precautions, it was ascertained that actual visits only reinforced the myths and legends that had sprung up as a result of previous contacts. It was the exception that objective response was obtained from an individual via psi probe. None of these responses extended to common practice.

In recent periods, the situation has altered significantly. Routine psi monitoring plus referential advice from non-matter intelligences show that the society in question has surprisingly entered the nuclear stage while still in the biochemical. Applications of nuclear force inevitably lead to gravitics, which presumes historically the early prospect of interstellar travel. Without complete understanding of psi force fields, contact with other social organizations by the new non-psi society could be disastrous. If interstellar physical travel is achieved, such contacts are a certainty.

With this prospect in view, research groups have increased their efforts at contact without a serious effect upon the dynamics of the new society. It is difficult in that the same obstacles are present. The continuing interpretation of divinity-orientation persists. Some who are contacted by psi probes still lose their ability to reason, and are isolated as sufferers of some disease. Any lasting psi communication pattern is usually labeled as unreality or dream (a term used by the society to identify unco-ordinated psi activity during recharging periods, similar to that found among infants in normal social cultures).

Most frustrating are attempts to communicate with the intellectual leaders. Without exception, these have been unsuccessful. Research suggests this to be the result of total concentration in the study of matter, historical rejection of all psi force phenomena, and inability to comprehend any communication other than that perceived by the sensors of light, sound (vibration of the gaseous envelope), and variations in electromagnetic radiation (mechanically generated and translated).

The only minimal success has been with individuals without inhibitory “scientific” training. With little to unlearn and no prestige loss to be suffered, productive exchange of rational thought has been accomplished

in several of these relatively uneducated inhabitants. Unfortunately, the interpretation given the data received by such untrained minds is often highly distorted. Further, the guiding authorities of the young society dismiss the testimony and claims of such people by reason of their ignorance.

The work still continues. High-level psi force radiation equipment is being employed in the hope of a breakthrough to the society members during their waking, active state. Any individuals who possess some degree of intellect coupled with objective curiosity are being taught, sometimes painfully, the basics of psi force techniques. Others are being taken out of their environment temporarily, either as dense particle matter or as psi entities, to be tested and examined for clues to the solution of the problem.

No direct action will be taken. This is in keeping with the rules of preservation as they apply to all lesser social organizations. It is a fact, many times proved, that such subclassifications are consistently lost when contact is made with more advanced societies.

The details of this hypothesis may be wrong, the motivations different, but the basis may be not at all far from reality. We may in fact be no more than interesting laboratory animals to “them,” useful in various experiments but not much more.

If such communication and/or experimentation was and is now being attempted, it could account for much that is left unanswered in our human history. Certainly, it would widely cut across past and present theological beliefs, as events ascribed to God and his assistants in whatever form would assume a more prosaic status.

The life sciences, especially those relating to the mind, personality, and neurological functions, would have to undergo a major overhauling. Both mental and physical diseases would perhaps be understood with exact knowledge, replacing the vague assumptions now prevalent.

Most adaptable would be the physical sciences. Here, experimentation and extrapolation would be a relatively simple matter, with new information and theories built upon fairly solid foundations.

On a personal level, the hypothesis described above may offer a reasonable answer to much of my own experience. A point-by-point re-

examination would be necessary to bring into focus the proper relationship in each circumstance. Like the philosopher, psychiatrist, and others who have spent many years of experimentation, training, and development along a particular concept vector, I am loath to change course still again.

Yet the following experiences cannot be totally ignored. They occurred in the early period of experimentation, and are taken almost verbatim from the notes.

9/9/60 Night

I was lying in a north-south position, when I suddenly felt bathed in and transfixed by a very powerful beam that seemed to come from the north, about 30° above the horizon, I was completely powerless, with no will of my own, and I felt as if I were in the presence of a very strong force—in personal contact with it.

It had intelligence of a form beyond my comprehension, and it came directly (down the beam?) into my head, and seemed to be searching every memory in my mind. I was truly frightened because I was powerless to do anything about this intrusion.

This intelligence force entered my head just above the forehead, and offered no calming thoughts or words. It didn't seem to be aware of any of my feelings or emotions. It was looking impersonally, hurriedly, and definitely for something specific in my mind. After a while (perhaps only moments) it left, and I "reintegrated," arose, shaken, and went outside for some fresh air.

9/16/60 *Night*

The same impersonal probing, the same power, from the same angle. However, this time I received the firm impression that I was inextricably bound by loyalty to this intelligence force, always had been, and that I had a job to perform here on earth. The job was not necessarily to my liking, but I was assigned to it. The impression was that I was manning a "pumping station," that it was a dirty, ordinary job but it was mine and I was stuck with it, and nothing, absolutely nothing could alter the situation.

I got the impression of huge pipes, so ancient they were covered with undergrowth and rust. Something like oil was passing through them, but it was much higher in energy than oil, and vitally needed and valuable

elsewhere (*assumption: not on this material planet*). *This has been going on for aeons of time, and there were other force groups here, taking out the same material on some highly competitive basis, and the material was convertible at some distant point or civilization for something very valuable to entities far above my ability to understand.*

Again, the intelligence force moved out and away quickly, and the visitation ended. I got up after a bit, feeling depressed, and went into the bathroom in our house, and actually felt I should wash my hands after working (*although my hands were clean*).

9/30/60 *Night*

The same pattern as 9/16. Again, there was the feeling of being the pumping station attendant, the approach of the entity down the beam (?), *the search of my mind, this time even to see what specifically controlled my breathing apparatus. I seemed to understand that the entity was looking for some substance that might permit breathing in earth atmosphere, and a picture was shown* (*in my mind*) *of a pouch, possibly two by three inches, and one inch thick, hung on a belt at the waist, with the statement "This is how we are breathing now." This gave me courage to try truly to communicate.*

I mentally (*orally also?*) *asked who they were, and received an answer that I could not translate or understand. Then I felt them beginning to leave, and I asked for some actual indication that they had been there, but was rewarded only with paternal amusement.*

Then they seemed to soar up into the sky, while I called after them, pleading. Then I was sure that their mentality and intelligence were far beyond my understanding. It is an impersonal, cold intelligence, with none of the emotions of love or compassion which we respect so much, yet this may be the omnipotence we call God. Visits such as these in mankind's past could well have been the basis for all of our religious beliefs, and our knowledge today could provide no better answers than we could a thousand years past.

By this time, it was getting light, and I sat down and cried, great deep sobs as I have never cried before, because then I knew without any qualification or future hope of change that the God of my childhood, of the churches, of religion throughout the world was not as we worshiped him to be—that for the rest of my life, I would "suffer" the loss of this illusion.

Are we, then, just leftover laboratory animals? Or perhaps the experiment is still “in process.”

21.

PREMISES: A RATIONALE?

For those who are knowledgeable in the humanities, the material contained herein may seem to be the continuation of a line of thought that has persisted for thousands of years. And so it is. Why, then, does it become important now?

The first response is that this material has not come from readings and studies of the past. Rather, it has been and is taking place in the mid-twentieth century. Comparison came after the fact. If validity does exist here, it is possible that modern technology, through serious, organized investigation and research into the Second Body postulate, could provide mankind with a quantum jump as great or greater than the Copernican revolution. It could be the crack that becomes a door that becomes a gateway that opens into a new era in man's history.

PREMISE: THE SCOPE OF EXISTING MAN.

Partially because of our intensely materialistic society, we have become accustomed and conditioned to the concept that the human entity ultimately lies within the bounds of the physical body. Therefore: the periphery of the living human entity—the rim of that area which it affects and is affected by it—extends beyond the physical body and the conscious mind. The composition of this area is neither material nor motor, but of thought and emotion. The transmission and reception of affecting data is continuous, operating at both the conscious and non-conscious levels during every living moment, awake or asleep. Data received by the human entity in this manner can be beneficial or destructive, according to the interpretation put upon it by the non-conscious mind. Reactions to this constant data input may be found in the varying mental and physical states of the individual.

For example, the periphery extends as far as a distant friend. The

friend thinks of you, objectively or emotionally. Unaccountably, at the very same moment, he comes to your mind without a related memory association to suggest or trigger the response. This takes place so casually and so frequently that we are unaware of its significance. Compound this with the almost infinite complexities and variations in the present and past human relationships of an individual. Only then can one begin to perceive the volume and diversity of data received.

The Christian ethic seems to be an attempt to explain this fact in a non-objective parable. The thoughts of you impressed upon you by neighbor, friend, and enemy significantly affect your mental self, and through this channel are reflected in the physical body. It becomes clear, too, that the individual with wide, continuing experience in human relationships will receive a greater affecting input directly in proportion to such experience. For the leaders of the world, who are exposed to input from millions, charged with emotions either benign or malignant, the burden is incalculable. Consider too that what you engender in others thus "feeds back" to you.

Try to visualize an invisible nerve network extending from you to every person you have met. Signals (thoughts) constantly travel along this network to and from you. From those who think of you frequently, consciously or otherwise, there extends a strong, well-circuited channel of communication. At the other end of the frequency are those who may think of you perhaps once each year. Examine the totality of individuals that you have met and known, as well as many you may have affected unknowingly, and you may begin to appreciate the probable sources of the many non-objective signals influencing you at any given moment.

The quality of the signals evidently varies greatly, based principally upon the degree of emotion present during transmission. The more intense the emotion, the greater the signal intensity. The question of "good" or "bad" does not alter the quality of transmission.

The converse works in precisely the same fashion. You transmit to those of whom you think, and they are affected by what you think. "Think" here refers to those mental actions almost wholly at a non-conscious level, chiefly emotional and subjective in nature. When this kind of transmission and reception takes place consciously and willfully, it is labeled telepathy.

Much is still unknown. Do reception and transmission increase tenfold

during sleep? Does the effect cease when a human entity “dies”? Does it extend to animals? For every answer, a hundred questions are left unanswered. Yet this is the first step in an expanded concept of the physical life experience.

PREMISE: THE REALITY OF SECOND STATE EXISTENCE.

Many if not all living human beings have a Second Body. For reasons yet unknown, many if not all human beings temporarily separate from their physical bodies via this Second Body during sleep. This is done without conscious memory, except in rare instances. Far more rare are those instances when separation is obtained with conscious intent.

However, the latter case poses some startling statistics and probabilities. It is inconceivable that one experimental “ability” is unique. If one person can perform this disassociative action, there must be others now living who can do the same, probably more efficiently. But how many others are there? Can one person in a thousand do it? In ten thousand? In a hundred thousand? In a million? Let us assume that only one person in a million can perform in the Second Body consistently and consciously. This means that as of this moment, there are more than thirty-five hundred humans now living who can operate in the Second Body, probably better than I can. Such a group, if organized, could control the destiny of mankind. Which leads to the question: *Are* any of them organized now, and *do* they now control our destiny?

Before dismissing this as an absurdity, consider that I was able to affect another living human being physically, in the “pinching” episode. If one can do this, so can others. Nothing more than a pinch at the right time in the right place in the physical body of another human being could change the world. It takes little imagination to visualize a pinched cerebral artery in the brain as the cause of a stroke in a world leader. Or a lifesaving pinch in a hemorrhaging brain artery of another. All that is needed is the ability and the intent. If there are restraints or deterrents to such possible action, they are not apparent.

Further, a person operating in the Second Body can affect other human beings mentally. How much and in what manner is still uncertain. However, the experiments show that it can be done. Such

effects may show in nothing more than sleep disturbances. They could result in unaccounted-for compulsions, fears, neuroses, or irrational actions. From the data, it would seem that no more is needed than perfected techniques to systematically accomplish this at will.

Perhaps this, too, has already been done.

Willful use of the Second Body, then, potentially yields power so great that other means are helpless against it. People wielding this power might well be able to suppress or divert any serious expanded study into this area of knowledge. If history is any indication, something has already retarded growth in this direction. First, it was a wall of ignorance. Next came a veil of superstition. Today, a double barrier exists: the suspicion of organized religion and the derision of recognized science.

On the other hand, use of such power may be under the control and direction of animate, intelligent, or impersonal regulators, and may preclude non-constructive interference. There are some indications that this may be the case. We can only hope that it is.

Let us assume, then, that sophisticated man will undertake serious research of the Second Body. One by one, others will learn the technique, and the reality will become generally accepted. What then?

First, man will be freed of all uncertainty of his relationship with God. His position relative to nature and the universe will be unequivocal knowledge. He will know, rather than believe, whether death is a passing or a finality. With such knowledge and expanded experience, religious conflict will be impossible. Quite probably, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, *et al.* will still retain much of their individuality, knowing that each has its place in Locale II. However, each will at last understand how this is possible, and that there are infinite variations in the spectrum. Each will rationalize by saying, “That’s what we’ve been trying to tell you all along.”

Prayer techniques may be rediscovered. Knowledge, rather than belief, could alter the altar procedure vitally. Man would then proceed systematically with his preparation for life in Locale II on a sound basis, liberated from the misinterpretation of distorted visions subjectively experienced and/or observed by uninformed and relatively uneducated fanatics many centuries ago. In so doing, he may have to face facts both unpalatable and uncomfortable. Traditional concepts of good and bad,

right and wrong will undoubtedly be subject to radical redefinition. The truth may indeed hurt for a generation or so.

The practice of medicine would be seriously affected. Recognition of a possible relationship between physical health and the Second Body would greatly influence the purely mechanical method of diagnosis and treatment. The exact relationship of the Second Body to the physical is not now known, but there is much to suspect. The growing results of the practice of psychosomatic medicine provide an additional clue. It is challenging to think of scientific precision in these fields.

Psychology and psychiatry would soon be unrecognizable under the impact of Second State data. This area of human knowledge would be even more greatly affected than religion. Definitions of neurosis, psychosis, unconscious, superego, id may have to be revised or discarded. Early indications are that actual causes of mental illness may be uncovered rather than conclusively diagnosed on the basis of insufficient theory. It may well be that many of those labeled schizophrenic suffer from some sort of disease of the Second Body.

From the viewpoint of the Second State, a physically conscious and awake human being who simultaneously receives impressions of Locale II through some imperfection or cause yet unknown might well be unable to absorb this input of double reality. The “voices” so many “psychotics” reportedly hear may indeed be very real. Catatonia may be the simple effect of a disassociation of the Second Body on some unusual basis, as one would leave a house with all of the automatic equipment running and forget to return. The hallucinations of persecution by the paranoiac might be very real interferences from boundary layer subhuman species in Locale II, the result of some inadvertent breakdown in the barrier in a particular case.

The workings of the mind itself, the automatic system operation, the actual brain function, the relationship of the superconscious, soul, or spirit, all may become common knowledge under the new concept. Advanced states of consciousness such as have been proclaimed by mystics, philosophers, and the trippers might become a daily achievement for those who so desire or can handle them.

All of these possibilities are mild by comparison to the upheaval that would take place in the daily lives of every human being if the Second Body concept became accepted fact.

First, the sleeping third of our twenty-four-hour living schedule would no longer be unfathomable. Perhaps we would still term it sleep, but at least we would know what we are doing. On the limited evidence, sleep is first of all a recharging process. This may be performed by a disassociation of the Second Body quite automatically in varying degrees of distances. In one case it may separate only a fraction of an inch. In others, such distances may be limitless by our physical standards of measurement. How such separation can act as a regenerant is not yet known. Nor is it known why some take distant "trips" or visits while others remain close to the physical.

There seem to be two explanations of what we now call dreams. First, the common dream may be some computertype action of the unconscious in sorting out recently perceived data. Second, there are vividly recalled experiences now called dreams which may actually be impressions received by the Second Body while traveling in the released state. There may be many other varieties or subclassifications yet to be learned. Only research in this direction will determine this.

In any event, our luxurious or frightening period called sleep will be understood for what it truly is. The result may be an adjustment of our sleep needs. Perhaps only two hours out of twenty-four will be needed with this new understanding. New studies may even show that five minutes of deliberate sleep every hour is a far more efficient method of recharging. The eight-hour night cycle could be nothing more than the habitual result of environment. Second State studies should resolve such questions.

PREMISE: THE EXISTENCE OF A THIRD FORCE.

This is the energy-means by which the Second Body operates and is quite probably fundamental in the thought process. It is not known whether this force is generated by living entities or is an ever present field force, modulated in some manner by such beings. It does, however, have some notable characteristics. It bears a distinct relationship to electricity and magnetism. It might be conceived of as a third of a triad, which is cyclic. Electricity is to magnetism as magnetism is to Force X as Force X is to electricity. Hence the label "third force," which I did not originate. The Trinity of our theologies may have begun when this was

common knowledge in ages past and subsequently distorted in the retelling.

Given this interaction with electricity and magnetism, it seems probable that the existence of one part of the triad creates secondary or tertiary patterns among the other two. So it may be that when we think, we are utilizing this third force, which then is only slightly represented in purely electrical or magnetic form. It is presumed that this third force action can be detected and measured by instruments already developed. To date, this has not been attempted in a serious, consistent study.

On the other hand, there is no evidence that strong applications of electricity or magnetism, or any combinations of electromagnetic radiation, generate significant amounts of the third force. They do, however, appear to act upon the latter in much the same manner as light is affected.

Experiments with the only known transducer—the human mind—show consciousness constantly trying to symbolize this third force in terms of electricity and vibration. It "sees" and "feels" electric conductors, flashes, and often actual physical shock in attempting to translate this energy field into known experience. In one test, as noted, a disassociation and movement in the Second Body was attempted from within a charged Faraday cage, where the physical body was completely surrounded by a strong D.C. electrical field. It was found that movement through the charged walls of the cage while in the Second Body was impossible. With the charge removed, there was no problem.

In the early stages of experimentation, attempts to move any distance in the Second Body were restricted by what seemed to be an interlacing barrier of power cables and lines overhead, much like those found in so many streets in older cities and towns. One of the factors in extension of distance from the physical body lay in recognizing the nature of this barrier and its relationship to electromagnetic radiation. The mind, perceiving such forces for the first time, interpreted them as "wires." Once identified, passage through the barrier became relatively simple.

The correlation is also indicated by the reported experience of the Second Body positioned over the street—later confirmed by physical inspection—and moving along the magnetic field of higher-voltage primary power lines overhead. Whenever encountered during the Second State, third-force manifestation has been perceived and interpreted first

as electricity.

To date, there is no proven method of measurement or detection of this third force, and there will not be until the possibility of the existence of this third in the trinity is seriously considered.

PREMISE: THE EXISTENCE OF LOCALE II.

This reality is a concept of proportions inconceivable to the conscious human mind. Yet all experiments inescapably point to this conclusion.

It is not difficult to recognize Locale II as the subject of man's dreams and contemplations throughout history. Nor is it difficult to understand the varying patterns ascribed to it in the countless attempts to translate this great unknown in recognizable terms. From the present evidence, it can truly be both heaven and hell, just as our present environment can be. The most important factor seems to be that the greater part of Locale II is really neither of the two.

It is not known from the experiments to date whether everyone who dies automatically "goes" to Locale II. Also, there is no present evidential material to indicate that the presence of a human personality in Locale II is permanent. It may be that, like an eddy or vortex, we gradually lose energy and eventually dissipate into the Locale II medium once we leave Locale I (Here-Now). It is conceivable that the result of this process would grant recognition of immortality in that we survive the grave, but not forever. Perhaps the stronger the formation of personality, the longer the "life" in this different state of being. Thus it could be that survival is both reality and illusion.

The scope of Locale II seems limitless. Under the conditions encountered thus far, there seem to be no means to measure or calculate the breadth and depth of this strange familiar place. Movement from section to section is too instantaneous to allow any estimates or to observe relative spatial positions of one area to another. As far as can be ascertained, there is no conjunctive relationship between places in Locale II and this physical universe. They may or may not coincide, site to site. Certainly, this non-material realm does not have as its center the earth upon which we live. Rather, it would seem that one very small portion envelops our physical world and thus is our "port of entry."

At this stage, I believe it impossible for human consciousness to

comprehend fully the reality of Locale II. It would be like asking a computer to work on an analogue for which it has not been programmed. Consciousness as we have developed it to date is not prepared for this kind of comprehension. That is not to say, however, that such consciousness cannot or will not be forthcoming. By training in now obscure or yet-to-be formulated techniques, consciousness might well be deepened or expanded to recognize and accept this reality.

On the other hand, I am quite sure that the subconscious, unconscious, superconscious, superego, soul—or whatever our non-material non-consciousness is called—is generally quite aware of and familiar with Locale II. How much this awareness affects our conscious thought has been contemplated by our most revered philosophers. Many suggest that it dominates our waking actions. The records of the experiments seem to bear this out. We are masters of ourselves, but not at the conscious level. Our actions in Locale II may have forceful bearing on our daily activities, completely unrecognized by the conscious self.

There are literally hundreds of pages of experimental notes relating to Locale II visits, most of which are still beyond translation into Locale I thought patterns. Undoubtedly, most of them also deal with that portion which attracts this personal self (like attracts like), which is but a fraction of the whole.

PREMISE: THE EXISTENCE OF A CONTRADICTION.

We share with animals and all living things a common prime command, going back to the moment of conception. It supersedes any other instinct. The command indelibly etched in our being is: SURVIVE!

It was this dynamic that created the fear barrier, which had to be overcome before willful separation could take place. For an out-of-the-body experience was very much like death, which might be called the ultimate failure to comply with the command.

To satisfy the survival drive, we eat. We often eat compulsively because it is one way to respond to the prime command when threatened with something other than starvation. We translate the command into the accumulation and defense of material possessions. The drive to reproduce answers the command in another manner. Any danger to the ego calls forth the automatic mechanisms of defense or denial. The familiar fight-or-flee is the physical reaction to the survival imprint. Survival as the prime command means avoidance of death by

whatever method available.

The contradiction is that the principal idealistic notions of man, the noble virtues, the great acts, all have as their base the denial and/or rejection of this prime command. The man who gives to another his bread, who provides for his family at the cost of early death, who gives of himself to community and country without direct benefit, who deliberately endangers and possibly sacrifices his life for others, has done the Right Thing.

Therefore, doing the Right Thing, the human act most respected, the most godlike by our standards, is in direct violation of God's prime command to all nature. Moreover, to compound the contradiction, it is impossible to achieve the Second State without subjugation and/or subordination of the survival drive in its most basic forms.

DNA, somehow you have the wires crossed.

From these fundamentals, a thousand secondary premises come to the surface like bubbles rising from the primordial mass below the organic rubble on the ocean floor. Through layer upon layer of sedimentary misconception, they seep upward into light. Is it better to burn the evidence, to ignore it? Or, with all of the existing potentials, to try to widen the doorway?

With the latter comes this Probability: in the year 2025, a boy in Locale I pushs a button on a device much like a portable radio. I perceive the Signal and turn my attention to him.

"Hi there, son," I greet him warmly, and my great great grandchild smiles in recognition.

EPILOGUE: PERSONALITY FILE

Robert Monroe presented himself to us at the Topeka Veterans Administration Hospital Research Department so that we could learn more about the relationships between his personality and his out-of-the-body experiences. The primary goal of our investigation was an in-depth "psychological evaluation." Monroe was highly co-operative and open during the intensive interviewing and batteries of different psychological tests which were aimed at examining the depths of his unconscious mind, his value structures, his fantasy life, and the humanistic or self-actualizing aspects of his mind. We did conduct a brief psycho-physiological experiment with him which I will report on later.

In reviewing the immense amount of material we have on his life, I have attempted to extract threads or themes for summary. Certain points about his experiences which make them somewhat different from others reported should be noted: Monroe, a sixty-year-old businessman, had a relatively solid orthodox "southern" upbringing, although certain features of his life indicate that he was an unusual person from a very early age with unevenly developed intellectual and emotional abilities, and an unusually mature sense of person and independence. He reports that his first out-of-the-body experience occurred during his adult years, another point of difference, since in our work we have found that many people associate to out-of-the-body or similar experiences during their childhood. First experiences are often associated with severe physical illness, childbirth, various drugs (including anesthetics), or extreme states perceived as a psychological or physical threat to the person. Robert Monroe appeared not to be suffering from any severe physical illnesses at the time he had his first out-of-the-body experience. He was, however, at age forty-two, in the midst of mid-life adjustments and changes. It should also be noted that as a child he had severe scarlet fever, an illness that is associated with a high temperature. From his own account he was quite ill, although his mother, a physician, was able to look after him outside the hospital. In addition, later in his life Monroe has had some evidence of arteriosclerotic narrowing of the blood vessels to his brain, which could create a state of low oxygenation known to

precipitate these sorts of experiences.

The way in which Monroe utilizes his experiences is what is unusual. If we were to have such experiences most of us would be extremely frightened, and attempt to avoid them. It is significant that initially Monroe's repeated visits to physicians in an attempt to explain these unusual experiences were motivated by the intellectual and medical orientation of his parents.

It is striking how the *behavior* of human beings reflects an attempt to understand by action and experiment the dominant preoccupations of their unconscious minds. One of the most consistent themes in Monroe's history is his interest in the air. The air is his medium. From an early age he built model planes, learned to fly airplanes in high school, and later became an accomplished glider pilot. This is something I have noticed in people who have direct personal out-of-the-body experience as opposed to those who study or research the phenomenon. I have noticed that not only do they generally have such childhood fantasy experiences as playing with imaginary friends and seeing fairies, but also they often remember fantasies of wanting to fly like a bird, and report an increased number of flying and falling dreams. Another significant theme in Monroe's life is his preoccupation with *movement*. In reviewing his family background he became very excited at his childhood recollections, especially of riding on trains. Movement themes are common throughout his life, as they were in the psychological test materials.

Monroe had many unevenly developed talents. From an early age he was extremely independent. His father, an academic, was quiet and authoritative, an excellent parental model with an even temper. His mother was a physician, and more in control of the family, though not in a dominant, aggressive way. Monroe appeared to be able to actualize his individual talents in a manner somewhat unusual in traditional families. His parents allowed him a considerable degree of latitude, somehow recognizing his unusual talents, particularly his mechanical ability, which appeared not to be represented in anyone else in his immediate family. He had two elder sisters, the elder of whom was quite competitive with him, and he had a very much younger brother. Some of his unevenly developed talents included his ability to read and write at the age of four years. In spite of this his school performance was quite

average until he developed a relationship with a teacher at college whom he felt accepted and guided him. He then became a straight-A student. He was a leader of his peers as a child, and highly creative, constantly searching for answers. He was self-generating, as so many people in this field are. He also demonstrated a common characteristic of people exploring altered states of consciousness, and that was that he listened to and acted on his own subjective experience. In other words, he appeared to believe his own experience, and would quite independently and with a great deal of faith pursue what he felt.

We have found in our work with people capable of having out-of-the-body experiences that certain personality attributes are present, and Monroe does demonstrate these. These include a tendency to feel socially isolated and different from others at quite an early age, often seeing the world itself as somewhat alien. This relative isolation is combined with a tendency to be autonomous, and yet also to be a leader, quite aggressive and danger-seeking.

Monroe has been able to take some experiences, which most people would try to deny and avoid, and place them in a highly creative context, utilizing his leadership abilities and his other constitutional attributes. People such as Monroe are thus able to utilize their internal mental experiences for guidance in their lives. Monroe has no special training in Eastern, meditative, or other esoteric disciplines, but somehow uses these intuitions. Monroe, as others, is a visualizer, a person who visually memorizes and thinks in Gestalts. His dreams are also visual, highly colored and intense.

Perhaps one of the commonest themes in Monroe's life is his security in not having to continuously define the external world. This attitude has given him the ability to journey through realities normally not accessible to people whose lives necessitate, for one reason or another, a continual definition of the physical external world. Monroe's early life also demonstrates not only independence, but stubbornness and a tendency to rebel against traditional values, although there is no evidence whatsoever that this rebellion, mainly internal, created major problems in his life. He does not demonstrate any major trauma during his childhood, nor any of the sorts of childhood difficulties that a psychiatrist might look for. I think this results from an excellent relationship with his parents, who did not have a normal middle-class

attitude to life, and were themselves quite independent. His mother, a dynamic woman, tended to step over the ugly things in life, an attribute that emerges in the analysis of Monroe's personality. It appears that both Monroe and his mother use what could be called in traditional psychiatric terms denial or avoidance, except that it is done consciously, and does not appear to have created difficulties for either his mother or himself. He has a tendency to bring out the best in people by an oblique form of communication in which he focuses his attention on that which will synthesize rather than that which will destroy. He had no major childhood traumas, although one experience he reports as highly traumatic was that of moving from a small to a large city. He went to college at the age of fifteen, entering pre-medical school. He eventually qualified himself as an engineer with very good grades, although his courses were quite unorthodox.

Monroe's pre-adult and early adult life was one of entrepreneur. He started a theater, produced and directed many programs for radio and television, started and lost a number of businesses, each time being able to collect around himself people who would help him. This independent, areligious, non-psychic, non-esoteric typical "American Dream" development appears to have set Monroe up well for the sorts of direct and simple observations that are so well demonstrated in his book and in his later work. In his relationship with himself, his own closely knit and dedicated family, and other colleagues and friends, there is an emphasis on the importance of personal relationships rather than material possessions, and an over-all tendency to see human beings as good.

How can Monroe accept these highly esoteric journeys described in his book, and at the same time be the almost traditional successful businessman and father who is not a freak, does not wear unusual clothes, and does not constantly put himself on-stage for examination of his special abilities? He pursues relentlessly his own research, makes his own contacts, and takes responsibility for his own life. One psychological test shows him to have the profile of a self-actualizing individual with a particular emphasis on his ability to see apparent opposites of life as meaningfully related, an unusually high test score. Monroe also demonstrated elements that we have noticed in people who lead developments in the field of altered states of consciousness, and that is a tendency to keep some intensive emotions in the unconscious

split and sealed off. Part of seeing opposites as meaningful also involves keeping them discreet, and utilizing the energy of the tension between the split opposites for creative endeavors. Often such people demonstrate intensive thoughts and feelings, with a sensitivity to criticism.

Test examinations of his attitudes to death indicated that, compared with a normal population, Monroe's anxiety and fear of death is very low. Some writings and studies of people with out-of-the-body experiences have laid considerable emphasis on the denial of death. On one level this appears logical, especially in the reported studies of people whose first experiences have often occurred in life-threatening situations, situations that many of us never face in the course of our lives. Perhaps the experience becomes deeply imprinted in the mind, and may make the unconscious mind continually afraid that the event may happen again. Deeper analysis of Monroe's psychological test findings demonstrate no evidence of fear of imminent death, or an attempt to deny death, but mainly to contain and control and utilize intensively split emotions within his unconscious mind.

As part of a break from the intensive psychological investigation we conducted a brief experiment in the psycho-physiological laboratory of the hospital, with a psychologist, Dr. Fowler Jones of the Kansas University Medical Center, as co-observer. We simply asked Monroe to put himself into the state of mind he defined as out-of-the-body. We had him hooked up to a polygraph and took some brain wave tracings and measurements of his anxiety level and level of alertness (GSR). We observed him through a one-way mirror over a thirty-minute time period. Most striking was his slow rate of breathing and his intensive depth of relaxation. His breathing was shallow and he had periods in which he would not breathe at all, and then would take a few gulping breaths. At about the same time as a technician entered the room to tell us that the brain wave tracings were changing, Dr. Jones and I simultaneously had the impression of a heat-wave-like distortion of Monroe's upper body while the lower part of his body was clearly in focus to us. This distortion lasted until approximately two minutes before the termination of the experiment. Monroe had stated that he would be able to get out of his body very quickly, but he could not signal, although he could signal within five seconds of return, which he did. This signal correlated with a change again in his brain waves. Since

there were problems in hookup, the technician entered the room during the experiment to check the attachment of leads. It was interesting to note that as the technician was attempting to adjust the leads there was no record whatsoever that this affected Monroe's arousal level on the GSR. From a technical point of view, while out of the body, Monroe's GSR level showed an arousal of approximately 150 microvolts and was marked by a total absence of either specific or nonspecific responses once the experiment began, even when the technician actually touched his body to adjust the electrode placements. This is most unusual, as the GSR is highly sensitive to such interferences. The technician also noted that Monroe's skin was very dry and hot. After re-entering his body Monroe was slightly disoriented with blurring of his speech, and could not recapture or describe his experiences immediately, although later he did describe that he had left the experimental room and entered the room where the polygraph and technicians were located. It is also noteworthy in comparing Monroe with reports of other people who are adept at out-of-the-body experiences that prior to the beginning of this brief informal psycho-physiological experiment, Monroe had demonstrated his ability to move the needles of sensitive voltmeters by waving his hand over them. These sorts of energy manipulations might also explain some of the technical problems created in the highly sensitive apparatus which often goes wrong in such experiments. It is almost as if energy is rampant and not under the full control of either the experimenter or the subject.

A computer analysis of Monroe's brain waves demonstrated that most of his brain energy was in the four to five (Theta) frequency range, with nothing at all above ten cycles per second. He focused brain energy in a very narrow frequency band. We have also found a similar phenomenon in experiments with Monroe's sound strobe tape system. Monroe was doing this experiment without his tapes, but apparently could focus his consciousness so that his brain power was in a very narrow frequency band. At the time the technician noticed the change in the EEG there appeared to be a shift in energy from the left to the right side of his brain. His ordinary EEG was quite normal with no evidence of epilepsy and no evidence of unusual responses to overbreathing or light stimulation. A later statistical analysis of his EEG tracings (analysis of variance) showed that in terms of the frequency of brain waves there

was no particular difference between the right and left side of his brain, but that during the time he was out of the body the frequency of his brain waves was considerably slower. During the out-of-the-body period the *variations* in frequency of his brain waves were considerably smaller, the variation being much less on the right side of his brain than on the left side. The differences here were highly statistically significant ($P < .001$).

What does this mean? Essentially, this brief experiment showed that Monroe was able during a state he defined as out-of-the-body to focus his brain energy into a narrow frequency band and to produce visible distortions of his body, observed by two people independently under low-illumination conditions. He was able to achieve an unusually deep state of physical relaxation, which is what he claims to do in his focus ten tape condition. It is almost as if his body were comatose rather than asleep. In other experiments we have found different types of brain wave responses to what is defined as out-of-the-body, but they all seem to have one thing in common: there is a slowing in the brain waves, and a shifting of energy focus.

In summary, it can be said of Monroe that his energetic life with a high sense of purpose, and his need for and relentless desire for understanding, is a good demonstration of what W. R. Inge once said, “One test is infallible. Whatever view of reality deepens our sense of the tremendous issues of life in the world wherein we move is for us nearer the truth than any view which diminishes that sense.”

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